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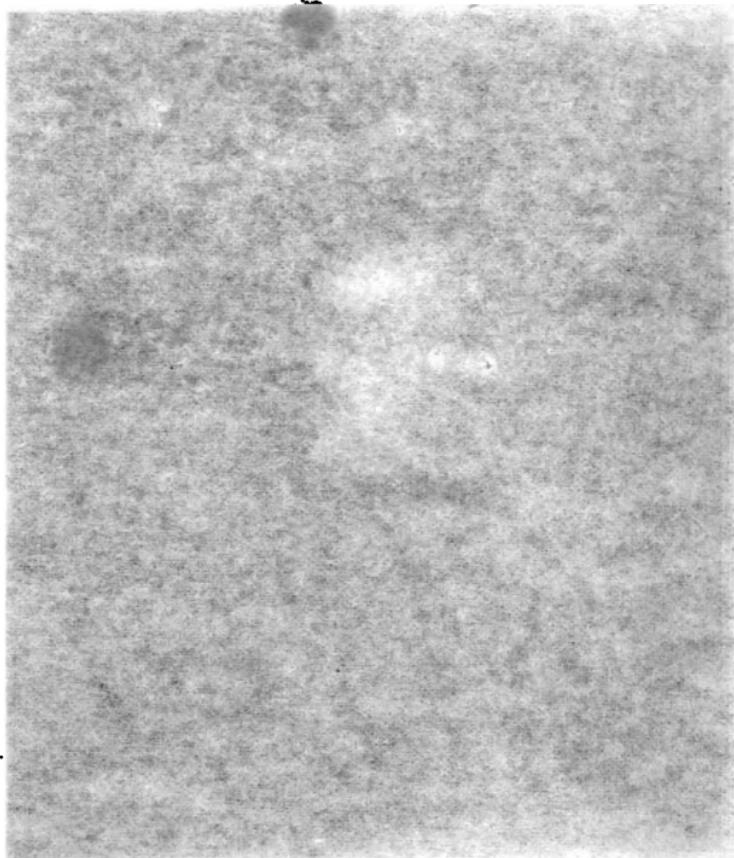
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WILLIAM S. GRAHAM.

~~DEMAINS~~

AN

100



REMAINS

OF

*Sloan*  
WILLIAM S. GRAHAM.

WITH A

MEMOIR.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,  
Like thine, are laid in earth,  
There should a wreath be woven  
To tell the world their worth.

HALLECK.

EDITED BY

GEORGE ALLEN,

PROFESSOR OF LANGUAGES IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA:

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193 CHESTNUT STREET,

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## A D V E R T I S E M E N T

BY THE EDITOR.

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A few words seem necessary to explain the circumstances, under which this volume is presented to the public.

The course of Mr. Graham's life, retired as it was, had been such, that a large circle of friends had become interested in the promise he gave of literary distinction. Classmates, pupils, associates in teaching, and personal friends had for years anticipated the time, when one who had produced so much that was beautiful and valuable in mere play, would come advantageously before the public in some mature and finished work. What he had thus far done had been entirely occasional — hastily written to meet the demands of the literary association, of the social circle, and of private affection—and had been valued chiefly for what it promised. But when his early and premature death occurred, his friends, in the disappointment of their higher hopes, turned back in thought to what he had already accomplished, and the desire grew upon them to possess, in a collected form, even those hasty and private productions, which, in fact, they had hitherto known only in part.

In the mind of no friend of Mr. Graham's could the desire of producing a memorial of his character and genius be felt so strongly, as in that of her, who was mourning his loss; and constituted as her mind was, there needed no more than the consciousness that such a desire was shared by others, to arouse her from her desolation to an earnest—a painfully earnest—effort to realize it. Appeal was made to me for advice. I had been associated with Mr. Graham during the whole of his connection with Delaware College as a teacher,

and a still closer intimacy had afterwards grown up between us. While fully sharing, therefore, the desire of his other friends, I might, under different circumstances, have expressed myself decidedly against the proposed attempt, from the conviction that "Remains" are generally unsatisfactory to the public and unjust to the deceased. But in this case I felt confident, that while the memory of one friend would not suffer by the character of even his hastiest productions, the mind of the other could best be saved from preying on itself by an employment, which, without withdrawing her thoughts from their one object, would at the same time keep them in a healthier activity. I did not hesitate, therefore, to second the design of making a selection of Mr. Graham's various occasional productions, and of preparing a Memoir, that should contain specimens of his correspondence.

The purpose had been formed with entire forgetfulness of self; but, upon beginning to execute it, trying difficulties occurred. Those which grew out of distrust of ability and inexperience in authorship were overcome by the promise, on my part, of giving all the assistance that should be required, even to the extent (if necessary) of composing the Memoir myself out of the materials that might be furnished. But a more serious difficulty arose from the apprehension of being thought to violate a proper reserve, and from the still more grievous sacrifice of feeling, that was involved in submitting to the public eye letters and poems, that had been intended for one eye alone; and yet, without such sacrifice, what justice could be done to the heart or the genius of the deceased? So habitual and constitutional had been his reserve, where the expression of feeling was concerned, that even his most intimate friends could have no conception of the absorbing fervor of devoted affection, with which his soul became possessed, without seeing these expressions of that affection. That grievous sacrifice, therefore, I could not hesitate to recommend as for these reasons absolutely necessary. That Mr. Graham's reputation, for intellectual ability and even for metaphysical acuteness, would gain, rather than lose, by the publication of letters of a class that are generally expected to contain more of sentiment than of intellect, I was well assured; for such was the peculiar constitution of his mind, and such the character of its activity at that period, that he was sure to bring to bear at once all that was in him, as a poet and a philosopher, in the attempt to express the fulness of the devotion, with which he made the offering of his whole being to another. And, at all events, if it should be

thought, that a proper reserve has been violated in this matter, the blame should rest with me.

The Memoir, undertaken under such circumstances, was composed upon the plan of recording such biographical facts as could be recovered, and of embodying letters and some occasional poems, without strict regard to proportion or finish of style, such considerations being deferred to a subsequent revision. The work was soon done. It had been carried through by a strong effort, which had not been able, however, always to command the same degree of attention and power. On a careful perusal, various portions were, therefore, pointed out as requiring to be corrected, or condensed, or entirely recast. The attempt was made, but failed entirely. The power of the first impulse having been exhausted, it was found impossible to grapple with the subject again. I took into my own hands, therefore, the work of preparing the manuscript for the press; but, considering what must be the real ground of its claim on the interest and sympathy of the reader, I could not bring myself to do more, than to make the slightest and most necessary corrections, and to reduce the various parts to their proper proportions, by such retrenchments and omissions, as could be made without interrupting the continuity of the narrative.

A large number of Mr. Graham's Poems were transcribed and submitted to me, with liberty to make such omissions as the character and size of the publication might seem to me to require. In exercising the authority thus given to me, I was governed by the consideration, that the book was intended chiefly as a memorial for Mr. Graham's friends, and that accordingly it would even perhaps have been privately printed for distribution amongst them, if, scattered as they were—those who had been his pupils, especially—over many States, it had been practicable to put it within their reach, except by publication in the ordinary way. I was consequently decided to retain many pieces, without looking critically to their poetical merit, by the knowledge that they would possess a special value in the eyes of not a few, who had an interest in the subject, or were aware of the circumstances under which they were composed. I even took it upon me to insert, from other sources, several poems of a lighter character, which had not been transcribed for me. This was done, under the impression, that otherwise Mr. Graham's friends would feel that his poetical character and habits had been imperfectly represented—so ready had he always been to versify a joke for their amusement, or to ex-

temporize acrostics, with untiring good humor, for the little album of a school-girl.

The specimens of Mr. Graham's Translations are printed for similar reasons, and not with the view of forcing them into comparison with what has been done by others. They were, for the most part, composed in connection with a circle of friends engaged in the study of German, who competed with each other in versifying their favorite poems. To such friends, therefore, they must be more interesting than even original productions of equal merit. I may add, that the specimens of Horace too have their personal relations: they were composed, for the gratification of one, to whom the best of his original poetry was also devoted.

I have printed nothing with so much hesitation as the two prose fragments, with which the volume closes. The long and carefully labored *Essay on Imputation* having been rejected, as out of keeping with the other contents of the volume, these two seemed to be the best available specimens of Mr. Graham's ordinary style of Prose. It was much regretted, that no copy of the two other, and far more interesting, parts of the *Essay on Coleridge*, which had been communicated to the Society, before which the first was read, could be found; and in re-writing his *Essay on Rhythm*, for a friend, he had only completed the introduction. I much fear, lest these specimens may do Mr. Graham injustice, for they may appear to some to promise what he was not able to perform. But it was not so. He had fully matured these subjects in his mind, and had communicated the results clearly and satisfactorily to others; but the manuscripts from which he *spoke*, rather than *read*, however full and methodical they might be, were prepared only as guides in such oral communication, and were not adapted, either in form or finish, for the eye of a reader.

Having thus stated, with (I fear) a wearisome particularity, the circumstances under which this volume appears before the public, I have only to add, that if the reader should fail of discovering sufficient grounds, in the kind or amount of the work I have done, for putting my name on the title-page, he is not more at a loss, in that respect, than I am myself. It has been done in obedience to the earnest injunction of another; and I am reconciled to it only in so far as it bears witness to the interest which I take in the memory of one, who had honored me with his friendship, and to the confidence reposed in me by the survivor.

G. A.

March, 1849.

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE.
<b>MEMOIR, . . . . .</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>POETICAL REMAINS, . . . . .</b>	<b>157</b>
Friendship, . . . . .	159
For a Sister's Album, . . . . .	162
The Spirit's Home, . . . . .	165
The Swallow, . . . . .	167
To Margaret Davidson, . . . . .	169
Philopoena, . . . . .	171
To * * * . . . . .	174
To E. D. G. . . . .	176
The Drying of the Elbe, . . . . .	181
Sequel to the foregoing, . . . . .	183
Dancing, . . . . .	185
To * * * . . . . .	189
Pindaric Ode, . . . . .	191
To * * * . . . . .	194
To * * * . . . . .	196
On the Death of an Infant, . . . . .	197
To her of whom it is true, . . . . .	200
To M. B. J. . . . .	201
To Margaret M * * * * . . . . .	202

<b>SONNETS. . . .</b>	<b>The Serenade, . . . .</b>	<b>203</b>
	Bear on, . . . .	204
	Rejoice, . . . .	205
	The Smile, . . . .	206
	To E. D. G. . . .	207
	To E. D. G. . . .	208
	Wordsworth, . . . .	209
	Wordsworth, . . . .	210
	An Infant's Epistle, . . . .	211
	To My Wife, . . . .	212
	To S. M. G. . . .	213
	To Mrs. Bose, . . . .	214
	On receiving a pair of embroidered slippers, . . . .	216
	Valedictory, . . . .	218
<b>TRANSLATIONS.</b>		
<b>HORACE</b> —Book i. Ode xiii., . . . .	226	
Book iii. Ode x., . . . .	228	
Book i. Ode xv., . . . .	230	
<b>LESSING</b> —The Glow-worm, . . . .	232	
Life, . . . .	233	
<b>GOETHE</b> —The Fisher, . . . .	234	
The Magician's Apprentice, . . . .	236	
<b>SCHILLER</b> —Honor to Woman, . . . .	241	
The Division of the Earth, . . . .	245	
<b>KÖRNER</b> —My Fatherland, . . . .	247	
<b>UHLAND</b> —The Boy of the Mountain, . . . .	249	
<b>ESSAYS.</b>		
<b>COLERIDGE</b> , Part i., . . . .	252	
<b>RHYTHM</b> , . . . .	269	

## MEMOIR.

---

WILLIAM SLOAN GRAHAM was born near New London, Chester Co., Pa., April 23, 1818. He was the third son of the Rev. Robert Graham, pastor of the Presbyterian church of New London, a most excellent man, the memory of whose faithful services for many long years is still affectionately cherished by that people.

This father, judging from the manner in which his son ever spoke of him, exercised over his whole family a remarkably happy influence. He moved among them as a spirit purified by constant communion with heaven. As it was in the days of the patriarchs, so was it here; the will of their father was the highest authority his children knew upon earth. Their sleeping chamber adjoined his study, and before daybreak in the morning, or in the silence of midnight, the children were accustomed to hear his voice ascending in earnest supplication for them, to "our Father which art in Heaven." Such was his devotion to their eternal interests, that he never allowed a day to pass without calling some one of his little flock to his side, and conversing and praying with them alone; and rarely upon these occasions did they separate without both parties being melted to tears.

His mother, whose name was Ann Ross, was the daughter

of John Ross, of London Grove, of the same county. She was a diffident but intelligent woman; an active, cheerful Christian, enjoying uninterrupted good health; and with her courage and counsel upheld her husband when in the course of his arduous duties his spirits failed. Upon her devolved, in an especial manner, the care of the family. To her the children were accustomed to turn for every want. Under her direction they worked or played, while the father, visiting his parishioners, or preparing his sermons, came among them only at stated seasons to speak the words of approbation or reproof, or to minister to their spiritual wants.

William's very delicate constitution, rendered him a constant source of anxiety to his parents. He was reared and watched like a pet flower. The germs of disease were stifled in the bud. The tenderest precautions ever surrounded him. As he grew older, his health improved, and from the time he was twelve years of age, continued unimpaired. As a child, his amiability of temper and liveliness of talent, secured to himself the warm attachment of his whole family. His elder sister says, "Though fond of play and very active at times, he was decidedly a quiet child, and always fond of reading. He used to steal into Papa's study to get rid of noise and interruption. Oh how plainly can I hear 'William' called, and called in vain; then hear the reply, 'You might know he is in Papa's study.' And when there were gentlemen staying with us, I can remember how he would noiselessly sit in a corner of the room, listening to every word; until my father would often say playfully to him, 'You little rogue, you hear too much.'"

At this period, in company with his brothers, he attended

a country school near his father's residence, and continued to do so until the autumn of 1828. When a little over ten years of age, he entered New London academy.

This institution, justly celebrated for having been one of the earliest of its kind in our country, and for having trained many of its most distinguished and worthy men for usefulness, had been neglected, and at the period of which we are speaking, had long been closed. The Rev. Mr. Graham feeling a father's anxiety for the education of his numerous sons, by his strenuous efforts partially revived the school. He was appointed nominally its principal, and authorized to procure a teacher. This he did, and on its being again organized, among the first scholars was found the subject of our memoir.

The day on which, for the first time, William rode by his father's side to this academy, was an era never forgotten. Over and over again, in the hours when, free from care, he would commence one of those long talks which made the happiest moments of our married life, would he revert to this day, and describe his childish delight, his curiosity to see what an "academy" was like, his thousand questions, his father's teasing and stimulating answers, and his own aroused ambition. The scene is before me now in all the vividness of reality which his eloquent and poetical description could give.

His fondness for poetry early developed itself. His first teacher in the academy, a young man of the same name, of prepossessing appearance and cultivated mind, took a deep interest in the instruction of his gifted but delicate looking pupil, and lent him, with some prose works, Pollock's Course

of Time. This was the first book of poetry that William had ever seen. He seized upon it with avidity, and retiring to a spot secure from interruption, pored over it with delight. Pope's works next laid claim to his admiration. The measured strains of this poet were conned over and over, and with a most retentive memory, stored away for future use. He also attempted imitations of the style of Pope, which for rhythm and metre would have done credit to maturer years. But the early efforts of his genius were rather crushed than cultivated. Unlike the course pursued by Mrs. Davidson, with her gifted daughters, the elder Mr. Graham discouraged by every means in his power, save absolute command, these "flashings of poetic fire," and advising such studies and pursuits as would tend to strengthen his judgment and regulate his sensibilities, sought to impress upon the mind of his son a contempt for the lighter pursuits of literature, and to subject him alone to the stern discipline necessary to make a scholar. By constantly presenting before him examples of wasted talent, perverted morals and unhappy lives, the result, as he esteemed it, of an over indulged imagination, he sought to win him from what he considered a dangerous and time-wasting pursuit. Whether the course thus adopted be a wise one, in all cases, may admit of a question, but it is certain, that its effect upon William's character was good. It did not check his writing entirely, but by its restrictions, preserved the healthy tone of his mind, and kept him free from any tinge of that sickly sentimentality, too apt to abound in the early productions of a "boy of genius." Although this course could not destroy his love of reading and rhyming, it influenced him sufficiently to cause the destruction of all the pieces written at this period.

The father of Mr. Graham, like most ministers of country congregations, derived the means of supporting his family, in part, from a farm which his sons assisted in cultivating. From a share of these labours William was not exempted. He performed his duties with cheerfulness, but it was very evident that his books were the objects of his deepest interest. As time passed on, the love of study that he displayed, became a source of pride and pleasure to his family, and his health still continuing delicate, his regular walk to school was seldom interrupted by duties at home, and a morning and evening look after the horses became his only care. In his after life, he often referred to this daily walk to and from school, and the simple dinner carried in his pocket, as the cause of the decided improvement in his health, and the power of abstinence from food, which characterized his maturer years.

Up to this time he had manifested no particular interest in the subject of religion. He was regular in his attendance upon public worship, giving his undivided attention to the services of the sanctuary, and exhibiting many of the outward traits of the Christian character. A very enthusiastic and devoted Christian, whose light shone brightly wherever she moved, and which soon after was perfected in heaven, visiting at his father's house, remarked to his sister, "I do fear so much for your brother William; he reminds me constantly of the young man in the gospel, he is so lovely. I can talk to most non-professors, but for some reason I cannot find words to suit him, and I constantly feel that he is better than myself—profession and all." But the prayers of his father had found acceptance at the mercy seat, and the Spirit

of God had begun a good work in his heart. Ever silent upon any subject in which his feelings were deeply interested, his family suspected not the state of his mind, until his father, going into the stable one morning, found hid in the rack the following paper:

#### RULES TO GOVERN MY CONDUCT.

In the morning when I awake, having silently returned thanks to the Lord for my preservation through the night, and asked him in mercy to keep me from all evil through the day, I will rise, and having washed myself and done my work, I will return to my room and read a chapter in the Bible, and contemplate the truths therein contained; then kneeling down, I will pray to my Father who seeth in secret, believing that I shall be rewarded openly.

I will then address myself to my lesson, and endeavour never to go to school in the morning until I know it perfectly, and having eaten my breakfast, I will go to school.

In the evening, when I return from school, I will immediately attend to my work, and then retire to my room, where, if it be light enough, I will read a chapter in the Testament, (and if not, omit it,) and having considered its meaning, I will think over all I have done this day, and pray for pardon wherein I have erred, and grace to enable me to do so no more. Having finished my prayer, I will join my studies. If supper be ready when I come home, I will defer these duties, or rather privileges, until after it.

At noon—I will read a chapter in the Testament, and if an opportunity offers, I will kneel down to prayer, but if not, I must be content to pray in my heart.

Towards my teachers and fellow-scholars, I will endeavor to be kind and obliging—obeying the former—assisting the latter. As to stealing—never to take the *least* that is not my own without permission.

As to lying—never to *deceive in any way*.

As to fighting—to yield rather than quarrel, and to forgive an injury.

As to respect to superiors—to obey without murmuring.

Finally—to avoid all known sin—to perform all known duty—having sinned, to pray for pardon, and resolve to be more cautious in future.

May God enable me to perform each of these resolutions for Christ's sake. When circumstances will not permit their literal fulfilment, I will ask myself how God would have me do, and act accordingly.

*Sunday, October 27, 1833.*

This paper, given literally as it was found, and preserved by an elder sister, is a transcript of the simplicity and sincerity of his character, his anxious desire to do what was right, his firm adherence to duty, and the minuteness and accuracy with which he made out plans for his own or others' improvement. Although the cares of a large academy, and the fascinating pursuit of literature, caused him, before many years, to leave off his strict adherence to the first part of these rules, it is very certain that his intercourse with his fellow-men was marked by a most scrupulous observance of the latter. Honest in his dealings with all, scrupulous in his attention to interests confided to his care, the spirit of truth-

fulness sat throned upon his brow, and shone in every glance of his clear blue eyes.

But more especially in the matter of deference to superiors was he remarkable for his adherence to this resolution. The organ of *Veneration* was, to speak phrenologically, of prominent development in his character. Agreeing with Dr. Parr in the sentiment, that "a scholar should know no higher earthly authority than his teacher," and exacting from his pupils implicit obedience, he practised as well as preached the doctrine; and to old age, to parents, elder relations, the officers of the church, and the powers that be, wherever found, he ever felt and displayed the highest respect and obedience. Indeed, the most striking charm of his character seemed to consist in the beautiful harmony of this loyalty, humility and gentleness, with uncommon decision, indomitable energy, and a strength of will that conquered every obstacle with which it came in contact.

A short period after the date of these "Rules," in company with a younger brother, William applied for admission as a member of the church of which his father was pastor. The occurrence is thus related by his uncle. "The elder Mr. Graham being absent, the Session, after the usual form, propounded several questions to the youths before them, in reference to their religious impressions and experience, which were answered clearly and definitely. Objection being made, however, upon the score of their extreme youth, they were informed that their admission was postponed for a year, as they were then too young. With a timid glance and faltering voice, William inquired, 'Are we too young to die?'

‘No,’ was the reply. ‘If, then,’ he rejoined, ‘within the next twelve months we are called to appear before the bar of God, and the question is asked, Have you partaken of the body and blood of the Lord? upon whom shall the blame be laid?’ There was no response to the query, but pleased with the spirit and thoughtfulness evinced, after further deliberation the Session admitted them.”

This profession he never dishonoured. He ever possessed a firm and calm assurance of the truth of religion. He often remarked, comparing his own experience with that of others, that he had “never known the first doubt.” The doctrines that his father preached, the precepts of the Bible that his mother taught, and the rules of the church of which he was a member, were sacred and inviolable in his eyes. A serene and joyful faith illumined his soul, and shone visibly in every action of his daily life. A tone of religious sentiment was early manifested in his character. But it was not sentiment only. His strongest reasoning powers were brought to bear upon this most important of all subjects, and the result was a conviction of the truth, which it was impossible to shake. It was justly said of him, “His confidence of salvation reposed on a crucified Saviour. His was a mind that took nothing for granted. Though the son of pious parents, and carefully educated in the principles of our faith, yet these principles had by him been subjected to the severest scrutiny. The divinity and atonement of the Son of God, pardon, justification and eternal life through faith in his merits, the renewing and sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit—these were the doctrines he cordially embraced, and here was the sole foundation of his hope and trust. The uniform

testimony of all who knew him was, that his life had always been in accordance with his profession."

In the fall of 1834, Mr. Graham became a student in Delaware (then Newark) College. He entered as a Junior, but recited once, and often twice a day, with the Sophomore, besides attending to the studies of his own class. The President of the college, referring to this period, says, "He had hardly entered college before his uncommon talents attracted general attention. Not only his class-mates, but the whole college yielded the palm to him in the art of composition. His first Essay was a poem, displaying remarkable genius and wit.\* During his whole course his position in the College scale for Scholarship, Industry, Character and Conduct, was No. 1. He was one of the most active founders of the Athenæan Society of the college, and took a prominent share in its debates." His studies and recitations occupied him from fourteen to fifteen hours a day, yet he found time to write many poetical essays and translations. His exercises for college speaking were always poetical, and consisted of translations, parodies or original poems. There is among his papers a parody on Hamlet's Soliloquy, with a note indicating that it was written and spoken a month after his arrival at college, and that it afforded much amusement to the students. Mr. Graham was naturally very diffident. Later in his life contact with the world gave him dignity and confidence, but it is easy to imagine the bashful boy at the period of which we are speaking, with his pale

\* It was styled "Newark," and it is much to be regretted that its local and personal allusions unfit it for publication.

intellectual face rising up among his fellows, and thus giving vent to his feelings :

To speak—or not to speak—that is the question :—  
 Whether 'tis nobler, in the appointed student,  
 To rise up manfully before his fellows ;  
 Or to refuse through dread of shame or trouble,  
 And playing truant 'scape it ? To rise—to speak,—  
 No more ;—and thus by speaking to o'ercome  
 That childish fear and awkward bashfulness,  
 To which young speakers are sure heirs, becoming  
 Good orators—sure 'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wished. To rise,—to speak,—  
 To speak !—perchance to fail ;—ay, there's the rub ;—  
 For in this speaking divers ills may come  
 When we've forgot a line, or made a blunder.  
 This gives us pause. There's the respect,  
 That makes calamity of such an act ;  
 For who would bear the sneers of those around,  
 The hisses of his fellow-students, and the scorn  
 Of all his hearers, disregarding rules,  
 The jeers of the professors, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 By being absent ? Who would suffer this—  
 To stumble through a half-got speech ;  
 But that the dread of something afterward,  
 (A Monday evening summons to receive  
 A private reprimand,) puzzles the will ;  
 And makes us rather bear the ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we hate the more ?  
 The Faculty makes cowards of us all ;  
 And thus our resolution not to speak  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 (To sally forth to visit ladies fair,)  
 By this consideration turned away,  
 Are never born to get the name of action.

1834.

During the two years that he remained in college as a student, his attention to his studies was unremitting and his character unsullied. He early manifested that preference for the study of intellectual and moral philosophy which characterized him in after life, but in the higher branches of mathematics he held a distinguished rank, and by universal consent sustained the reputation of a generous, honourable, and pious youth.

His attachment to his immediate relatives still continued very strong. His visits to his family were hailed with delight by his parents, and every young face beamed with joy when William came home. He very often, during his first year in college, would walk the eleven miles between Newark and his father's residence, and surprise them by a Saturday night visit, saying, "I was so home-sick I could not stay away any longer." One of his elder brothers would then rise before day on Monday, and ride with him to college in time for prayers. Independently of the amount of writing necessary for college exercises, Mr. Graham employed his talent for versification upon every subject that came within his reach. His portfolio overflowed with the fruits of his leisure hours. There remains of these, a poem on the Millennium of some seven or eight hundred lines, some odes and pastorals, and a descriptive poem entitled, "The Christian's Death Bed." They evidence poetical ability, correct taste, and much classical knowledge, but want finish and accuracy of style. A short piece, called *The Swallow*, which will be found among the poetry in this volume, was written upon one of his visits at home, for the amusement of a younger brother, and making no pretensions to merit, is ren-

dered charming by its very simplicity. Mr. Graham's pen was always at the service of his friends. The albums of his female acquaintances were ornamented by his beautiful penmanship and ingenious rhymes. Great amusement was afforded to his sisters and cousins by the poetical letters they were constantly receiving from college. Many of these have been preserved. They are generally unsuitable for publication, but I cannot refrain from subjoining one or two extracts from the many I have seen, trusting that they will be read with interest, in connexion with the scenes and events that prompted them.

Dear Sister, what say you to this kind of weather,  
Spring, winter and summer all mixed up together?  
The seasons are crazy ! they're acting so queer,  
'Tis a chance if old Winter don't rule round the year.  
It is rarely the sun is allowed to look out,  
And then just to see what mankind are about;  
When his curtains again are drawn round him so tight,  
Old Boreas can play his wild pranks out of sight.  
But sometimes the winds will get tired of blowing,  
And the clouds by long raining at last will grow thin,  
And surly old Winter will seem to be going,  
And Spring all in smiles will be just coming in.  
When Nature refreshed her lost smiles will recover,  
And sunshine be sparkling on many a hill;  
Then out goes the student, the lady and lover,  
To rove on the banks of some soft flowing rill.  
But Winter returns from the north in a flurry,  
All blustering to see what young Spring has been at,  
And shuts up the sun with his clouds in a hurry,  
And sends out his winds to lay every thing flat.  
And directly, before you know what you're about,  
Such a rumpus he'll raise as you never did hear,

And student, and lady, and lover, no doubt,  
Will be puffing and coughing the rest of the year.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ye cousins all of London town, that seat of female merit,  
Behold! once more I sit me down, in a poetic spirit:  
Out of the depths of mud I cry, where sinners wade together,  
And wish you all a sunny sky, good roads and better weather.  
Rain seems the order of the day, and Newark feels its power,  
The ladies, forced in doors to stay, almost begin to sour;  
Their faces, at the windows seen, no rapturous smiles discover,  
Gloom shades the brow, where smiles have been, dark as the  
clouds that hover.  
The streets a mass of miry clay, the gutters pour in thunder,  
The crops are drowned, so farmers say, but cut-worms work in  
under;  
The old man stares, and shuts the door, and swears in language  
clever,  
That such a storm was ne'er before,—nor shall be more—forever.

Alas! of former charms no trace is found the prospect o'er,  
And Newark, once a lovely place, is lovely now no more.  
Those flowers, which dressed in colours bright, did "here in  
beauty bloom,"  
Those lips of love and eyes of light, are now all clothed in gloom.  
We hear the voice of song no more from beauty swelling high,  
Naught but the torrent's sullen roar beneath a frowning sky;  
Bright faced robed in smiles of love, no more with pleasure glow,  
A furious deluge roars above, a watery waste below.  
When thus the elements engage to scatter consternation,  
Where can we fly to 'scape their rage, or seek for consolation?  
What tho' within an hundred feet, we saw Eve's loveliest  
daughters,  
What mortal could attempt the street, or cross the stormy waters?  
Where'er we turn an ear or eye, the signs of wo are double,  
The cattle low, the children cry, the world is filled with trouble;

A solitary grunter moans along the swelling gutter,  
 And wallowing in the mire he loves, begins at length to mutter :  
 " Alas !" grunts he, " that boasting men should live in such a  
 border,  
 I'll get me to my sty again, 'tis in much better order ! "

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

An altar pure on Afric's mount, 'mid scenes of darkness dreary,  
 'Mid deserts parched a sparkling fount, to cheer the pilgrim weary,  
 Each formed alone by nature's art, whence all their charms they  
 borrow,

Like emblems are of woman's heart, amid a world of sorrow.  
 In that fair spot, whilst all around is wrapt in self-devotion,  
 An altar of true love is found, based on sincere emotion ;  
 Joyful around the virtues stand, and pour a pure libation,  
 And singing muses, hand in hand, take up their grateful station.  
 Now roused by the harmonious strain, all regular advancing,  
 Emerge the graces in a train, and lead around the dancing ;  
 Concurring virtues lift their heads, and raise their cheerful voices,  
 Upon the altar incense spread, and friendship loud rejoices.  
 Now whilst this scene is going on, whilst virtue, muses, graces,  
 In *woman's* heart have built their throne, and show their cheerful  
 faces ;  
 No wonder that they seem so fair, that we could never lose them,  
 Given by these, the charms they wear, and taught by these to use  
 them.

And now I'll strike another string, and grow less sentimental :—  
 My altar now shall be a spring ; her heart, a fountain gentle.  
 E'en as a stream through thirsty plain, in modest silence, stealing,  
 Lies woman's heart in a world of pain, a fountain of pure feeling.  
 In a calm tide the waters roll, whilst all around them flourish,  
 And streams of kindness thro' the soul, the plants of virtue nourish.  
 Joy in their murmuring cadence sings, its music never ceasing,  
 And Pity borne on angel's wings, sighs soft and sadly pleasing.  
 Not so when storms of sorrow rise, their placid bosom sweeping,  
 Enforced they mount into the eyes, and overflow in weeping ;

Contending with afflictions strong, from Grief new tones they  
borrow,

Until what was Joy's grateful song, becomes the voice of Sorrow. .  
No lovely flower of moral kind, that has with earth connexion,  
In this rich soil we cannot find, all blooming in perfection ;  
Nor hide they in their native place to avoid the tempests chilly,  
Grown up, they bloom upon the face, with tints of rose and lily.  
Here on a soft and fragrant bed, Love wrapped in dreams, reposes,  
And o'er the little vagrant's head, the Graces sprinkle roses ;  
'Mongst which he often starts, and flies up to his portals narrow,  
And peeping out from sparkling eyes, shoots many a fatal arrow.

Mr. Graham's departure for college had been the first break in this hitherto united and happy family. Alas! it was soon to be followed by many and bitter trials. Soon after his leaving home, his father, returning one night from a visit to one of his parishioners, was thrown from his carriage and received a serious injury. After a tedious illness he recovered sufficiently to be able to preach as formerly, but was never again able to walk without a cane. Injudicious medical treatment aggravated his disease, and after lingering nearly a year, he departed, Nov. 5, 1835, to render an account of his stewardship. The warm attachment which existed between the father and his favourite son, had been strengthened rather than diminished by the absence of the latter at college, and his death was a great loss as well as grief to William. He loved to talk of his father, and to describe to me his appearance and character. He was his perfect model of what a father should be. This filial reverence and love was one of the most prominent and beautiful traits in his disposition. In the incidents of his childhood, to which he was fond of recurring, his father's name was often

mentioned, and one of the first papers that he gave into my care, was a note from him written soon after he left home for college. This he treasured as one of his most valuable possessions. It is principally upon business, but closes with these impressive words. "My son, remember one thing is needful, and with all your getting, daily ask God in prayer for that wisdom which cometh from above, and which is profitable to direct. Whatever other books you neglect, neglect not God's book, your Bible, make this daily the man of your counsel. Be choice of your company, and write to us often."

The elder Mr. Graham was well known throughout Delaware and Eastern Pennsylvania, and had made many friends by his blameless and useful life. When in after years his son met with strangers, it was sufficient for them to say that they had known and respected his father, to win for them his particular attention and regard. How expressive was this feeling of true love and grief! How often in such a case do objects hitherto regarded with indifference, become, when sanctified by association, invested with a beauty and interest that nought else could have given them.

The death of the elder Mr. Graham was but the beginning of sorrows. The second son, John, died of consumption a short time after, and the heart of the widow and the mother was bowed to the earth with grief. The elder brother, Robert, being in the west, William became the adviser and supporter of his afflicted family. His mother, although fond and tender in her intercourse with all of her children, manifested for him from his earliest youth the warmest pride and affection. It was amply returned. He had always been to her gentle and kind, but now he strove, by increased duty

and affection, to fill the void made in her happiness. He cherished for the very word "Mother," a peculiar and tender feeling. Her reliance upon him for counsel, awakened and strengthened all the kindly sympathies of his nature. It taught him that charity and deep sympathy with "the widow" which he always exhibited. "She is a widow," he would say, and for this reason every thing was to be borne and every fault forgiven.

The devotion of Mr. Graham for his mother, availed not to save her from the grasp of the Destroyer, but it smoothed her passage to the grave, toward which she was rapidly hastening. Mr. Graham graduated in the fall of 1836, and at the Commencement delivered the valedictory. It was an original poem, and gained for him high commendation. His mother and sister were present—but the former was bathed in tears during the scene. Upon being questioned as to her sadness when all were so proud and gay, she replied, "his father cannot hear him." The long sickness of her husband and son, and the devoted nursing bestowed upon both, had made fearful inroads upon her naturally strong constitution, and her orphan children witnessed, with agony not to be described, consumption again within their dwelling. In vain were the most skilful remedies and the most assiduous attentions. She died March 26, 1840, leaving ten children, (the youngest not six years old,) with but a small portion of this world's goods, but rich in integrity, piety, and an honest name. The inscription for the monument to the mother of Cowper might well have been engraved upon the tomb of Mrs. Graham:

“ Still was she studious never to offend ;  
And glad of an occasion to commend ;  
With ease would pardon injuries received,  
Nor e'er was cheerful when another grieved ;  
Despising state, with her own lot content,  
Enjoyed the comforts of a life well spent ;  
Resigned, when heaven demanded back her breath,  
Her mind heroic 'midst the pangs of death.”

Immediately after his graduation, Mr. Graham accepted the situation of tutor in Delaware College, and remained there from three to four years.

He continued to pursue his classical studies, but his time and thoughts were much occupied by his cares for the comfort of his mother, and the necessity for his frequent presence at home. He visited also in the village of Newark, and his engaging manners and versatile talents rendered him a favourite with all who knew him. He was peculiarly interesting and improving in his conversation, and with his intimate friends, was social and communicative. The productions of his pen frequently enlivened their meetings.

Although his mental characteristics were more fully displayed in after years, Mr. Graham was remarkable, even thus early, for his unwearied application, and the philosophical cast of his mind. An intimate friend thus speaks of him : “ Although apparently frail in constitution and feeble in strength, he would endure an amount of continued and severe mental exertion, that would prostrate much stronger students. He had a power of concentration that was almost unparalleled. He would think longer, deeper, and broader on any theme than any young man I ever knew. It was comparatively easy to confuse him in an argument by chang-

ing ground and resorting to assertion and sophistry; but in the sphere of legitimate logic, he was almost omnipotent. In quick perception and in brilliant repartee, he was not so much at home. He could construct an argument faultless and impregnable as a fortress, but he must have time to lay his foundation stones, one by one. His mind swept over such a wide compass, it is not wonderful that its movements were not rapid.

“As a teacher in college he was eminently successful. His own perceptions of truth were so clear and strong, that it was natural for him to impart knowledge in the same lucid and forcible manner in which it lay in his own mind. His standard of a student, derived from his own practice, was almost unapproachably high. Relaxation, meals, rest, were of little account with him, compared with the proper completion of the appointed task of study. I have known him shut himself in his room, and go without his own meals for a whole day, to compel some lazy mischievous student to do the same, until he should master his lesson. Of course such unbending perseverance made him a rigid disciplinarian. Yet it was done in so mild and gentle a manner, that he generally won the esteem and love of all of his scholars.”

But his attention was by no means confined to human learning. The Castalian fountain could not satisfy his thirst for knowledge. He had early learned to esteem the waters of “Siloa, which go so softly.” His early youth had been consecrated to a nobler service than that of philosophy or the muses. He had long studied the oracles of heavenly wisdom, and from their mines of rich treasure had drawn a golden vein, to wind through his varied researches in human

lore. This served not only to enrich, but to throw a radiance about the path of his investigations, revealing here and there a quicksand, and guiding him to the solid ground of eternal truth. "His penetrating mind gave him most clear and distinct apprehensions of spiritual truth. His convictions were consequently deep and strong. But he had a manner of manifesting them, perhaps different from most others. There was, in his experience, no approach to cant or fanaticism. His emotions were the result of sober thought, and flowed in a still deep stream, seldom in the sparkling cascade or plunging cataract. He could look back to no period, as the exact date of his conversion to Christianity. The pure example and elevated piety that shone in his paternal dwelling, sank into his youthful mind, and early moulded it to ways of virtue and holiness. His religion was not one of feeling or sentiment or formality—but eminently one of principle. He was a most interesting teacher of the Bible. The sphere of Sabbath-school instruction was almost the only one open to benevolent enterprise and zeal, at that time, in the neighbourhood of Newark, and that sphere he cheerfully entered upon and laboriously pursued. In the town and surrounding country these blessed agencies were much indebted to his gratuitous exertions. The teachers of that day, in the Sunday-school at Newark, will not soon forget the Saturday evening expositions of the lessons given by him. He contributed to the interest of these meetings for many months, and his rich and original illustrations of the truth taught in the lesson, not only delighted the teachers, but prepared them for much greater usefulness when they came before their classes on the Sabbath day.

"In the spring of 1836, chiefly through the exertions of the late Rev. Andrew Barr, several Sunday-schools were sustained in the destitute neighbourhoods in the vicinity of Newark. One of the most successful of these schools was held near the Pennsylvania line, at what is known as the 'Harmony school-house.' This enterprise was much indebted to the labours of Mr. Graham. He commenced his efforts here as one of several teachers from Newark, by whom the school was sustained in the midst of considerable opposition. He soon became the superintendent and sole labourer from abroad. Alone, and with much toil, frequently, after having instructed two other classes during the day in distant places, he maintained that school, vigorously imparting to some hundred souls, children and adults, the solemn lessons of divine truth. In that neighbourhood those labours will not soon be forgotten. I have little doubt that children, and children's children will rise up and call him blessed. At several Sabbath-school celebrations in various places, he made addresses. They were always marked by that strict method and rich illustration so characteristic of his own mind. His Christian faith showed itself eminently in works. If he had not so many words about experimental religion as some others, he had a larger spirit of self-sacrifice and practical devotion, which evinced a high and difficult attainment in Christianity. The closest scrutiny of his character, under every variety of circumstances, but more fully established his reputation as a good man and true, full of sympathy for all mankind, keenly alive to injustice and wrong and meanness, and ready to yield his own preferences and gratifications promptly, for the good of his fellow-men.

"His social habits at this time were rather peculiar. He was never 'a man of the world,' in the common acceptation of the term. For the mere formalities of society, he had no taste.

'The repetitious weariness of sense,  
Where soul is dead and feeling hath no place,  
Where knowledge, ill begun in cold remark,  
On outward things with formal inference ends,'

was to him insufferable. But he loved conversation, and with those who would dwell upon themes of mutual interest, he would never tire of communicating. In company, when he felt at liberty, he has often directed conversation for a whole evening in a single channel, and yet his thoughts seemed never to be exhausted. The idle chit-chat of the drawing-room possessed for him no charm. His mind, compelled to hurry from topic to topic by the changeful current of conversation, would not act. He must concentrate his thoughts and pour the tide of his mental stimulus upon a given theme; and then his soul kindled with its opening treasures, and he was rich and instructive in conversation. Hence he always preferred a small select circle of friends to promiscuous company. Hence his personal attachments became strong—almost indolatrous. His soul was freighted with warm affections, but he cared not to unbosom himself, except to tried and confidential associates. To them he was ever the prized companion, the reliable counsellor, the faithful and conscientious friend."

As a fitting conclusion to this part of Mr. Graham's life, an extract from a letter written by him, will not be uninteresting. The origin was this. Two or three friends, of

whom Mr. Graham was one, met in the parlour of Miss \_\_\_\_\_, and expecting soon to be separated, agreed each to write to her a letter, to be opened on the anniversary of that evening, in the same room. The following is a part of the contribution of Mr. Graham:

A year agone! what a broad theme,  
If need there were for rhapsody,  
Time's sweeping wing and silent stream,  
The vision of Life's fleeting dream,  
And thousand brilliant tropes that beam  
In Fancy—more than you would deem,  
And more than yet perhaps I see.  
But not for them I'd turn my head  
O'er life's rough path again to tread—  
Before, where Hope's gay beams are shed,  
A brighter prospect blooms;  
What's retrospection, but a journey dread  
Among the tombs!

The Past is one wide grave-yard, spread  
With the sad relics of the dead;  
The tombs of hopes and pleasures fled,  
And friends and friendships sepulchred,  
Where, like the worm in darkness fed,  
Oblivion slow consumes;  
And memory, like the wandering light  
That sports o'er graves at dead of night,  
The joyless waste illumines.

There walk the ghosts of follies too,—  
How many none may know;  
And deeds we hoped no more to view,  
And sorrows—all we ever knew,  
Like phantoms dread our steps pursue,  
To haunt us as we go.

Yet pleasures there are that have fled,  
Whose tombstones right pleasant would be,  
And follies that time hath sent down to the dead,  
Whose ghosts 't were no terror to see.

\* \* \* \* \*

After the death of his mother, the care of his younger sister and brothers devolved chiefly upon Mr. Graham. His responsibilities became those of a second father. With what uprightness and patient affection he fulfilled this trust, many can testify. From his earliest youth he had cherished the desire and anticipation of becoming a minister of the gospel. His father, upon his dying bed, had given to him this solemn admonition, "My son, if you should be spared to preach the gospel, preach only Christ and him crucified." He ever regarded the conditional style of this remark as a proof of his father's great prudence, but felt himself bound by it as by a solemn and distinct injunction. After his graduation, the want of means to enter a theological seminary, had determined him to remain as tutor in college, for a time; and now another obstacle arose to the immediate gratification of his darling wish. The necessity of securing to his younger brothers a comfortable home and good education, seemed likely to detain him many years from the accomplishment of his purpose. But his energetic and self-sacrificing spirit was found fully equal to the emergency. The academy of New London, which he had formerly attended as a pupil, was now without a teacher, and in a languishing state. Its trustees invited him to become the Principal. He accepted the invitation, and the whole family removed into the village. The old homestead passed into the hands of strangers, and the chil-

dren who had been born beneath its roof, and sported in its chambers, who had shared within its walls life's sweetest joy and its first sorrow, went forth together to revisit it no more.

In the academy of New London, Mr. Graham first displayed those abilities as a teacher, for which he was afterwards pre-eminently distinguished. "This school," says a friend, "had for several years been gradually declining, until the number of students no longer yielded a support to the Principal. There had been no school in it for about two years. Mr. Graham, in a very short time, and under discouraging circumstances, entirely resuscitated the Institution, not only restoring it to its former prosperous condition, but gaining for it a reputation and popularity it had never before attained. During the last year there were connected with the school seventy-two pupils, of whom upwards of forty were boarders from a distance. This one fact may suffice to show his popularity as a teacher, and the rapidity with which this academy rose into favour under his management." An elder sister assisting him in the boarding department, he sustained the whole charge of this large establishment, although but twenty-two years of age, with dignity, decision, and great success. Amid the friends of his youth, he strengthened the affection they naturally felt for their late minister's son, by the modesty and amenity of his manners, the sincerity and uprightness of his character, and his ready sympathy and aid in all their difficulties. One instance of this, united to a conscientious and fearless discharge of duty, is thus related by a friend. "All my intercourse with him was delightful, and I remember with pleasure, a season when the small-pox appeared in our village, and for a time broke up the school.

Every house where the disease entered, was of course shunned. I was taken ill. No one came near me but my physician. In a few days Mr. Graham called. His appearance excited my surprise, and I urged him not to enter—“Oh yes! I came for the express purpose,” was the reply, and he persisted in entering. From this time he came every day and sat with me; and I well remember how agreeable was the sight of his face in that gloomy chamber.”

It might be supposed that this little family had endured enough of sorrow, and that the chastening hand of a kind heavenly Father would not again be extended over them. But Time's healing power had scarce begun to soothe their wounded hearts, ere death was once more in their midst. The eldest brother, Robert, a youth of promise and fine abilities, was the next victim. He had gone to the west and engaged in business before his father's death, but now struck with incurable disease, returned to die among his kindred. To this brother, William was particularly attached. There existed between them great congeniality of sentiment. Mutual assistance had been rendered in times of difficulty, drawing more closely together the bonds of natural fraternal affection. Although Robert was very much the elder, they had been confidants and correspondents for years. The sweet and solemn memories of the past, the beautiful qualities of the present, the ambitious hopes of the future which each entertained for the other, bound their hearts in unison. It was a sore trial, under such circumstances, to watch the couch and smooth the pillow of the dying, but nobly was the task fulfilled. The bereavement was deeply felt, and often reverted to by Mr. Graham. Death could not diminish his

affection, nor time weaken his remembrance; and when not many years after his own spirit had entered within the valley of the shadow of death, and the sounds in his chamber fell with confusion on his ear, ere lost in the recesses of the valley, his voice was hushed forever, it mingled the name of "Robert" with that of his mother, and invoked them to welcome him to heaven.

The circumstances which surrounded Mr. Graham at New London, were not favourable to the development of his genius, and his naturally modest mind seemed singularly unconscious of its powers. During his residence in New London, he made but slight progress in intellectual excellence, and the vigour of his mind was expended in the endeavour to give prominence and success to his school, and in performing the daily duties connected therewith. Constant attention and untiring effort were requisite to accomplish the task he had undertaken. The reputation which, afterwards, under similar circumstances, rendered success easier, was yet to be made. Diligently he toiled, rising early and sitting up late, cheerfully devoting the bloom of his youth and the first flush of his manhood, to the comfort and advantage of those whom he loved. The pecuniary profit, which was the actual result of the industry and happy business talent here displayed, formed but slight inducement to the exertion, and was no reward in his eyes for the sacrifice he was making. A nobler ambition occupied his heart. Says one who knew him well, "Of his solicitude for the welfare of his family, as well as the plans by which this was to be accomplished, he has left abundant evidence—plans, indicative of a mind comprehensive and vigorous enough to grasp the rough realities of life; with a

prudence and firmness rather to be expected from the man of business, than from the youth whose brief existence had hitherto been devoted to the pursuits of literature, and whose tastes, apart from the claims of duty and affection, would never have prompted him to their consideration. Although possessing all the qualifications necessary to success in business life, he neither sought nor found enjoyment in the accumulation of dollars and cents; and valued them no farther than they seemed to be necessary to an honourable independence, and as a means of enabling him to pursue unremittingly those studies, which were to him not only sources of intellectual enjoyment, but which he regarded as essential to the proper discharge of higher and nobler duties."

Mr. Graham's habits and tastes were simple in the extreme, and required not wealth for their gratification. A total abnegation of self was one of the most striking traits in his character. In a letter, written a year later, he says, "I do consider it the noblest trait of human nature to be willing to sacrifice self (not right or duty) to the interests, the pleasures, and even the prejudices of those we love; and the preference of self to others' feelings is the essence of littleness." Unlike the world in general, his precept was accompanied by example. His thoughts, desires and feelings seemed to be always under the dominion of reason. Where his inclinations warred with its dictates, they were silenced or unheeded. No one ever felt more the importance of self-control—no one ever practised it more fully. He fulfilled all his duties from a conviction of right, because they were duties, and he found his reward in the consciousness of his own integrity, and the approbation of his God.

Before introducing Mr. Graham into a new sphere of action, I will insert some portions of a letter written to the friend to whom I am indebted for reminiscences of his tutorship in Delaware College. These sprightly effusions of his pen were of such frequent recurrence; and the spirit of innocent playfulness in which they originated, blended so harmoniously with the real strength and solidity of his character, that it would be impossible to draw a faithful picture of him without frequently introducing them. His correspondent had neglected writing for some months, and the following metrical effusion is an answer to a letter received unexpectedly, by the hand of a mutual friend, on his return from a wedding tour:

TO MILO J. H\*\*\*\*\*.

How now, friend Thomas? Peace and length of days  
 Is my worst wish for thee and thy fair *Mrs.*—  
 Whence? Whither? Wherefore? What's the news? What  
 says  
 Thy short experience of the nuptial blisses?  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Heard'st aught of Milo? Saw'st his tomb? Alas!  
 Poor Milo! swept in morning life away!  
 Did'st hear, above his early grave, the grass  
 Pour to the careless wind his requiem lay?  
 Thus dearest friends, like lovely visions, pass!  
 But Milo! thou wert more than vulgar clay;  
 For worth and sense and soul, thy like again  
 Not soon we'll meet among the sons of men!

He had his faults—who not, of human kind?  
 What mortal virtue is without its shade?  
 Yet, gleaming through them all, a generous mind  
 Shone in his life, and o'er his features played.

What tho' among his ashes we could find  
 Some Yankee foibles, shall we then invade  
 The tomb, and scan the errors that now lie low ?  
 Light be the dust upon thy head, friend Milo !

But what is this ? a letter—by these eyes,  
 'Tis Milo's, or an optical delusion ?  
 Post-marked the lower regions ? or the skies ?  
 Smells it of brimstone ? And by what intrusion  
 Of goblin, came it o'er the gulf, that lies  
 'Twixt earth and that far kingdom of confusion,  
 Where ghosts in troops, along each Stygian river,  
 In gloomy forests walk and talk forever ?

But thou art in thy mortal body, Milo,  
 Walking the earth, as thy sign manual showeth,  
 Which, not a goblin from the regions high, low,  
 Or mid, to counterfeit the mystery knoweth ;  
 But by the stars it seemed a dreadful while, O,  
 Since thou—but I forgive thee all ; which goeth  
 To prove the falsehood of that ancient song,  
 "He never pardons who hath done the wrong."

Since last my spirit walked with thine, conversing  
 With pens and eyes, instead of tongues and ears,  
 (No bad contrivance—nature's plan reversing,  
 And winging words for distance and for years,)  
 Twelve circling moons with blessing fraught, and cursing,  
 Have led the tide of human hopes and fears ;  
 And change is written, and shall be again,  
 On puny man, on mountain and the main.

But thou art still the same—thy coat, perhaps,  
 Hath deepened somewhat toward the parson's sable,  
 And thou hast got some Hebrew, and some scraps  
 Of divers other of the tongues of Babel.  
 All histories of all heretics, and the traps  
 Thou know'st, with which they sought to catch the un-  
 stable ;

Through many a page of Mosheim's dull monotony,  
Thou'st gone for something new, and never got any.

And in Theology's most secret mazes,  
Didactic and polemic, thou hast been,  
And art acquaint with Orthodoxy's phrases,—  
From Doctor Moses, down to Doctor Green,—  
Hast learned to storm the bulwarks error raises,  
And round the truth to draw a weapon keen,  
To knock all sects and systems on the head,  
And rear the Presbyterian in their stead.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

But to return—'though change hath passed o'er much,  
And on thy brow perhaps hath left a shade,  
No lapse of time or silent years may touch  
A heart like thine, where kind affections played.  
And for myself, I'm very nearly such  
As when we parted; and as soon shall fade  
The memory of the stars and glorious sun,  
As thy name, from the heart 'tis stamped upon.

The constant battling of the waves will chase  
The deep based rock back from the ocean's rage;  
Huge rents the mountain's lofty brow deface,  
In the wild war which winds and lightnings wage;  
Old Egypt's tombs shall vanish from their base,  
And the earth wither in the grasp of age;  
But not to time belongs the power, to rase  
One name by friendship graved on memory's page.

Eternal friendship, on the hills of heaven,  
Walked with the angels, ere the stars were made;  
Friendship immortal, when the earth is riven,  
Will muse unharmed o'er worlds in ruin laid.  
And when earth's memory long had else been given  
To deep oblivion—Friendship, undecayed,  
From the high walls, where heaven's bright banners wave,  
Will drop a tear o'er Time's eternal grave.

But I must "curb my Pegasus." I little  
Thought to talk thus, when I began to rhyme.  
I only wished to write my own acquittal  
From censure of neglect—and then to chime  
A little nonsense, which doth rarely sit ill  
On my pen's nib, into thine ear. "The crime  
Of making verse," to bore you with the reading,  
Is not the sin that most becomes my breeding.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

Now I begin to stop—seize your gray goose-quill,  
(That mighty instrument of little men.)  
And a long letter with the latest news fill,  
And send it to the post-office amain;  
Or, by the muse, in my next, I'll abuse well,  
You for your faithlessness—and turn my pen  
And blot out all I've said here to your praise.  
And so good night, friend Milo—Yours always,

W. S. G.

Mr. Graham remained in New London but eighteen months. His school, from nothingness, attained to the highest prosperity. A kind providence had blessed his endeavours, and every thing seemed pleasant and prosperous. At this moment, when he might reasonably have been expected to remain and enjoy the fruits of his diligence and perseverance, he resigned his school into the hands of a younger brother, and removed to Newark. For this change several reasons might be given. Mr. Graham possessed a most wonderful amount of energy. He was never satisfied, except when the whole vigor of his mind was exerting itself upon an object. His character was a rare union of an enlightened judgment and steady self-possession, with the most profound and vehement enthusiasm. He was always full of plans and schemes. Although of delicate appearance, and liable, upon

the slightest exposure, to be attacked with hereditary consumption, his powers of physical endurance were very great. His activity, mental or physical, was rarely impaired by the languor of weakness or disease. The object for which he had toiled, attained—he could not sit down to enjoy, but looked around for new difficulties to surmount, new fields to conquer. This restlessness arose neither from desire for excitement, nor love of change. No man enjoyed more the calm pleasures of domestic life, nor attended more faithfully to the duties of his calling. But necessity forbade him that leisure necessary for the expenditure of his powers in their legitimate field of action. The situation now offered seemed to combine the intellectual advantages for which he sighed, with the certainty of a comfortable support. There were difficulties enough in his way, to give full scope for his energies, and make reputation attendant on success. The Rev. Dr. Gilbert, who had been President of Delaware College at the time of Mr. Graham's first entrance as a student, had soon after resigned his office. The institution had gradually declined, and but few students remained. At this critical moment Dr. Gilbert again accepted the presidency, and taking his place at the helm, endeavoured to raise the college from the low state into which it had fallen. Secure of an able coadjutor in Mr. Graham, his influence was exerted to induce him to accept the office of Principal of the academy, then the Preparatory Department of the college. To the great gratification of the Board of Trustees, and all who were interested in the welfare of the Institution, he consented. He removed to Newark in the fall of 1841, and entered upon his duties with diligence. How he succeeded, let its

catalogues tell. In the course of a year, the number of boarders became so great, as to require the construction of an additional edifice for their accommodation. This was built upon a plan of Mr. Graham's own invention, under his personal superintendence, and at his own immediate expense; the Board of Trustees agreeing to return him the amount expended, in instalments, some years later.

The society of Newark was, at this time, pre-eminently delightful. It was small, but select. It consisted almost entirely of the gentlemen of the Faculty, the ladies connected with them in their domestic relations, a few families of the village remarkable for their sprightliness, hospitality, and intelligence, and the few who were occasionally drawn thither by pleasure or business. The enjoyments of this circle were purely intellectual. The day was devoted by the gentlemen to study or college duty, and on the part of the ladies, to reading or domestic cares, but every evening witnessed a re-union, where criticism, compliment, and controversy, (playful or serious,) became the order of the hour. The student unbent the wrinkled brow, and gave himself up heartily to recreation, while the linguist, the philosopher and the mathematician mingled their various stores, in converse rich and rare. Music, in the soul-entrancing strains of one of its most accomplished amateurs, awoke responding chords —and in strains now grave, now gay, attuned each heart to sweetest harmony,

“With bliss complete,  
And full fruition filling all the soul.”

Poesy, from her abundant stores, furnished a rich quota,

selected or original, to the feast. Beauty was not wanting to "fling enchantment o'er the scene," and wit, sparkling, yet pure, flashed freely forth on every occasion. The etiquette of a city disturbed not the constant flow of social and familiar intercourse, and the gossip of a country village died in an atmosphere too elevated to furnish it with food.

Coming from the seclusion of a student's life, and the monotony of a country school, and thrown suddenly into a circle like this, the effect upon the mind of Mr. Graham was immediately perceptible. It forced into action at once the hitherto undeveloped powers of his intellect. Brought into close contact with men his superiors in age, learning, and knowledge of the world—with women, fascinating in person, and cultivated in mind, he eagerly embraced the encouragement and incentives to intellectual labour, now for the first time afforded, and entering with enthusiasm into all their pursuits, soon shone the brightest star in that galaxy.

Some time previous to the period of which we are speaking, a society had been formed among the ministers of Newark, for mutual improvement in theological pursuits. After Mr. Graham's arrival this was merged in one of a more general character. It was called "the Conclave," and met every Tuesday evening at the house of the President of the College. It was rendered exclusive by no rules, but was attended principally by the Faculty, and the ladies above mentioned. The latter attended by invitation, but, of course, took no part in the proceedings. Here each member brought forward the results of his reading or invention, or exercised his critical powers on those of others. Mutual confidence and esteem created a bond which piquant raillery, or even

severe retort, failed to sunder. There was nothing to cramp the intellectual energies or to check the flashes of wit, which often accompanied this "action of mind upon mind." An original article occupied the first hour of the evening, and the remainder was spent in the free discussion to which it gave rise. Of these intellectual banquets, the contributions of Mr. Graham were a coveted and exquisite portion. The facility with which he could detect a fallacy in an argument, his unequalled command of language, and power to accumulate facts and imagery to give it effect, combined to render him a skilful essayist or dangerous opponent.

Amid the engrossing cares, resulting from his position as Principal of Newark academy, he formed his first acquaintance with Coleridge. His interest once excited, he perused his works with ardour, and entered with the greatest zest into his particular views and theories. He became enraptured with this splendid genius, both as a poet and a philosopher. As the Coleridgean philosophy had few admirers in Newark, all his powers were tasked to commend and defend the system. "And," (says the President of the college,) "it was the unanimous sentiment of the college Faculty and Literary Conclave, of which he was a member, and before which he was often called to defend himself, that whether the system be true or false, they had never come in contact with a more able, acute, and eloquent defender. The Coleridgean philosophy, as Coleridge left it, is a collection of beautiful hints, of elegant fragments, of suggestive first principles, without carrying out fully any one train of thought, or giving any end, or even middle, to his theory. Mr. Graham, as his literary friends used to say, was the only advocate of that

transcendental philosophy, who could give to it a beginning, middle, and end, and show its important practical bearing on mental science, morality, and religion."

But although his enthusiasm in favour of Coleridge was intense, and became so much a part of his being, as to give character to mind and thought, and to mingle in every thing that he said or wrote during the remainder of his life, Coleridgeanism was not the only thing which he handled to admiration. Taking part in some theological discussions in the Conclave, he entertained them two evenings with an essay on Imputation—upon which he laid out all of his theological strength, and gave a fine specimen of his powers for logical analysis, lively fancy and ingenious argument. This essay, composed amid a multiplicity of engagements, was written in haste, and never revised. It was at first contemplated to publish it in this volume, but its length, and the nature of the subject, seemed to render it incongruous with the miscellaneous character of the work, and the design was relinquished. It could not fail to do him honour as a writer, although some might question his perfect orthodoxy. It defines the distinction between Old and New School Presbyterianism, and seeking to find a medium between the two, starts an entirely new theory. It was his intention to have prepared this essay for insertion in a Review, and in the retirement to which he was always looking forward, to have given it that accuracy and elegance of style which he was fully capable of doing, but which it was impossible for him to attain in the hurried and busy life he was then leading. Unfortunately for his fame, and to the great regret of his friends, it was laid aside, after being read in the Conclave,

and the "more convenient season" was destined never to arrive.

Many and various were the reviews and essays, which, glowing with the spirit of the philosopher and the poet, and redolent of his genius, were presented before the Conclave by Mr. Graham. He extemporized, however, so much, and his notes are so fragmentary, that of the most of them no record remains. The most finished, is an essay on Rhythm, which, at the request of a friend, he afterwards commenced writing off. The most important part of it is, however, left unfinished, and there exists the sad necessity of leaving it unpublished, or of presenting it in a most imperfect form.

The greatest fault, perhaps, of Mr. Graham's style, was his fondness for digressions; but, as a young lady once remarked, "if he went from the north to the south pole for proofs, he brought them all home at last." In all of his views and opinions there was consistency—in his propositions, modesty, clearness, and dignity. He was remarkable for his powers of concentration and abstraction. He never did any thing by halves. Whatever were the objects immediately before him, he was totally engrossed in them, and so completely absorbed did he become, when investigating a subject, that he accomplished incredible feats in a very short time. He never allowed himself rest or change until the matter in hand was completed. The animal part of his nature was always subservient to the intellectual. His mind once awakened to the consideration of a subject, or occupied in analyzing its relations or bearings, he would forget either to eat or sleep, and go through with his daily duties like one in a dream. The last word at night and the first in the morning, would bear upon the subject that seemed never to have

been absent from his thoughts. The most trifling event would minister to his purpose, and be made available for the illustration of his theory, or the embellishment of his discourse. He wrote with great freedom and rapidity; with confidence in his ability to assert or defend his position, but with such low estimation of the merit of what he wrote, that a single slighting word would induce him to throw aside what it had given him sincere pleasure to compose.

I have spoken thus freely, and at length, of the qualities which gave to Mr. Graham pre-eminence, and gained for him the admiration and esteem of men older and more learned than himself. But the gentlemen were not alone in their just appreciation of the youthful scholar. The powers of his mind were neither undervalued nor unappreciated by the gentler sex; but, as in the estimation of a true woman, "one heart is worth a thousand heads," so the attractions which won their admiration and love, were the fruits of the gentle and generous, rather than of the more brilliant characteristics of his genius. With the ladies he was a universal favourite. I never knew the woman who, having spent an hour in his society, did not look upon him ever after with interest. It is a sweeping assertion, but it is true. Why was this? Not because he sought to win her favour by those trifling attentions and idle compliments, so profusely bestowed by that contemptible thing, called, in common parlance, "a ladies' man." Far from it. He was too absent in manner, too unhackneyed in the ways of the world for the former, and he despised too much, even an appearance of insincerity, for the latter. Neither was it by a show of interest that he did not feel, nor an affectation of sentiment that would have been as disagreeable as unnatural.

Women, whatever may be their station or advantages of education, are acute observers, and it required no close observation to read, in the simplicity and sweetness of Mr. Graham's manners, the genuine kindness of his heart. He bore within himself a standard of lofty honour, of pure sentiment, of high and heavenly virtue, the visible manifestations of which the wealth of his intellect served only to adorn. The tone of his conversation, with a woman, always conveyed a compliment to her intellectual powers. It was playful, poetical, and complimentary, but always philosophical. It was elevating, exciting, and improving. It was full of thought and fruitful in expression. It awakened in the mind a finer sense of inward loveliness. There never existed a human being more destitute of vanity. There was a child-like simplicity (I had almost said credulity) in the credence he gave to compliments and kind words, and they fell upon his heart like the dew upon the violet, refreshing and invigorating, but working no change in its natural humility. There was an instinctive shrinking from any thing like display. He was calm, often cold, in his manners, but even then a careless word would often unveil the glowing and susceptible heart beneath. In answer to a charge of coldness, he once wrote: "There is an Indian reserve, a northern guardedness, in my constitution, in regard to the expression of feeling, the origin of which I think I could explain, metaphysically, from my own history, but which I have tried in vain to conquer, and which those who love me, must learn to look through."

One of his peculiarities was an absolute loathing of any thing like affectation—it was indeed

been absent from his thoughts. The would minister to his purpose, and be illustration of his theory, or the emb course. He wrote with great freedom, confidence in his ability to assert or do, with such low estimation of the merit of a single slighting word would induce what it had given him sincere pleasure to

I have spoken thus freely, and at length, which gave to Mr. Graham pre-eminence him the admiration and esteem of men older than himself. But the gentlemen were just appreciation of the youthful scholar. His mind were neither undervalued nor unappreciated by the ladies. "A woman's heart is worth a thousand heads," so the saying goes. The women who won their admiration and love, were the intelligent and generous, rather than of the more brilliant tics of his genius. With the ladies he was a favourite. I never knew the woman who, hour in his society, did not look upon him with interest. It is a sweeping assertion, but what was this? Not because he sought to win her trifling attentions and idle compliments, so stowed by that contemptible thing, called, in language, "a ladies' man." Far from it. He was a man of too unshaken and unshaken in the ways of the former, and he despised too much, even an appearance of insincerity, for the latter. Neither was it his interest that he did not feel, nor an affectation that would have been as disagreeable as unnatural.

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weet dreams,  
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“his perfect scorn,  
Object of his implacable disgust.”

One of his few faults, (and at the risk of being accused of a judgment blinded by partiality, I dare to say that he had *very* few,) was a want of charity for defects of this character. The above quotation was a favourite one with him—and but faintly expressed his dislike of this fault, whether exhibited in sentiment or manner, at home or abroad.

I can attempt no description of the personal appearance of Mr. Graham. The engraving prefixed to this volume is one of Sartain's happiest efforts, but fails, as the highest triumph of the art must do, to give the earnest expression of the clear blue eyes. There was a brow expressive of intellect and gentleness, raven hair for love to twine into glossy curls, a fragile delicacy of form that kept ever alive its anxiety and tenderness, and mingling with, and visible through all, a purity of soul, a refined chasteness of manner, that won for him at once confidence and esteem. There was all that was necessary to render him attractive in the eyes of those who loved him, but there was little to win the notice of the stranger, unless it was the expression of his eyes. A gentle girl, whose high intellectual attainments and love of poetry and music, well fitted her to appreciate his merits, and who cherished for him, from their first acquaintance, a sister's love, once apostrophized them thus:

“ His bonnie eyes—his bonnie eyes,  
So deeply, brightly blue,  
Oh ! they are like the evening skies,  
When stars are shining through !

His eyes ! his spirit haunting eyes,  
 Awaking such sweet dreams,  
 They're ever living fairy tales,  
 Of soft and shadowy streams !  
 A world of quiet beauty lies  
 In every gentle glance,  
 A world of music, half unknown,  
 To make the spirit dance.

His eyes—they are two magic lights,  
 Beguiling all our own ;  
 Will-o'-the-wisps, that lead us by  
 The brightest paths we've known.  
 His very thoughts, while unexpressed,  
 With witchery they declare,  
 And as we listen, it would seem,  
 His soul is gazing there !

Oh ! I may bless those bonnie eyes,  
 That look oft-times so kindly,  
 For they have witched dull hours along,  
 Too sweetly and too blindly.  
 Their star-light gleams upon my path,  
 With such unclouded light,  
 I ken full well their absence hath  
 Turned many a day to night.

When nature made our Willie's eyes,  
 She surely "broke her mould,"  
 For glance like his has never since  
 Been either bought or sold.  
 His bonnie eyes—his bonnie eyes,  
 So deeply, brightly blue,  
 Oh ! they are like the evening skies,  
 When stars are shining through !"

The heart that felt, and the fair hand that composed these lines, have long been cold in the grave ; and, therefore, I have

felt no hesitation as to the propriety of inserting them here. Their author was "a bright particular star" in the circle I have been describing; and, next to Mr. Graham, contributed most to the pleasures of the younger and gayer portion of it; and when, in the first bloom of youth and hope, death claimed her as his prey, her loss made a void which was never re-filled.

"Her life, as day springs blush, was brief,  
As early bloom or dew—  
Alas! 'tis but the withered leaf,  
That wears the enduring hue."

Such was William S. Graham when first I enjoyed the pleasure of his intimate acquaintance; such the circumstances surrounding him, and such the impression he produced upon my own mind, and the estimation in which he was held by others. The pen which has drawn the picture, is feeble and unpractised; the lights and shades are defective in harmony and strength, but love has been the inspirer and truth the guide; so, remembering this, let the stranger and the critic throw over its faults the veil of mercy, and the hearts of those who knew him, burn within them as they read.

The subject of this memoir was still engaged in the arduous duty of building up Newark academy. He was superintending a boarding establishment of sixty boys.

"Not only pinioned down to teach  
The syntax and the parts of speech;  
Those duties which but ill befit  
The love of letters and of wit;"

but what is still greater drudgery to a manly mind, to extend his attention to the providing of daily food, and superintending the domestic arrangements of so large a household. Yet he found time to keep pace with the doings of the little world immediately about him. He commenced the study of Hebrew, and in a note written some four weeks after, thus describes his progress: "I have a long Hebrew lesson to night—twice my usual quantity. I begin to feel easy about Hebrew. Every subject, but especially a language which consists of arbitrary forms and changes, must appear a mass of difficulty to one not acquainted with it. So Hebrew seemed to me a week ago—but I've got the right string now—I have not learned so much since, but I am on the track. I know *how* to learn, and henceforth my work is free from the disorder and confusion of the unexplored darkness that enveloped it at first. Every new fact now I can remember, because I have the principle upon which to hang it. Before—but why am I talking to you of Hebrew?—I know not, except that I feel very happy at the light that has all at once burst into the dark nooks of the old language, making a noon of midnight."

The intimate acquaintance of Mr. Graham, for a year or more, with a lady, residing in Newark, resulted in an engagement and his marriage, October 3, 1843. During this period he was necessarily much confined in the academy, when his thoughts were elsewhere, and numberless notes and letters were exchanged between them. In my selection of extracts from these, as in the whole course of this work, I have endeavoured to recollect his feelings, and made it a rule to reject whatever my perfect intimacy with

those feelings would lead me to suppose his spirit woald bid me lay aside as unfit for publication. Certain it is, that living, he would have shrunk from this exposure of his heart's deepest feelings—but it is equally true, that there is not one line which, dying, he would wish to blot. For myself, the same resolution which has enabled me to put aside all consciousness of personal interest in his history, and, with a purely intellectual admiration, put together these fragments, sustains me still in this sacrifice of my most sensitive feeling upon the altar of his fame.

“ You want this great sheet full and ‘close’—Well! if I had an inspired pen, that is, a little, nimble, locomotive sprite, incarnated in a goose quill, and subject to the control of my will as completely as are the bumps that play in the manufacture of its thoughts; (and why might not finely contrived writing machinery be connected by chains of electricity or otherwise, to the bumps of the brain, so as to transfer their variations in the constant current of thought to paper—and thus make *thinking*, when the machinery was arranged, equivalent to writing?) if I had either of these desirables—or if through these eyes I could send a ray direct from that secret tablet on which the heart’s dearest records are engraved, with power to carry and enstamp on paper a perfect transcript of the original—if by any, or all of these means, or by any other method, the manual, physical restraints upon expression were removed, and the motions of the ethereal spirit unchained from the slow accommodations of fleshly fingers and material pens; then, E. D. G., not this poor sheet of paper, but the broad sky would be too narrow to hold the myriad of free thoughts that now die unknown, or slumber where they were born, around thy image in the soul.

“ What means the everlasting play of the tongue, the

flashing of the eye, the shadowy variations of the cheek, and when these are insufficient, the labours of the pen—the ‘tongue of the absent?’ What mean all these, but to prove that the soul is shut up—like a caged bird springing to this outlet and to that opening, and able, after all, only to send through the wires of its prison some notes of bondage? What are the pressure of the hand—the modulation of the voice—the blotting of paper, but the poor contrivances of prisoners, in different cells, to communicate with each other? And yet how sweet is intercourse and friendly converse, even subject to all these inconveniences? What, then, will be the joy of social converse in a world, where all these hindrances will be gone—when one glance of the unveiled soul will carry more meaning of love and thought, than all language, and all sounds are now capable of expressing? Heigho! if I were writing a sermon on the Society of Heaven, this should be the subject of my Introduction.

“*I love you!*” There are eight crooked marks, which we call letters. I have put them there as signs of a certain fact. You will receive, through your eye, a notice of those signs, but how do you know what I mean by them? As to the general meaning, perhaps, we understand each other, but until you know what that feeling of mine is, which I *call* love, you never can know what I mean, and you can only know what that feeling is, through the signs, whose very significance is the matter to be discovered. The language which I use, I use in *my* own sense, and you hear it in *your* own sense. The light which leaves me, has to pass through the atmosphere of my mind, which gives to it its own colour, and to reach you, it has to pass through the atmosphere of your mind, which still farther modifies it. It is as if you looked with green spectacles upon a bird in a blue glass cage. How can you determine the colour of the bird? It is as if through your ear-trumpet you heard my voice already magnified by concentration in a whispering-gallery. How

can you tell the loudness of my voice? But there is one comfort left—every one looks through his own spectacles, and can change them to suit himself, and, moreover, some people wear magnifying glasses, very much to the improvement of some of us. I want you to look at me through your glasses, and if you wish to translate that hard sentence of eight characters above, do, as you needs must do, go down into the holy chambers of your own kind heart, and in the echo of your own ten-thousand glowing thoughts, discover the meaning of 'Love' *there*. But there is a word in that sentence harder to translate than Love—*You!* What a crooked body for a beautiful soul is that same word, with its incarnated meaning? Thou little twistified goblin of ugliness! 'Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie thy soul's immensity!' Thou perverse, dilapidated, uncouth, dark-browed dungeon of an angelic thought! Thou oyster-shell enclosing a gem! Thou dark shadow of bright beauty! What shall I say to thee? By the almighty infusing energy of a soul, I breathe into thee the breath of a glorious life! Through every crack and crevice of thy unsightly crust, beams the brightness of concealed beauty!—'*You!*' Thou temple of a divinity!—'*You!*' Here is brightness under blackness, and beauty under deformity. Around those unsightly hieroglyphics cluster the sweetest memories and dearest hopes of the soul. On every crook and hook of their deformity are suspended visions of joy and dreams of delight! Even as the eye clothes the naked earth in loveliness, spreading a thousand beauteous colours on land and sea, and as the soul pours out on the world the brightness of its own being, and adorns for herself the abode which has been assigned her—so has this heart of mine built up and adorned a temple for its abode, out of those crooked sticks, *You!* And they begin to lose their crookedness, and a bright face and kind eyes look out from every corner of their evolutions; their stiffness relaxes into a smile, such as I have seen

before, and their original ugliness is lost under a halo of dear thoughts, an atmosphere of bright clouds.

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“And this reminds me, that I threatened to tell you in this letter what I think of you. ‘How do you know, Sir, what to think of me? According to the philosophy of your last letter, the image of my character, which you have in your mind, must have been so modified by the two atmospheres of feeling through which it had to pass before it reached you, that you cannot judge of its correctness.’ Don’t believe a word of it. I believe in the pure reason, in a power in the soul to discover, and recognize, and hold on to the truth, in spite of all the misrepresentations of the senses, and spite of all fallacious appearances to the contrary. Has not the sun every morning, for 6000 years, declared to the eyes of our race, that he rises and rolls round the world, and sets? Have not the moon and stars, every evening, taken up the same wondrous tale, and, ‘nightly to the listening earth,’ repeated the same story? Has not dame Nature worn false colours on her cheek, and told man that the innumerable tints of loveliness that he sees, are her own, and there is no deception in them? Has not the atmosphere conspired to cheat the ear, and sent through it a message—a lying message, to the soul, that the universe was full of sweet sounds? Has not the whole world spread its ties around man’s five senses, until he can see nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing—as it is—without being cheated by misrepresentations? And has not the soul found it out? Has she not taken the innumerable falsehoods that her five ungrateful servants have sent in to her, and, putting them into her crucible, proved them to be lies, and discovered the truth at the bottom? Has she not torn the mask from the face of the universe, and contradicted the falsehoods of the heavens and the earth, and told the sun that he does not move around the earth—Nature, that her cheek is pale, as her heart is false—and Sense, that he is an arrant impostor? And

how has she done it? She has but five witnesses in the investigation—they all tell lies. She judges and convicts them all. Where learned she the knowledge which enables her to correct the senses? Locke says, 'From experience through the senses.' But here we have the soul proving and asserting truth in direct opposition to all she ever received through the senses. She never, with the eye, looked through the pretended beauty of the rose, and saw it was deception—no, the eye always said it was real. How, then, did man ever come to a true conclusion, in the midst of deceitful shadows? Why, by the exercise of the pure reason—by listening to the voice of that divine spirit within him, by virtue of which he is an inhabitant—not of earth, or of the visible heavens—but of that hidden, everlasting universe of truth and reality, which is under and within this sensible universe of apparent substance and real shadow—that universe which existed, and in which God dwelt from eternity, long before he had created spirit or matter—a universe of truth related and connected, which Wordsworth calls, 'the eternal deep, haunted forever by the eternal mind,' on whose surface float, what we call Facts and Realities, but which are, in reality, but the bubbles thrown up by the working of everlasting truths below.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I am here in B—, and should be full of the business which brought me hither, but my thoughts are far away. I cannot get into the world around me, nor do I care to recognize it. A world of brighter and dearer objects is by a spiritual presence about me, and in it I live. The memory of past pleasures, and visions of the absent, have thrown an atmosphere of bright clouds around me, through which I care not to look upon the actual world without. The ghosts of two bright eyes look down upon me by day and by night. The echo of a familiar voice, musical and low, I can hear beneath the thunder of the busy streets and in the silence of midnight. The gentle spirit of a smile I have loved to

meet, glows like a wandering sunbeam upon every object of sight. Lamp-posts and unsubstantial shadows put on forms in the twilight, which remind me of the absent. May not a cherished thought rest in the soul, until it is assimilated and appropriated, and enters into its very being? Does not the flesh ache on after the cause of the pain is removed? Does not the eye, after long gazing on a bright colour, transfer the tinge to the next object on which it rests, giving a foundation to the assertion, that beauty 'seen becomes a part of sight, and beams where'er we turn the eye?' Does not the ear, accustomed to the noises of the rushing streets, continue to hear a noise after the streets are left behind? Does not the ocean shell, in the caves of the deep, learn a tune from the waves, which it carries with it ever after? And may not an image rest in the soul until it is absorbed, and becomes a part of its very nature, and thenceforward enters into the constitution of all its acts and thoughts? Why is it that different souls look not alike upon the same object? Why is it that the falls of Niagara, which, to the poet, are the embodiment of sublimity and terrific grandeur, and to the divine an exhibition of the power and majesty of Jehovah, are to the mechanic but an immense water-power, and to the tailor, but a bath to sponge a coat? Why is this, but that long cherished habits of thought have moulded the soul into their own image, and imparted to it a colouring which it spreads over every object of sense? This power of the soul, to shine through the senses and modify every object in the external world, is exerted to tyranny in the case of the maniac, who peoples the earth and the heavens with the creatures of his own imagination, and then trembles in the presence of what he has himself created. And do we not all, in some degree, exercise and submit to the same power? Is it not true that we 'Rainbows paint upon the skies, and beauty on the rose?' But wherefore all this discourse? Why, simply to say, in general, that it is a certain fact, that the human

soul does live under its own atmosphere of feeling and principle, through which every ray, from the external world, must pass, and by which it is refracted and tinged; and in particular, it is a fact equally certain, that in the atmosphere of my soul, there are floating certain images or auroras through which alone every thing is seen, if seen at all, and that those images look very much like the smiles of —

\* \* \* \* \*

"I love these little notes, and shall keep them as so many smiles of kindness, caught and *daguerrotyped* for future and lasting enjoyment. They are so many packages of kind feeling, which would otherwise have been lost, when they arose, like ungathered fruit, but which now are embalmed beyond the power of decay. They are so many rays of brightness saved from the past, to cheer and add brilliancy to the future. 'Tis a grand invention this, of making intelligible 'footprints on the sands of time.' 'Tis a catching the present and chaining it down, and giving to it a permanent and immortal existence, which else would soon be lost in the shadows of oblivion.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You speak sadly of woman's lot. It is better than man's. In the storm which Satan has raised in this world, he must go, he must meet and deal with the perversities and passions and calamities of earth in masses, which rarely cross woman's path. She dwells in private, and is in a measure shielded from the tempest that howls without. Her habitation is in the vale, where the streams of love and the flowers of gentle affections abound, and peaceful breezes blow. Man's place is up on the mountain, where ambition and strife and pride and every evil passion like wintry tempests rage. *I* should like to live in the valley!

"But as things are, it is a joy to think that we, who are doomed to the mountain blast, may have a warm hearth down in the vale, and a warm heart there too, and an eye 'to mark our coming, and look brighter when we come!' 'There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet'—as that vale!

“It is past 11 o'clock—May the warmth and pure affection of your own gentle heart, which have often given the deepest joy to mine, that earthly source can furnish, be reflected in peaceful dreams and refreshing slumber to night, and rekindle the life of your heart, and the light of your eye on the morrow.”

“6 o'clock, A. M.

“Where are you now? Probably in the land of dreams; and, perhaps, while a certain fair body is silent and still, and a spectator would suppose the fair spirit within asleep too—that spirit may be—here! Well! my dear little spirit, if you'll just sit down on that chair by my side, and look over this sheet, I'll talk to you by means of the ugly black strokes you see me scratching on this paper—the only mode given to mortals to transfer thought from mind to mind, without the intervention of two bodies. Two embodied spirits may converse, as there are two sets of physical organs, one to make the physical signs of thought, the other to perceive those signs. Two disembodied spirits may converse, as the necessity of any roundabout telegraphic means of communication is removed, the separating walls being broken down, and nothing preventing their seeing each other personally. But a spirit without a body, and one in the body, are in an awkward position, the one within, being capable of producing nothing outside of the walls of its prison, but some material effect, as a sound or motion of matter; while the unembodied personage has nothing in its composition which can, by any possibility, come in contact with such material physical effect. Now, my dear little spirit, you understand metaphysics, don't you? I know you used to, when you were wont to look out of a certain pair of eyes, and work the springs of a certain sweet toned instrument of music, we mortals call a tongue, and now that you are out of that dimly lighted cell by which your free nature is wont to be confined, I doubt not you understand the hard points which

puzzle human wits. I have half a notion to propose some hard problems for your solution. Can you tell me where originate the *blues*? Are they the shadow of some passing spirit of evil? or are they the shade of some coming sorrow? And what is the cure for the *blues*? Is it not faith? And what is the secret elixir of life, which, treasured in the heart, keeps in glad motion the springs of existence, and creates a fountain of never failing contentment and peace? Is it not faith? Such perfect overcoming faith as God will never disappoint, and Satan would be ashamed to, if he could. Such faith as the lion, raging with hunger, respects, when he passes undisturbed the trusting sleeper.

“My fair little spirit, I am afraid you will be tired of so much of the dreamy—but before you go, let me say to you a few things. In the first place, you are a very dear little spirit, and I have been very happy in your visit, and shall expect you to visit me again. I want you to be my guardian spirit, and accompany me often when I know it not. When you go back to your body, I want you to light up those eyes, behind which you hide, with the brightness of happiness and joy. I want you to throw a lustre through the veil of flesh in which you must be shrouded, and create a perpetual summer in that face, and if there must sometimes be showers, let them be summer showers. I want you to be happy, and by faith to become superior to every occasion of painful grief. I want you to live in a world adorned by the glorious thoughts that form the atmosphere of a pure and noble soul. I want you, too, my good little sprite, to tell Mrs. —— that this visit was merely a dream, as old, sober folks don’t approve of lady spirits visiting gentlemen. But, above all, don’t forget, when you get back to your body, and resume the control of those little fingers, to write me a good long letter, full of all the good things which flow naturally from a good heart.”

\* \* \* \* \*

*“Sunday, 12 o'clock.*

“This is a bright day here—

‘Blest day ! so calm, so fair, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky !  
The dews shall weep thy fate to night,  
For thou must die !’

Whence comes and whither goes the brightness and beauty of which we catch but glimpses on the earth ? Through the clouds that encompass this world, shine the beams of distant and unknown glories. Every tinge that decks the sky, every particle of beauty in the sea, the diamond and the flower, every atom of beauty that the eye looks upon, comes from a distant world, the sun. The earth, then, alone, is not man's abode. Even his present being is incomplete, and would be intolerable, if his resources were confined to the boundaries of earth. But if his very body is made for the Universe, if even *its* narrow wants and capacities cannot be filled by earth, how insufficient is such a world for the soul ! It is the characteristic of what Coleridge calls the sensuous philosophy—the philosophy of Locke, to confine the soul to its five senses, and the little world they reveal, for all its ideas, its thoughts and emotions. But has the soul no dreams of splendour, such as the earth never presented ? Whence came those dreams ? The very same infinite spirit that shines in the sun, and sends from afar the glory of the visible universe, robing matter with beauty not its own—that same spirit shines through the universe of mind, adorning it with glory and lighting it up with beauty. As the earth would be but a dark and frozen clod, where the body would wither and die, were it not for the light and heat of other worlds, so the soul, unenlightened and unquickened from on high, must sink to decay and death. May we even on earth walk in the light of heaven ! May we train our minds to love and obey those great and everlasting truths of the universe,

which will abide and sustain us when the earth is burned up ! The truth is the only foundation that will stand, when the heavens depart as a scroll. Let our feet be upon that basis, and we are as secure as the throne of God."

\* \* \* \* \*

"*Wednesday morning, 6½ o'clock.*—Your eyes are shut, and you are dreaming of whom ? 'Tis rather a dark morning, but the gloom is brightness, as it brings coolness. Yesterday I wrote the first paragraph of this letter, just while you wrote your note to me. This morning I am writing this, while you dreaming, perhaps, of its arrival to-morrow morning. To-morrow morning, while I write my next, you will be reading this. Thus, dearest, our lives are and will be intertwined, and the currents of our thoughts will flow in a common channel, and be modified by each other. The series of thoughts which will make up my conscious existence for the rest of my being, will be one in which thy image will constantly recur, and through which the one idea will be the secret controlling element. So, upon thee I have left an impress which thou wilt never efface. Thou art not what thou wouldst have been, had I never seen thee, and thou never canst be again. 'I've charmed thee with a talisman, I've sealed thee with a seal !' and circumstances, and time and eternity itself, have lost their power to reverse the spell. If two of the spheres should meet and unite from their different orbits, the resultant direction of the *united* pair, produced by the combination of their former tendencies mutually modified, would roll on forever through new regions unvisited by either before. So, we go to regions in company, which, had we never met, neither had ever seen. Do you remember the philosophy of '*A Year after Marriage*'—the two becoming one ? I forget now what it was exactly—but it will do for a text and an apology for writing a thought which has just struck my fancy, being arrived direct from the aforesaid 'spheres.'

“What is your existence? Is it not a series of thoughts? Did you ever have, or be, any thing but a thought? Change every thought, and are *you* not changed? Did you ever examine the foundations of your soul, or feel any thing within you, but thoughts—pleasant, painful, grave or gay? Were you cold, did you know any thing further than the thought of cold? \* \* \* Now, if I could give you a little pill which would gradually operate on your thoughts, changing their character by degrees, until you should not have a single thought, in whole or in part, the same as you would otherwise have had; then, if your consciousness remained unchanged, it would no longer recognize its owner. You would feel, ‘it’s not I.’ But if the aforesaid pill should also sink in its effects down into the very consciousness, and change it, then would you—I mean not your hand, nor face, nor body, but *you*—be entirely another without knowing it. Moreover, if this pill should be given in the shape of thoughts, and feelings new and different from any previously possessed, and exerting a power to modify previous mental habits, and to impart their own colours, and wear their own channel in the soul, the effects of the pill would be the same, as far as a change in your being is concerned, as before, and the change thus wrought would be one of assimilation to the character of the thoughts communicated, and of the soul from whence the thoughts came. If, moreover, at the same time, by filling my being with influences derived from your own, you should give me a pill, whose effect would be to assimilate my nature to yours, then would there be going on a double process of assimilation, in which, by the interchange of elements, the characteristics of two beings were becoming the same. Thus, even as the food taken into the stomach, being digested, becomes part of ourselves, and determines the character of the flesh which it forms, so the thoughts and feelings of each being constantly poured into the mind of the other, and there digested, become *part* of

our minds or proper selves, and determine our character. If this process should ever become perfect, then *two* would be *one* truly and really. This is no piece of fancy work, for it is the very process by which Christ, giving his Spirit and word to his people, is taking to make them one with him, and with each other, and that, too, by which the wicked and their master are deepening the unity of their ranks. It is a process which is going on between all companions, and assimilating them to each other, and which even modifies the character of plants and animals. May we, dearest, become one in reality, and being one in each other, be also one with Him who is one with the Father."\*

\* The reader will, I am sure, forgive the editor for inserting here, on his own responsibility, a few specimens of quite another kind of letters, written, at the same period, to the same address:

## I.

Dear E. D. G.,  
 Expect from me,  
 A little note to-night;  
 It must be wee,  
 If it comes from me,  
 For I've no time to write.

From nine to four,  
 Some half a score  
 Of strangers held me tight;  
 And now, once more  
 I must look o'er  
 My Hebrew, to recite.

Dear E. D. G.,  
 I love to see  
 Thy face adorned with light;

Mr. Graham's marriage took place at the commencement of the fall vacation; the remainder of it was spent in visiting the principal cities of New England. One of his peculiarities was his aversion to travelling, and a dislike of novelty and sight-seeing. When forced, by the wishes of others, to seek recreation in change of scene, he turned an apparently inattentive ear to all that went on in the crowd around him, and whiled the hours away in conversation or reading. Often, too, he would sit enwrapped in the mazes of some metaphysical theory, and be roused from it, only to mingle his speculations with all that he said or did. The versatility of his talents, the fluency of his language, the light he could throw upon the most abstruse subjects, rendered him always an entertaining and delightful companion.

And thy fair e'e  
Shall be to me,  
Than evening star more bright.

## II.

Now, E. D. G., where'er you be,  
A wandering thought bestow on me;  
And I shall *live* in dreams of thee,  
And round me aye thy beauty see.

W.

## III.

Dear E. D. G.,  
Though you are free,  
And I'm no longer tied,  
Yet you shall be  
Far more to me,  
Than all the world beside!

W. S. G.

A visit to Northampton and Mt. Holyoke had been one of the original objects of our trip. Circumstances hastened our return, and a visit to both being impossible, a hurried excursion to Mt. Holyoke was decided upon. Mr. Graham accompanied us to the top of the mountain. He was full of life, amiability, and animation. No one would have supposed that a disappointed hope rested on his heart. It was not until months after, that a remark, inadvertently escaping from his lips, betrayed what he had felt. He said, "I would rather have sat in the house in which Jonathan Edwards lived, or stood by the grave where Brainerd is buried, than have seen all else that New England could offer. So unselfish was he, so silent where there was danger of his own wishes and those of another coming in opposition.

On his return to Newark, he purchased and removed to a pleasant house. He retained his situation as Principal of the academy, but resigned into the hands of his brother, who resided in the building, the charge of the boarding department. The next eighteen months were spent in teaching, from five to six hours each day, in many extraneous efforts to build up the academy, in planning and executing improvements in his own house and garden, and in the cares and enjoyments of domestic life.

An employment which requires the repetition of nearly the same routine of duties cannot be very prolific in incident, or very favourable to the development of those qualities which attract the public eye. Mr. Graham was endued with a rare faculty for communicating knowledge, and with a power to awaken and call into action the mental energies of youth.

His abilities as a teacher have been fully proved. His pupils are scattered over the length and breadth of the land. After his immediate friends, they will probably be the principal readers of this memoir, and there is no need to tell them of his entire devotion to the welfare of his scholars—how attentive to their peculiarities of character, how happy in discovering the best avenue of approach to their minds; or how, possessing in a high degree the talent of simplifying instruction and varying its form, he succeeded in that most difficult part of a teacher's work, the inducing youth to take an interest in their own improvement, and educate themselves by exerting their own faculties. The amount of labour bestowed by him upon every individual scholar, the hours of thought expended in the study of character, and the best means of discipline, can only be estimated by a bosom companion. It may be partially shown, however, by the fact, that while unacquainted with the faces of more than one-third of his pupils, upon *hearing* the name of any one on his list, I could have given an accurate report of his mind and disposition.

A gentleman, whose son was for a long time under his care, thus writes: "My son, then an indulged and erratic boy, was sent to Mr. Graham, and remained with him until prepared for entrance into college. During the period of his probation, he was treated with great care, kindness, and attention; and all the duties of the preceptor and guardian were discharged with fidelity, and a directness of purpose and success, that secured my entire approbation. In conversation with Mr. Graham, upon the subject of education, he told me, that he considered it the duty of a teacher, as it

was certainly in his power, to bring into subjection to disciplinary rule, every pupil in his charge; that this rule admitted of no exception, and that it could be effected without rigour or severity. I believe he never failed to accomplish his fixed and beneficial purposes. From the means and opportunities afforded me, I formed the opinion, that he was one of the best qualified, efficient, and successful teachers of youth I had ever known; and when my son was removed from his charge, I solicited him, as a friend, to continue to throw around his former pupil theegis of his influence and protection. I found him as willing to serve a friend, as he had been to fulfil the obligations of his vocation,

‘ Still wise to counsel—ready to relieve.’ ”

Mr. Graham loved to teach; he entered with enthusiasm into whatever he undertook. A decision once formed with him was final. And whatever his hand found to do, he did it with all his might. The perfect self-control, which was a distinguishing trait in his character, gave him incalculable power over others, and produced an immeasurable effect. His keenness of observation, quickness of perception, and strong, calm reasoning powers, gave into his grasp the very heart-strings of those immediately about him. Sometimes forgetting, in his own strength, the weakness of another, he would press them with no gentle hand. From the still chambers of a well governed mind, he gathered an influence which, penetrating into the inmost recesses of weaker natures, moulded them to his will. But he never abused this power. Its basis consisted in his own strict adherence to the rule of right, and the truth was his only weapon.

"His mind was keen,  
Intense and frugal, apt for all affairs;  
And in his Shepherd's calling, he was prompt  
And watchful, more than other men."

Mr. Graham's disposition was admirably adapted to give zest to the enjoyments of the home circle. His aptness at coining amusement out of the most trifling incident, perpetually relieved the monotony of domestic life. He was never so happy as, when seated in his own room, he was employed in some trifling effort, mental or mechanical, to add to the comfort of the household, or give pleasure to some individual member of the family. I well remember one sultry afternoon, when overwearied at the academy, he returned home to rest, my youngest sister meeting him in the hall, pressed into his hand her little album, with a request for some poetry. In vain he pleaded incapacity, and threw himself upon the sofa; still she persevered, and bringing pen and ink, stood by him while he wrote the following:

Sallie, if I had a peach,  
Or an apple soft and sweet,  
Such as Eve once jumped to reach,  
And to Adam gave to eat;  
Or a golden orange, which  
Scarce can hold its precious store,  
Or a water-melon rich,  
Fresh arrived from Jersey's shore;

Then perchance my thoughts might flow,  
Mingling with the juicy tide,  
And the willing couplets go  
To their places side by side,

And prophetic visions bright  
 Hover o'er the glowing page,  
 On thy future flashing light,  
 Downward far to hoary age:

But no peach or apple here,  
 Tempts poetic thought to fly,  
 Fancy's visions disappear  
 When the throat or brain is dry.

A few months afterward, the same little book was handed to him on New Year's Eve, and again received an impromptu:—

TO S.—.

'Tis the first night of the bran new year,  
 And Sallie must have a song,  
 A song like herself will be sweet, 'tis clear,  
 But wont be very long.

'Tis the first night of the bran new year,  
 The good year Forty-five:  
 May all of its days bring pleasant cheer,  
 And whisper good tidings in Sallie's ear,  
 And when they are gone, still leave her here  
 To keep us all alive.

'Tis the first night of a bran new year—  
 May Sallie see many more!  
 And as time glides on without a tear,  
 May she ever be happy as now, and here,  
 Nor know a worse time than the good old year,  
 The dead year Forty-four.

In commencing the above piece, a mistake was made, two or three lines blotted over, and a new page taken, but

when it was finished, turning back to the blotted page, Mr. Graham filled it up with these verses—

Those gloomy lines that frown above, and rouse the reader's  
wonder,

Are but the epitaphs of thoughts, now dead and buried under,  
Like some, perhaps, on History's page—no tedious task to find  
them,

They've pass away, and only left a *wretched blot* behind them.

The scribe that wrote the lines above, then blotted every letter,  
Bethought to write the lines below, to make the mischief better;  
So, reader, if you ever chance to make a doleful blunder,  
Go boldly on and try again, and keep the mischief under.

These stanzas are not inserted here to win praise by their poetical merit, but merely to show how many hours of quiet family intercourse were rendered delightful by his rhyming abilities and playful fancies. Although differing very much in those outward semblances which "strike a stranger," there existed between us great congeniality of taste and sentiment, and that admiration of each other which is necessary to perfect friendship. His talent for versification was a constant source of pleasure to me, and I took great delight in its encouragement. It was kept constantly in exercise by some such incident as the following. Asserting one evening his incapacity to write poetry *to order*, he was "ordered" to produce, in half an hour, an acrostic, the measure, metre, and last word in every line corresponding with Byron's stanza—

"The sky is changed, and such a change! O night,  
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman. Far along

From peak to peak the rattling crags among,  
 Leaps the live thunder; not from one lone cloud,  
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue.  
 And Jura answers from her misty shroud,  
 Back to the joyous Alps that call to her aloud!"

A few moments before the expiration of the half hour, he handed me the following—

A poet once, at ten o'clock at night,  
 Called on the muse, with imprecation strong,  
 Right down to come, with all her extra light,  
 On moonbeam sped, like shooting star, along,  
 Safely to guide his struggling pen among  
 The crooks of rhyme, and lighten up the cloud.  
 In which his verse was lost, and fire his tongue.  
 Clothed with her power, she came in starry shroud,  
 Kindled his tongue, till thus it sang aloud:—

Earth hath no beauty like to thine, Oh night!  
 Dear is thy power o'er the rapt soul, and strong;  
 Glad thoughts are kindled by the magic light,  
 In beauty shed thy starry brow along.  
 Light is thy step, the slumbering spheres among,  
 But heard by poets' ear, o'er silvery cloud,  
 E'en like the echo of an angel's tongue,  
 Rousing dear memories from their buried shroud,  
 Till the full soul o'erflows in lofty strains aloud.

Each gem that glitters in the crown of night,  
 Day's opening glow, and noontide splendours strong,  
 Gray evening's blush of parting golden light,  
 Imprinting smiles the blazing hills along;  
 Loveliest the ranks of beauteous worlds among,  
 Bright Venus, free from veil of envious cloud—  
 Earth's fairest forms henceforth shall find a tongue,  
 Reaching the spirit 'neath its fleshly shroud,  
 To speak thy name, and praise in silence, yet aloud!

During the winter I commenced copying into a blank-book, that Mr. Graham had given me, such of his pieces as I had seen, and the original manuscripts of which were lying about among his papers. He was absent at the time, but upon his return seemed very much gratified at the unexpected compliment, and taking up the book, wrote upon its first page, this dedication.

## TO E. D. G.

Dear friend, more dear in the charms of truth,  
Than fancy's pictures be,  
These remnants (poor,) of the dreams of youth,  
I consecrate to thee.

Thine are they by a double right,  
For thine is their fountain free,  
And dearer dreams and hopes more bright,  
Hast thou conferred on me !

He had no time for study. There was no possibility of his accomplishing any thing worthy of his genius in the midst of such pressing daily duties; and a constant dread of that scourge of his family, consumption, rendered complete relaxation necessary upon the slightest symptom of over fatigue. Although constitutionally and apparently delicate, his general health was remarkably good. To nervousness, dyspepsia, and other ills that all flesh seems heir to, he was an entire stranger. With the exception of one attack of illness, and an occasional toothache, for six years I never heard him complain of a physical pain. Yet so deep had been the impression made by the sudden entrance of death into his family, and so terrible and continued had been its

visitations, sweeping one of the little band into the grave almost every year, that he was never free from an expectation of its appearance in his own system. He had learned to think with horror upon the racking cough, and the sleepless nights attendant upon this most lingering disease; and regarding it ever as his eventual doom, he shrank even from an allusion to a fate so terrible. His trust in the merciful care of a kind Providence was unshaken; his hope of heaven rested securely upon the Rock of Ages. Religion was in him a living and quickening power. It sanctified every hope and affliction; it was visible alike in the closet, the family, and the outer world. It shone with the calm radiance of assured hope, and not the fitful gleam of transient or excited feeling.

But his gentle and rather timid nature, all unused to bodily suffering, shrank from pain. He clung with strong affection to life. Many fond hopes and aspirations for usefulness had been hoarded for long years in his heart. Notwithstanding his naturally retiring and modest disposition, a consciousness of mental power, and an ardent desire for literary distinction, began to awake within him. But when urged to prepare some of his writings for publication, he replied, "not until I have time, not until I can really study. I am ashamed of every thing I ever wrote."

It would be doing great injustice to Mr. Graham's character, not to notice its peculiar beauty in the new relation which he had assumed. His elder sister, residing in the west, in congratulating him upon his marriage, thus writes: "It is a trite expression, that a good son and brother always makes a good husband. If this be true, I need give to you,

dear William, no lectures; your perfection in these relations has long been appreciated, and in the new one you have formed, may you find your reward." I have spoken of his endeavours to make his home happy to *all* who dwelt therein, but how shall I describe the unfailing sweetness of his temper, as shown to the one most dependent upon his kindness and his love? It was an unfailing fountain, flowing most freely in hours of sadness, and ever ready with its beauty and purity to dissipate the clouds which her cares and anxieties do not fail sometimes to gather around the heart of a wife and mother. With literal truth it can be said of him, that he never uttered a cold word, nor cast even a cold look upon the being he had vowed to love and cherish. His temperament was singularly equable. With him gentle and winning manners were not the mere assumed habiliments of polite intercourse, but the living expression of an enlarged and comprehensive benevolence, the offspring of a real and fervent piety. Although reserved and calm in his general manner, he was full of a refined and confiding sportiveness when we were alone. He was especially careful to save me from disappointment or suspense. His letters, which, from an early period of our acquaintance, had been an especial source of pleasure to me, are evidences of this. During our short absences from each other, he was in the habit of writing very frequently. He would fix the time for writing before the hour for separation, and never, except in one instance, failed to keep his word. He was far more disturbed at this, than the occasion warranted, and a closely written letter, awaited my arrival at home, for the purpose, to use his own expression, "of renewing my faith."

If he had appointed an hour to return home, I was perfectly sure of his arrival. Yet, in his intercourse with others, he was not remarkable for punctuality. He had very little method in conducting his business, or in the expenditure of his time, and he did not expect, in case of failure, to encounter at home either impatience or over anxiety. This was but one specimen of the every-day character of his domestic life. It was a perpetual exhibition of self-forgetting, self-sacrificing love. Although very decided when any principle of right or duty was concerned, he was easily persuaded in trifles. He was very indifferent to the petty evils of life, and very independent of its luxuries and refinements. The pomps and splendors of the world had no charms for him; his own home, and the simple pleasures surrounding him, were far more beautiful in his eyes. His perception of those trifling acts of affection, which give to life its greatest charm, was acute, and his gratitude for kindness almost boundless. But extracts from his own letters will illustrate the traits of character to which I allude, better than words of mine. The letters from which they are taken, were written within the first two years of our marriage.

Some of the sweetest stanzas he ever wrote, recur to me at this moment, and seem a fitting introduction to that glance into his domestic life, which these extracts will afford. I found them upon my dressing table, January 1, 1844:

Another wave, dear E. D. G.,  
Hath broke upon our shore,  
From the dread depths of that far sea,  
Whence ages rolled before;

But dearer far than all the rest,  
This last bright wave shall be,  
For, glowing on its sunny breast,  
Came a rich pearl to me!

*"May 26, 1845.*

"DEAREST E.,

"This is a beautiful Saturday afternoon; the mud and water of the last three days' raining, was swept away by the winds of last night, and the sun has come out in smiles to see the earth after her washing. The everlasting hum of the humble-bee that inhabits the upper part of this window frame, the ceaseless cries of the little chicks in the yard, the distant crowing of their grandfathers up street, and the occasional rattle of a passing carriage, constitute, with the breeze in the top of the nameless tree at the other window, a pleasant music, to which I have sat listening for the last half hour, while I thought of thee. The ducks have taken their position under the cart by the pond, and enjoy the shade and breeze, while a couple of hens, within a couple of yards, present an interesting picture of motherly affection in poverty, scratching for the supply of dependent mouths.

\* \* \* \* \*

"This is a pleasant room, Ellee; this pair of rooms is pleasanter still. Here is a breeze in the sultriest hour. Here is a prospect up the street, when you want to see your neighbours, and a view of your garden, flowers, and chickens, when you prefer domestic thoughts. The church at the next corner secures us an open and ornamental neighbour, without the trouble of a neighbour's eyes, and our garden gives us the same blessing in an opposite direction. Our own lot behind us, keeps the world at a distance, and the street does us the same kind office in front. The perfume of the clover fields is pouring in at the window as I write, and the clear prospect over yon beautiful hill, and the whole range in which it lies, is unequalled in Newark.

When our house is completely finished, and the revolution of another half year has swept away the last remnant of bills and debts, and I begin to aspire once more to something intellectual, and we sit down together to spend another winter, having our pressing earthly work done—wont it be pleasant? And shall we not be happy?

“But I have dreamed enough—and now coming back, must discourse to you of the doings of the past week.

\* \* \* \* \*

“I was surely destined for a martyr, and to die by inches. Consider my complaint. At nine o'clock, I put into the office a neatly folded letter for you, containing, in one corner, a line to my ‘wee wife,’ and intended to keep up the daily chain of communication which, for some time past, I had used, to heap coals of fire upon her head, and make her long to come home to see a husband so mindful and so loving. Well! in the pleasant complacency inspired by the remembrance of that good act, I thought I would go up to the post-office at 12 o'clock, and wait patiently for the reward which I expected to be sent by Providence, in the shape of a full and kind letter. I went—I waited, and waited. It must be confessed, that three several times I did so far give way to my impatience, as to walk to the door, and straining my eye down the depot road in search of the omnibus, inwardly exclaim—‘Oh! why are his chariot wheels so long in coming?’ While making my last observation, the dark top, and then the gray horse, burst successively into view, and I felt that the period of my impatience was almost ended. The slow moving minutes brought the lazy team nearer and more near, until the full sense of my proximity to my expected treasure, was sent, with a pleasant thrill, through my veins, as Jonathan reined up his steed, and sprang like a good angel from his seat, with the mail-bag in his hand! Never was fountain in a weary land dearer to the sight of a thirsty pilgrim, than was that old mail-bag to me!

“With a prudent desire to maintain my power over my

own emotions, I resolved not to enter the narrow *sanctum* where the precious things of the budget are first revealed to human eyes, but to maintain my post at the store door, and when my name was called, with, 'a letter for you, Sir,' to turn very slowly, and take it, and walk down street, externally, as if nothing had happened, but internally, as if there was a bullet in my heart! Well, while in my position of philosophic expectancy, directly, I heard the foot of the post-master, coming to the door of his sanctum. I forgot my philosophy, and walked straight up to the counter, taking my hand from my pocket as I went. I was greeted with, 'No mail to day! Baltimore news gone past! Mistake?' 'What's that?' said a dozen voices, while I stood as if I had been shot. 'What do you say about the mail?' and the response followed, 'Nothing in it; the travelling P. M. has neglected to put the Newark budget in its bag, and it has gone to Philadelphia!'

"In two minutes, I was half way home, and even yet, 6 P. M., I feel as if I had suddenly lost a dear friend."

\* \* \* \* \*

"This plan of making black marks, on a sheet of white paper, is a botheration! Oh, what a luxury to talk and listen; and yet to talk and listen is a round-about way of exchanging thought. There is the tongue to move, the thought to be split up and scattered among a dozen words, coming out one after another, each bearing its fragment of an idea. How much sweeter and richer the joy of flashing thoughts, whole and instantaneous, through the eye—or feeling them through the hand!

"Your note has a week of ordinary sunshine condensed within it, until it has acquired the energy of lightning to penetrate and enliven. Thou little angel of smiles! Thou inky-winged spirit of bright eyes, whispering in silence the voice of a gentle heart! I give thee thanks for thy message, and chaining thee down to this rough scrap of paper, send thee back, to say in her ear, that in the deepest cham-

ber of my heart, thou heard'st the voice of many thoughts, saying, 'I love thee 'till I am sad, for I fear that thy altar may be higher than God's.'

"I would have you ever be sure that kindness is never thrown away upon me. I can feel it, I can remember it. I can treasure the memory of it as an antidote to a thousand careless or unintentional expressions of an 'impatient fretted spirit.' There is nothing in this world like kindness to soften and reform."

\* \* \* \* \*

"And now I close my letter, as I commenced it, emblematic of the manner in which all of my doings, henceforth, shall begin and end, and as my mature life has commenced, and will close—with the expression of my affection for thee. What is human existence, but a series of thoughts like this letter, ending on the shores of the same eternity from which it started! Happy is that existence which, like this letter, begins and ends in love!"

\* \* \* \* \*

A little daughter, a precious loan from heaven, increased the happiness of our fireside. But lest our hearts, absorbed in the pleasures of earth, should forget the uncertainty of life, and the greater bliss of heaven, a warning was sent, that conveyed to the heart of a tender brother, a wound never entirely healed. His elder and favourite sister, who had married and settled in the west, was added to the number of his family already in heaven. He was much disappointed by his inability to see her before her death; her disease making more rapid progress than was anticipated. Alluding to her in a letter written a month before he received the mournful intelligence, he says, "M.'s health is, I fear, gone forever; she took cold in the fall, and a severe

fever afterwards left her with a settled cough and profuse night sweats. If she grows worse I must go to see her. Consumption seems destined to drive our family from the earth. Three of its members are now, I fear, in its grasp, and three others it has but lately laid in the grave. M. is my favourite sister, as Robert was my favourite brother. I held his hand and watched his eye when he died, and if my sister is soon to follow, I must see her." In this ardent desire and expectation he was disappointed. A letter to his brother-in-law will explain the cause.

"July 14, 1844.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"Your letter, containing the sad news of M.'s death, found me in bed, where I had been for a week, after some six weeks of toothache, cough, and sickness, sufficient to keep me in my room half the time before. The suddenness of the news was a greater shock to us here, than the matter of it. We were prepared, by your letters, to part with her in two or three months. We were perfectly satisfied of her preparation for a happier world, and this, in connexion with her own triumph over nature's fear, and willingness to depart, had, in a great measure, reconciled us to the event in *prospect*. But I expected to see her again, to talk with her and bid her good bye; and although I anticipated pain in that farewell, I looked forward to it also with a mixture of pleasure. That expectation your letter blasted in a moment, and I saw her snatched from me, just at a moment when my plans brought me nearest to her.

"She was the gentlest, the kindest, the most amiable spirit in our family. Nature gave her a disposition remarkably like that meek and lovely one, inspired by a deep and sincere piety. Such a disposition from nature, purified by grace and trained under affliction, made her, in my eyes, when I last visited P——, the fairest and most perfect spe-

creature of gentle kindness I thought I had ever seen. And now, that the last traces of sin are gone, and her imperfections are all buried in the grave, I love to imagine the bliss of her pure spirit, as she listens to her father, mother, and brothers gone before, relating their history in glory, and pointing out to her wondering eyes the beauties of the heavenly world. I never could see her in the neighbourhood of Luther or Paul, or any of the sons of thunder; but with the gentle John and the retiring Melancthon, she will walk in the shadowy vales of the River of Life. Such a spirit as hers, too, will delight to watch over those she left behind; and it is not impossible that, for my disappointment in not being permitted to sit by her sick bed, I was compensated by a visit from her, and by relief brought by her from heaven.

“At the time I read your letter, I had almost given up my case as hopeless. My cough was incessant. I had tried several remedies, and began to feel that my lungs would not stand the constant irritation much longer. Indeed, I still believe, that if that cough had continued another week, my lungs would have been too far injured to leave a cure probable. In such a state I looked at M——’s death as an event that did not remove her far from me, nor render it improbable that I should see her again before long. Consumption seems to be a hereditary disease in our family. It originated in Grand M’<sup>a</sup>’s cancer—in M’<sup>a</sup> it was consumption, and it has appeared in different ways in all of her children. It is not the disease that I would choose, but I expect I am destined soon to die of it. Yet it matters little, so we are prepared, on what sort of a chariot we ride to heaven. Some, by slow decay, go down like Moses in quietness, and are seen no more—whilst others, in raging fevers, go up like Elijah, or the martyrs, in a chariot of fire.”

\* \* \* \* \*

A few months after the death of this tenderly beloved

sister, a younger brother, an amiable and pious youth, followed her to the grave. For many weary weeks his racked cough had been heard, unceasingly, within our dwelling; and sleepless nights and anxious days pressed heavily upon the health of Mr. Graham. A tender and chastened feeling was, by these afflictions, awakened in his heart, of which no better evidence could be given than is afforded by the following scrap of poetry, written in the corner of a letter, and the note which follows it, but which was written somewhat later.

This little corner vacant here,  
Allows me just to say,  
That though you've long been very dear,  
You're dearer every day.

And sometimes it were wise to fear,  
Lest one in mercy given,  
Should lead the heart to worship here,  
When it should soar to heaven.  
Sometimes the heavenly Father sends,  
When earth absorbs our love,  
And homewards takes the gifts he lends,  
To guide our hearts above.

Our tender love and mutual flame,  
May coldness never smother ;  
Nor heaven be cheated of its claim,  
To worship one another.  
And if the precious tender chain  
By death must yet be riven,  
Within its holy links again,  
May we three meet in heaven !

“ MY DEAREST E.,

“ I do not know whether I shall receive a letter by to-day's mail, but have determined to send you this at all

events. I was very sorry for the contre-temps in W., that prevented my having the opportunity I expected to talk to you and bid you good bye. My ride home was more lonely than any I remember on that road. The 'Star of Remembrance' stood right before me all the way, and called up old times, and set my thoughts a-going at such a rate, that I forgot every thing else, and listened to their music. Then Barns's 'Thou gentle star, with beaming ray,' &c., insensibly intertwined with the strain, and gave a new influence to Venus, until I seemed to be gazing with him upon the lonely memento of one loved and lost, and every recollection came freighted with the tenderness and power of the tomb.

The star, 'still present to the bodily sense,  
Did vanish from my thought,' entranced I stood  
Among the memories of departed joys;  
'Yet like some sweet beguiling melody,  
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,  
It, the meanwhile, was blending with my thought.'

The star seemed to reflect the light of those soft eyes that had looked kindly on it, and to be dear as the pure images of it, which had lain in her heart near to, and associated with, the thought of me. I seemed to be sitting on your grave, dear E., and thanking that star for the smile it had caught and kept for me, when all else was gone; and oh, how precious seemed the thought then, that we should meet in heaven! When I came to myself, I resolved to tell you what I had dreamed—tell you especially how precious seemed the memories that harmonized most with the thoughts of heaven. The reality of that dream, before long, will overshadow one of us. Either you or I is destined to look upon the grave of the other, and bless Venus as a kind suggester of sweet dreams of the departed.

"The survivor will probably read this page and think of the lost! What unspeakable joy and consolation then to be assured of the happiness of one whose thoughts have dwelt

kindly on us. It seems to me I would be willing to starve if I could thereby render sure the salvation of each to the other. I have been thinking much of this to-day. Is our love, dearest E., a plant that will be immortal, that will bloom in heaven? There are plants on earth which seem to have sprung from seeds of the tree of life, and which evidently contain within them the promise of unfading bloom. In proportion as any feeling or principle of earth, is of a nature to flourish in an atmosphere of truth and religion, in that degree is it adapted to the atmosphere of heaven; and in proportion to that adaptedness is its prospect of blooming there. Some sources of earthly joy must necessarily be dried up, when they will be needed no more, as faith will be lost in vision and hope in fruition, but love 'never faileth,' such love as has for its object immortal virtue. As I love you now, and hope to love you forever, it shall be my aim to cultivate in myself something of the qualities which, when expanded and purified, may be worthy of returning love in heaven. Our relationship is forever. Though we never again spoke to each other, our destiny for eternity would be materially affected by the intimate union which has already subsisted between us. In records, which shall never be erased, our names have been written together, as equally concerned in a relation, which, even if interrupted for the rest of our existence upon earth, will send its consequences to the farthest shores of eternity. We have sealed each other with a seal, which we shall recognize in another world. We have affected each other's destiny for unnumbered ages.

"Dear E.,

'While eternity's wheels through long ages shall roll,  
And heaven's foundations grow old,'

may it be seen and felt that our relation to each other has been, and shall ever be, a source of pure, perpetual, and everlasting joy!

“But the ears have come, and my task of the present, and dreams of the future, must alike come to an end.

“I have not a moment to do more than subscribe myself,

“Your

“WILLIE.”

The never forgotten desire of Mr. Graham, to become a minister of the gospel, revived about this time, but did not ripen into a fixed purpose, simply because, after long and prayerful deliberation, he could not determine such to be the will of God, with regard to him. His friends unanimously opposed the immediate prosecution of his theological studies. The tendency of his family to consumption, and his own weak breast and lungs, convinced them of his inability to sustain the arduous labours of a pastor; and although his powers of logical analysis, and the pen of a ready writer, fitted him for a sermonizer, only long practice and continued effort, could have made him an orator. His theological knowledge was probably superior to that of most candidates for the ministry. He had read many works of devotion and practical divinity. He hung with delight over the writings of Flavel, Baxter, and other evangelical divines, who blessed the world some centuries ago. But his favourite author, his text book, his constant companion, was Jonathan Edwards. His metaphysical distinctions and disquisitions were his favourite study. From these volumes, as an armory, he drew his weapons for theological controversy. He could clothe the cold abstractions of this speculative writer, with the fervid language his own enthusiastic temperament dictated, and wandering with him in the abstruse mazes of metaphysics,

draw reasons therefrom to support the theories and opinions which they held in common.

A favourite employment of his leisure hours, was the composition of sermons. He possessed, in this respect, a productive facility that made all effort trivial. I do not think he spent a Sabbath, during our acquaintance, without composing, at least the skeleton of a sermon, but it was only during the last two years of his life, that he attempted to write them out. Although the first purpose of his life was postponed, it was never entirely relinquished. Urged at one time, by a near and dear friend, to give up entirely this purpose, and to turn his attention in another direction, he thus wrote—

“ When I was a child, two years old, I was ‘preaching.’ My father selected me first, from among his children, for an education, with the hope that I would be a minister. When I joined the church, he rejoiced in the increased probability that his hope would be realized. On his dying bed, five months before I graduated, and when he was on the very shores of the eternal world, he called me to him, and gave me his dying charge. ‘If you preach the gospel, my dear son,’ &c. &c. He did not command me, but he took it for granted. All my Christian friends, the aged minister who baptized me, and my father’s friends in the ministry, look upon me as pledged. I should no more dare to say that I would not preach, than I should dare to pray to God to blot my name from his book. If God makes it my plain duty in his providence to preach, I must preach, ‘though earth and hell oppose.’ This is what I say deliberately. I do ten thousand wrong things daily, and some very great sins am I chargeable with, and if I do not preach when Providence calls me, that will be a great sin, and yet that sin would not, in my view, compare with the enormity of the rebellion of deliberately recording, on paper, a vow, that whatever God’s

will might be, I would not preach! I would rather die than do it!

"Yet do not misunderstand me.. I do not say I will preach. Five years ago I expected to have been preaching long ere this, but Providence has most clearly shut me up to a different course thus far. Some of my friends tell me I am designed for a professor. My habits of thought and study lean more toward something else than preaching. I can only say, that *now* I do not think it my duty to preach; that if my circumstances hereafter do not offer me a plainer path than they have heretofore, I shall not preach, but if God plainly says, 'Go!' I must obey!"

The ardour, the decision, the tender conscientiousness displayed in this extract, are strongly characteristic of Mr. Graham's manner and character. He continued, during his whole life, to look forward to the removal of obstacles to his engaging in the noble work of the ministry. But such was not the purpose of an all-wise Providence.

However varied his employments, or ardent his desires for another field of labour, Mr. Graham never ceased to remember his high responsibilities as a teacher. His school mainly engrossed his time, his cares, his thoughts. His intellectual tastes were never allowed to interfere with the important charge he had voluntarily assumed, and from every thing inconsistent with the faithful performance of his duties, he resolutely divorced himself. But in the spring of 1845, he began to weary of the ceaseless toil, and to pine for rest. He longed for the period to arrive, when, free from pecuniary trouble and vexation, in a quiet study, he should be able to extract something valuable from opportunities heretofore comparatively neglected. He began to think of resigning his

position as Principal of Newark Academy. This soon became a fixed purpose. To do this, with advantage to himself, and justice to the Board of Trustees, it seemed necessary that for a time we should reside in the academy building. Mr. Graham was required to give a notice of six months to the Board before leaving, and his brother, who had relieved him of his charge, was not willing to remain any longer in so responsible a position. In accordance, therefore, with his best judgment, we rented the pleasant dwelling upon which he had expended so much labour, time and thought, and which now, in complete order, seemed just ready to repay all his toil, and removed to the academy. It was a sad step for our happiness, and a source of mutual regret. I was totally unfitted, both by education and habit, for the care of so large an establishment, and my spirits depressed by domestic affliction, seriously affected my health. My sister, who had left us but a few months before a bride, full of health and hope, returned home to pine away and die. An accident received in riding confined me to my room for weeks. Our domestic economy, heretofore smooth and unruffled as a summer sea, was totally disarranged, and upon Mr. Graham fell a weight of care, responsibility, and pecuniary vexation, he was ill able to bear. So far as the teaching was concerned, every thing went on as usual, but in the boarding department there were troubles innumerable. The suffering and pecuniary loss fell, however, alone upon the principal, and on the part of parents there was little or no complaint. The following extracts, from papers written by Mr. Graham for the Board of Trustees, will explain fully his reasons for leaving, and the state of the academy at the time—

“ After mature consideration, I have come to the resolution to resign the office I now hold, as Principal of the academy. This resolution has not been adopted in consequence of dissatisfaction, either with the success of the academy, or with the government of the trustees. It affords me pleasure, to be able to say, that the academy is not only in a more prosperous condition than when it came into my hands, but that it is now larger, and in a more flourishing state, than in any previous session since I came. The number of students who have already entered the academy this term, is 64, being at least four or five more than I have ever before been able to report at this period of the term. Of these 64 students, 52 are boarders from a distance, and 20 are new students. With the government of the Board of Trustees, moreover, I have every reason to be content, and have received, both for myself and for the academy, every indulgence which I could reasonably ask or desire.

“ My strongest reasons for this step are of a different sort. The various and perplexing duties of the office, including the receipt and expenditure of a large sum of money annually—the superintendence of the instruction and government of 60 pupils—and a very extensive correspondence—all in addition to the full complement of actual teaching, which usually belongs to a single teacher, are sufficient to occupy the time and energy of any individual, and preclude all opportunity for self-improvement. The character of our course of study being restricted by our connexion with the college, to a region below the Freshman class, does not afford scope for progress on the part of the teacher. For these, and similar reasons, I have decided,” &c., &c.

Mr. Graham’s resignation was accepted by the trustees with expressions of unfeigned regret, at the loss the academy would sustain, and their full satisfaction with the manner in which their trust had been fulfilled.

The critical state of Mr. Graham's health rendered his release from his arduous duties a matter of congratulation to all of his friends. For himself, he gladly welcomed his deliverance from bondage. His pale cheek, dimmed eye, and languid manner, filled his friends with alarm. He spent the fall of 1845 immersed in the business naturally arising from his long connexion with the academy; but that he found, in his busiest hours, time for intellectual pursuits, the following letter, to a highly esteemed friend, will testify.

*"Newark, October 15, 1845.*

"MY DEAR SIR,

\* \* \* \* "Since the arrival of your letter, I have been compelled, in a great degree, to give up Plato and Greek, and come back to serving tables. I finished 'Gorgias,' got 'Contra Atheos,' read a part of the notes, &c., and then made out sixty bills, went through our examination, dismissed the school, whitewashed, scrubbed, plastered, moved and fixed, put the furniture of the academy into a saleable shape, had an appraisement, sold out, and then rode down to Maryland, until the everlasting din should die in my ears, and have just got back to Plato again. In the meantime, however, you must not consider me exactly as idle. I took advantage of the fragments of two broken weeks to run through Coleridge and Locke, and make an article of two hours for the Conclave, on the philosophy of the former, as contrasted with that of the latter. Some day, when you can do nothing better, I should like to have your pencil marks on it. It is only notes, short, just the heads, which I threaten you with!

"I have read an interesting book, 'Chaucer Modernized,' a London edition, bought for the college library. The Introduction on Chaucer's rhythm, and on Rhythm in general, has interested me, especially as the very first expression of

what I have long imperfectly dreamed, that I ever met with. Since reading it, my old dreams have begun to come into shape, and have created a desire to pursue the subject farther. I suspect there are books on Greek metres, that would naturally treat of the philosophy of rhythm, which would be just what I want.

“The roughness (apparent) in Milton, I have long suspected to be ‘dark inwoven harmonies,’ hard to hear—the play of variations in which, more than in the central air, rhythm lives. If this be the case, is there any book in the library, or within my reach, where the idea is applied and developed at large? \* \* \* \*

“Very sincerely yours,

“Wm. S. GRAHAM.”

In the month of December, Mr. Graham accepted an agency for Delaware College, and spent the winter in Washington and elsewhere, endeavouring to induce the churches to endow scholarships, or otherwise redeem the pledges they had given for the support of this Institution. Incidental circumstances, over which he had no control, rendered his efforts in this cause almost nugatory; and, as he had accepted the agency rather in compliance with the wishes of the Faculty, than his own, he gladly resigned it in March, and returned to Newark. He had not been sanguine of success, and was not, therefore, disappointed; his health was much improved by change of air and scene, but he was still suffering somewhat from over exertion during the past summer.

Mr. Graham had been fondly attached to his little daughter. His inexperience in the ways and wiles of baby-hood, gave the charm of novelty to her infantile attractions. He

lavished upon her constant attention, and hung over her little couch, as if enforced by the new love springing up in his heart to unusual acts of tenderness. She was a remarkably beautiful child, but her face wore a subdued and pensive thoughtfulness unsuited to her age. This was especially attractive to him. In the middle of the summer, when his troubles at the academy were at their height, she was attacked with sickness. The delicate blossom, whose unfolding he had watched with such deep interest, faded away before his eyes, and after lingering for a few weeks, was transplanted to an eternal home. His heart, long habituated to the inroads of death among the treasures of his love, seemed to have found a new capacity for grief, but still he

“bowed to the chastener silently,  
And calmly let her go.”

Evident to all was the triumph of the resignation and submission of the Christian, over the deep anguish of the father. To a friend to whom he was speaking of this trial, he said, “I was silent, because God did it!” In the following extracts from letters, written during the winter, will be seen that spirit of sweet subjection to the will of his Father in heaven, which characterized him under every trial, and that heavenly spirit which is tender and loving, even when compelled to rebuke. The last one may be considered by those who have never known affliction, as tedious and sermon-like. Let such pass it by. Its re-perusal has fallen upon my heart like a voice from the spirit-land, and in the hope that it may carry healing to other hearts, I send it forth.

"I have been thinking to-day much of little Ella. I have seen two or three beautiful little children since I left home, just the age she would now have been. Yet I feel that there is no real cause for sorrow. God has done nothing for which we should not see reason to thank him forever, if we would extract from it all the good he intended us by it. Little Ella is a bright dream, endearing the past, lighting up a tract in memory that otherwise were profitless, and making it a region of soft and sweet thought for all time to come. The two last years are embalmed in her memory, and are dearer to me than any other two of my life. She was the visible smile of heaven, which still seems to rest upon and bless those happy days. Her birth, her life, her death, the joys and sorrows, smiles and tears of her little history mingle in memory, and create a twilight, tender and sad, to soften and purify and refine the heart. But she is not only the 'Star of Remembrance' in the evening of the past—she is the bright morning-star of the future. Her beatified spirit, at the gate of heaven, will be the first to welcome us there, if, indeed, we are so happy as to reach that blessed abode.

'Oh ! when the mother meets on high  
The babe she lost in infancy ;  
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,  
The day of wo, the watchful night,  
For all her sorrows, all her tears,  
An over-payment of delight ?'

And in the meantime to have a guardian spirit to watch us at night, so pure, so dear, and to feel a common interest in us both !

"Contrast what we possess in Ella, with the growing, sickening, sorrowing, suffering child of earth, developing only to lose its innocence and endanger its salvation, and filling the heart with fear and sadness. It is well—it is well ! And now good night—remember me at 6 o'clock every evening, and from that to 7, think only of me. I will

imagine you sitting in the dining-room, and I will be there. 'Take the vacant seat beside thee,' and put thy gentle hand in mine. See if you cannot recognize my presence. Pray for me then, and I will pray for you, and may the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob keep you, and bring you safe home to heaven at last. This is my prayer now for you, as it was my father's last prayer for me.

"Your

"WILLIE."

"Sunday, 2 o'clock, P. M.

"MY DEAREST E.,

"I sent you a letter on Friday, and another on the Saturday of last week, both of which I hope you have received. Your long and sad letter of Friday I received yesterday, and I shall devote this sheet to answering it. I don't want you to be alarmed by the expectation of cold philosophy or heartless reason in this sheet. I should not have undertaken to write to-day, if I did not mean to say something more important and more appropriate to the day and my subject, than logic or speculation, however ingenious. But after all, the *truth* is truth, and is now working every where, and will work out our destiny forever. Sorrow for the dead—no human being, or even animal, but must feel. It is so instinctive and so natural, that it is not even commanded in the Bible. Though not commanded, it is endorsed by the highest example—'Jesus wept.' God sends not his afflictions to stones, or to us, without intending to soften us. And in order that the purposes for which affliction is sent, may be accomplished in us, it is necessary that we should most deeply feel when those we love are taken away. But mere feeling is not the end of affliction. The mere sense of bereavement and loneliness, in itself, is no more desired by God, than the pain of a broken limb. Bereavement is intended to accomplish an end in us, and if we sit in our bereavement, and allow our thoughts to be absorbed with it, to the exclusion of the less-

sons God designed to teach, or if we allow our hearts to brood over our own sorrows, until we are dissatisfied with God's doings, and, instead of being prepared to bless him, that so little cause of grief (compared with our deserts) exists, are more ready to find fault with him; then, assuredly, the end his mercy had in view, is not gained, and we give him the alternative to secure it by another, deeper and sorcer blow, or what would be far worse for us, leave us unprofited and hardened (even in our tears) by his merciful affliction.

"As sure, dear E., as the Bible is true, God has designed to teach *us*, lately, some such lessons as these—First, not to set our affections on earthly objects. He has taken away our dearest earthly idols, and left our hearts bleeding. He meant something. He designed to show us that He, himself, was the only worthy and unfleeting object of such love, and to cause us, while earthly joys fled, to cling to him, to feel the necessity of his love, and to consecrate our unoccupied hearts to him forever. Now, if we will not listen to this call, but cling closer than ever to the *memory*, when we cannot to the form, of the loved ones, and in the cherished turbulence of grief, disregard the lesson God has set before us, may he not justly give us up—or strike deeper?

"God has said, 'You thought too little of me, and too much of your own plans and hopes and fears,' and he has taken those we loved to himself, to win our thoughts to follow. If we only, by this affliction, have our thoughts more wedded to selfish grief, and our own sorrows, do we not miss the blessing?

"God has said, 'Your sins deserve the rod,' and he has laid it on. Have we thought of our sins more since this affliction, than formerly? Have we seen them to be the cause of our suffering? If not, we have not yet learned the lesson. He has said, 'There is nothing true but heaven. Accomplishments, beauty, hope, love, health, life—are all shadows, and must fade; place your affections on things

eternal.' Have we done it? When he has torn them loose from earth, have we sought to fasten them on heaven?

"He has said, 'Recognize the merciful affliction of a Father, charge the pain to your own sin, and renounce it; credit the kind design to a Father's love. Feel how small the pain, compared with your desert, and thank the goodness of heaven that the infliction was no worse.' Dearest, have we not forgotten such facts as these? Our little Ella had no long and terrible convulsions—her death was peace—her salvation was secured beforehand. She was saved from the evil to come. Was there not more mercy than severity, and infinitely more than we have since thanked God for, or adequately felt?

"He has said, 'Make your salvation sure, for your own sake. Time is short. Reason may desert you, and the opportunity of prayer may be forever taken away. Heaven is at stake, and all the unending joys of eternity. For the sake of those who remain behind! It is worth more than a world beside, to a desolated heart, to be assured of the salvation of those we have loved and lost. And for the sake of those who have gone before—for the sake of meeting a mother, a sister, a child, in heaven—for the sake of even more blissful society there, the society of the general assembly and church of the first born, the innumerable company of angels, and of Jesus, the mediator of the New Covenant.

"What I have written, dear E., seems to me but half to express what I mean, and what I think God has meant to teach us. Are we nearer to heaven now than before we were afflicted? Do we love more the Redeemer who has saved our Ella, and who has rendered the evil results of our own sins, as this affliction for instance, capable of being turned to our everlasting salvation? I have lost much of the blessing, probably, by not letting the affliction appear enough in the light of a chastisement, designed to pain and punish; may not you have overlooked the meaning and the lesson too much, in the absorption of the pain? You say

‘you never had so little desire to live.’ If we were struggling for our life against sin, until, like Paul, we were ‘wretched;’ if we were worn out in the service of Christ, and longed for the reward he has promised; if we were assured of our salvation, and from strong love to the Redeemer, longed to be absent from the body, that we might be with him; then, indeed, all the ends of life accomplished, we might have no desire to live. But if God has given us duties to do, and they are not yet done; if he has offered us heaven, and we have not made it *sure*; if he has died for us, and we have done nothing for him; if, in such circumstances, we should throw away the blessings he offers, and throw up the work he has given us to do, because we are tired of his gifts, or because, after long blessing, he reproves us for our sins, are we not ungrateful and rebellious? If God will but save us two sinners at last, I, for one, will agree that he torture me here as long as he please. I would pray that he would send every affliction he sees I need, and fit me, by suffering, for glory. ‘For if we suffer with him, we shall also be glorified together—for I reckon that the sufferings of this present life are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.’”

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The propriety of a long rest, after the arduous duties of the last five years, was now strongly urged upon Mr. Graham, and tempting inducements held out of the leisure for study, for which he had so long pined. There were many outstanding accounts of the academy still to be attended to; and the plain style of our living reduced the income necessary for our mutual support, to a sum but little exceeding that arising from the small capital his industry had already accumulated. Needing repose, sighing for opportunities for intellectual gratification, as he really did, he yet hesitated to

make up his mind to the two years of inaction proposed. Looking forward to the hour when actual sickness would come, and, as he feared, (judging by the experience of those of his family who had gone before,) to months and years, when he would be incapacitated from doing any thing for his own support, he felt it his duty to provide for the dark hour, ere its arrival. A dread of dependence, of debt, and the thousand horrors attending both, were strong influences to urge him to continued labour. Money, for its own sake, was nothing to him, (and even of the comforts it can purchase, he was singularly independent;) but to surround those whom he loved with luxury, and to be enabled to gratify their wishes, he would cheerfully have toiled to the death.

Easily influenced, however, by the wishes of those in whose judgment he confided, he gave up a scheme which he had entertained of opening a private school in Alexandria, Va., and having once made up his mind, that it was not his duty to work, with the greatest alacrity and delight, turned to his books. A small room, attached to the main building of his boarding-house, became his study. He furnished it after his own fashion, with more regard to comfort than appearance, named it *στρατός ξοσμος*, and delighted to expatiate to his friends, in an exaggerated style, upon its various beauties and defects.

He commenced immediately the study of German, a tempting bait he had long desired to seize. He gave it his whole attention. He devoted to it from ten to twelve hours a day, allowing himself only to be interrupted by a hurried dinner. As a natural consequence of the structure of both

his mind and body, in less than three weeks he had mastered all the difficulties of the language, and could read it with great facility, but he had lost his appetite, was thin, pale, and very much debilitated. He entered into every thing that interested him with so much ardour, was always so thoroughly in earnest, and bestowed upon it such intense intellectual labor, that it was impossible for human nature to bear long such a strain upon its powers, and his physical strength always gave way first. In one of his letters, he thus alludes to himself, "My nature is such, that I do what I am interested in, with all my might, and when the interest is broken in any way, my activity begins correspondently to flag. I have long since discovered the prominent element in my character, to be a disposition to 'intermittent fever,' although prudence and principle have been slightly developed to prevent such a tendency from interfering seriously with the comfort of my neighbours." Interested as I was in his progress in German, I could not but foresee the danger to his health from such close application, and persuaded him, much against his will, to pause awhile, and attend the General Assembly, then in session in Philadelphia. This diverted his mind and restored his health.

Soon after his return, he translated the Epigram of Lessing, an essay of some length, and abounding in poetic illustrations. These he arranged into English verse readily and rapidly. He translated German poetry with fidelity and beauty. His first reading of it concluded, he generally commenced rendering it into verse. I think he did this with all the poetry he found time to read. *The Fisherman's Song, Honour to Woman, and The Magician's Apprentice*, are

among his best finished pieces. It is but just to Mr. Graham to mention, what I know to be a fact, that he had translated all of these, and many other small poems, before he had ever seen an English version. He was indeed ignorant that they had ever been translated, his knowledge of light literature being very limited, and the periodicals in which such productions generally appear, never having fallen in his way.

With *Klein Roland*, a pretty poem of Uhland's, he was delighted. His first notice of it was, one morning, directly after breakfast, and as I sat by his side, he translated verse after verse, reading it for my approval. The dinner bell rang while we were thus engaged, and the poem, which is quite long, was left unfinished. It was a great pleasure to be in the room with him when he was engaged in any intellectual employment. He was not easily disturbed; to use his own expression, "he had no nerves." The clang of a door, or the entrance of a visitor, never awoke a peevish or ill-natured remark. Possessed of great powers of abstraction and concentration, he could return to his task as if he had met with no interruption. He loved to share with others whatever thought for the time engrossed his attention, and to talk out a thing before he wrote it.

There was a wonderful combination of the practical and the ideal in his character. His mechanical genius and obliging temper kept him in constant demand for those trifling services, it is in the power of gentlemen to bestow, and the wont of ladies to require; while the accuracy of his judgment, and his capabilities for a business life, made him the adviser and assistant of many of his friends. Combined

with these qualities, the spirit of the poet and the philosopher was always visible. He viewed all subjects and objects with the eye of a metaphysician. The principles of things occupied his thoughts. Ideas were, in his estimation, realities, their development the shadows of life. In the midst of the liveliest society, while subject to constant interruptions from the suggestions of others, with an unperplexed mind, he could examine into the mysteries of an analysis or the fallacies of an argument, and grasping all its points with a tenacious and persevering hold, would arrive at conclusions which a common mind would have required solitude and time to deduce. He could bear censure and criticism better than any human being I ever knew. His patience and sweetness of temper on such occasions, never failed him. He was thankful for advice or hints about trifling matters. He had but little regard for external appearances, and although a lover of the results of order and system, often lamented what he called "the contrariness" of his nature in these respects. But these faults, if they deserve to be called such, were not prominent enough to inconvenience others, and only rendered him a more delightful companion. He was so readily persuaded, so easily pleased, so willing to bestow the most precious moments of his time, or the richest stores of his mind, upon those whom he loved, that affection for him became instinctive, and astonishment, at the brilliant characteristics of his mind, was lost in admiration of the nobler qualities of his heart.

Mr. Graham had just begun to fix his mind upon some definite subject for intellectual labour, when his attention was diverted by a new project. Although as pleasantly

situated as it was possible to be, while boarding, our hearts had often turned with sad yearnings towards our own quiet fireside, and we had sighed for the shade of our own vine and fig-tree. During the winter, in anticipation of soon leaving Newark, Mr. Graham had disposed of his house. My local attachments were, however, very strong; and our vicinity to the college furnished facilities for study, which, except under very favourable circumstances, we could not find elsewhere. Although many changes had taken place in the society of Newark, since it was first introduced to the reader, there was still much to attract and render a residence there desirable. Accordingly, after some deliberation, Mr. Graham decided to build a house in Newark, and expected, by obtaining four pupils, to be under his sole care, to add enough to his income to enable us to live in comfort.

The selection of a lot, the plan of a house which should combine beauty, utility, and economy, occupied him during the month of July. We were very happy in this anticipation. Mr. Graham was full of his arrangements. Every walk or ride led us past the spot upon which the house was to be built; the garden, the greenhouse, but above all, the study, were already possessed in his hopeful and lively imagination. Had these anticipations been realized, these designs carried into effect, how different might have been the result! A gifted and glorious spirit might still have survived to bless the world by its example and labours, and a sunny fireside and happy hearts remained unblighted by desolation and anguish.

But God seeth not as man seeth, and the ways of his providence are inscrutable. All the arrangements for our house

were completed, the plan fixed, the carpenter engaged, when "a change came o'er the spirit of our dream." From a distance, from the capital of Pennsylvania, came an invitation to new labours. It was brought by a friend, who used every argument to induce its acceptance. The prospect it afforded for usefulness and happiness was inviting. There were obstacles to conquer—a powerful motive for acceptance to his energetic spirit. It seemed that a year of enterprise and effort would be productive both of pleasure and profit. Our house, when built, would leave us somewhat in debt. And this was Mr. Graham's especial aversion. There was some misunderstanding about his real object in building in Newark, and some ill-natured remarks had been made upon his setting up a rival school to the academy. This was very foreign from his intention, which was distinctly, as above stated; but the report troubled him a little, as he would not condescend to contradict it, and knew that he could only live it down. In view of all these things, he came on to Harrisburg, and being much pleased with his reception there, returned to Newark, decided upon removing. This was Saturday. Our furniture had been packed away all summer. Early the next week Mr. Graham packed and unpacked, exerting great industry and ingenuity, and on the following Thursday we left Newark, little deeming that we should never revisit it again together.

Pennsylvania being Mr. Graham's native state, he had always cherished for her an honourable pride and affection. It was, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that he contemplated a residence in her capital. The sphere of usefulness here opened for him was wide, and offered every inducement

to exertion. But there were many difficulties in the way of success, and an abundant share of faith and confidence was necessary at the outset. "Nil desperandum" was, however, the motto of Mr. Graham in every thing that he strove for, whether trifling or important. There was an amount of enthusiasm in his character, displayed as teacher, student or companion, upon undertaking *anything*, which carried him forward inevitably to success. The toil to win the race was as productive of happiness to him, as the glory of the attainment. It is not too much to say, that he always accomplished whatever, with undivided energies, he undertook; and never more successfully than at Harrisburg. The academy, which had been in existence for many years, had gradually languished, and six months before his arrival had been closed for lack of students to support it. Its declension was owing principally to the establishment in the town of the Military Academy of Capt. Partridge, an institution which, by the novelty of its arrangements, and the excellence of its teachers, had, up to this time, received almost universal patronage. But the novelty had worn off; and many parents desiring rather to hasten the period when men shall "learn war no more," than to retard it by nursing a military spirit in the bosoms of their sons, and influenced by recollections of their own early training in the old academy, united their efforts to open it anew under more favourable auspices. At the recommendation of their President, the Board of Trustees invited Mr. Graham to become the Principal, and he opened his school early in September.

The academy building, a fine old stone house, is situated on the banks of the Susquehanna. It furnished for Mr.

Graham and his family a delightful home, and he took great interest in improving and beautifying it. The river was a ceaseless source of admiration and enjoyment to him. He seemed never to weary of its beauties. The fortunate preservation of several letters written during this fall, will enable the reader to judge more accurately of his situation and feelings, than any information that the pen of another can afford. The first one is addressed to the ladies of the Conclave in Newark, and was written impromptu, and solely with a view to their amusement.

*"Harrisburg, Sept., 1846.*

*"Our study, at the window.*

**"TO THE MRS. CONCLAVE,**

*"Ubi gentium sumus?* Where in the nation are we? said Tully, lost in the brilliant depths of his own argument; and *ubi gentium sumus?* say we, as we look out on this Loch Lomond and its verdant isles.

"The apparition of so much earthly beauty and order, after the inextricable confusion and tumult of the last two weeks, is like nothing so much as the sudden elysium of perfect peace, the moment after the foundations of your earthly tabernacle have been racked and torn, in the earthquake agonies of a parting grinder. In the bewilderment of the transition, one is doubtful whether he has preserved his identity entire, or whether, like the Irishman in his infancy, he has not been 'changed.' To keep track of the past, under such circumstances, and to be able to look back along an unbroken line of consciousness, were about as easy as it would have been for Noah, when he stepped upon Ararat, to have presented you a chart of his stormy voyage.

"But here is beauty and order at last. The horrible discord of locomotives and bandboxes, has gone by like a thunder storm, and here is a clear sky and a tranquil scene. It

is a vision as peaceful as returning consciousness after a night-mare dream; and the faculty of thought, which has been confounded into silence, begins to revive. For the first time for three weeks, I seem to have a responsible existence, and mangled thoughts begin to struggle into their individuality, and to move into obedience to a *will*.

“As the blossom *precedes* the fruit, as the flower surmounts as well as adorns the branches, as the glittering spray crowns the wave, as the rainbow smiles on the outer surface of the cloud, as the delicate, the ethereal and the beautiful, always and every where take their place above the massive, the heavy and the strong; so in the settling chaos of a mind confounded with rail-roads and bedsteads, cars and carpets; where Greek rhythm has been discolated by the shriek of the locomotive, and books have been expelled to make room for boxes; in such a chaos, while the foundations of the mental world are still working in darkness and disorder below, while Horace and *Æschylus* and Coleridge are still struggling under a mass of china and tables and stoves and matting, and the entire *Deutsche Sprache* is compressed and dissipated in lamentable distraction; what element should first be extricated, and take its place above the confusion, (like the spotless light and ethereal air of the primitive creation,) but the fair memory of *Frauenzimmer* of the Conclave?

“When Adam first opened his eyes upon the glories of Paradise, it was long before he learned to separate the fair visions and soft melodies, which lurked in all the chambers of a soul yet moving with the impulses of its celestial source, from the new impressions of beauty through the senses. His own imaginings and reminiscences, combining with the fairy pictures and sounds of Eden, were woven into one perfect dream of beauty, in which no part seemed possessed of more or less reality than another. It was a delight worthy of being transmitted, and which has been repeated by as many of his children as have known the luxury of lingering in the

twilight of a pleasant dream, while slowly returning consciousness vainly strove to determine what was real and what was ideal. In this border-land of soul and sense, the inner form of matter only appears, and the soul anticipates her prerogative of a spiritual body. In such a region we should love to stay, and enjoy the double sweetness of the past and the present, in one mingled draught of memory and sense.

“ But we begin to wake—the Loch Lomond of the Susquehanna spreads out its bright expanse with a new distinctness, and the *Frauenzimmer* of the Conclave retire among the beautiful shadows of the ideal. But ere they retire, let them peep through our eyes upon this beautiful scene, with which their memory was just now blended, like the moonlight that spiritualizes and makes it the companion of the mind at night.

“ A large and rather antique mansion of jointed gray stone, stands within 80 feet of a majestic river. In front is a foot-walk of brick, beyond which nature’s ever green carpet is unbroken to the edge of the bank, which overhangs the wave some 30 feet. A row of venerable poplars stands on the verge of the descent, and in the morning sun cast their tremulous shadows far over the water. Without farther introduction, you may mount the portico, enter the mansion and ascend with me to ‘our’ study window. Here is a prospect to electrify a poet! The broad, the musical, the many-islanded Susquehanna rolls down its sparkling tide to the ocean. The real breadth of the river here is only a mile, but the view in every direction is so broken by islands, and so diversified by the variety of magnificent perspectives, opening between and stretching beyond, over glancing waters and gray rocks, that the eye often fails to detect the opposite shore, and it requires no aid of fancy to imagine yourself on the bank of a peaceful far-stretching lake, whose haunted grottoes and shadowy retreats may still be the home of nymphs and genii. Beyond, and in the distance, the soft

blue of the Alleghanies meets the horizon and bounds the scene. In some directions the scenery is as untamed as nature herself; and you can scarcely resist the impression, that the Red men are still roving in the depths of those forests, and the deer and the buffalo still feeding on their ancient pastures. In others, the marks of civilization are visible—the farm-house, the fenced field, the village or the bridge. Had you been dropped down here from the clouds, ignorant of your locality, you would never have imagined, from all you see from this window, that you were in the vicinity of a large town. You might think of Switzerland or Italy, or fancy yourself on an excursion with Wordsworth among the romance of his lake scenery, or with Walter Scott in some fairy spot of his beloved Highlands. But in iron-making, coal-digging Pennsylvania, among Dutch faces and sour-kraut, and right in the midst of a busy, noisy town! Such a thought would be the antipodes of your loosest guess, the very extremest remove from your widest conception of the possible! Yet it is even so. In our rear, the town comes up to our garden fence, and on either side it is equally neighbourly. We are here in the very synthesis of nature and art! the very tangential point of city and country! the indifference of scenery on land and water! The advantages of such a location are a compound trinity—a multeity in unity.

“From our proximity to town, we have its society, its markets, its dry walks, its convenient supplies of all sorts, its clock ringing the hour in your ear, and holding up its pointers before your eyes, without the trouble of winding it up or taking it out of your pocket; its hydrants gushing without the labour of pumping; its library of English and German; its amusements; its ice and ice creams; its milk-man and penny-post; its bi-daily mails; its facilities for intercourse with other places; *its materials for a Conclave*; its selection of friends, and its deliverance from the necessity of knowing your neighbour, which the country superadds

to the natural necessity of being in *some place*. Our proximity to the country gives us seclusion, quiet, coolness, greenness, freedom from dust, cabs, crowds, and odours, the use of a large garden, broad green yard, fruit-trees, and sky-room. On the bank of the river we have the breezes from the water, the everlasting dancing motion, the Eolian music of a thousand little eddies, the magnificence of the storm, the sparkling beauty of the sunshine, the gliding boats, romantic islands, evenings on the water, with the song of the gondolier for accompaniment, glorious sunsets reflected from the wave, and the witchery of the moonlight, beautifying, etherializing, and perpetuating the scene.

“ But the river—the river—is the charm of the whole, and must not be dismissed with a passing notice. It deserves a higher honour than to be associated in terms of equality with the town and country, in a general description, and must have a page to itself.

“ Water, in all circumstances, is of a nobler nature than the dull earth. It is purer, more active, more ethereal, and more nearly allied to spirit. Its native disposition is more celestial; it takes its place *above* the rock and the clod, and more easily mounts and mingles with the pure splendours of heaven. It is less groveling and less gross, less selfish, less *full of itself*, and opens its bosom to the fair forms of the forest and the sky. It is more reflective, and more suggestive of reflection. Its associations are more dignified. It enters into partnership with the sun and the clouds, the moon and the stars, to accomplish its purposes, and paints its images on the heavens, or in its own equally pure bosom. If it admits a mountain or an oak to more than a *passing* acquaintance, it first softens and spiritualizes their grosser natures, and embraces rather the fair image of its own creation, than the ruder ‘originals.’ In fact, with the true ‘esemplastic power’ of genius, it merely takes its hints and materials from the gross world of sense, and produces its forms of beauty and light by a transforming, glorifying

power of its own. In its cosmetic waves the coarsest features and the meanest objects become delicate, and the noblest receive a new glory.

‘Seeks not the moon and glorious sun  
In the crystal deeps to lave?  
Hath not his face new glory won,  
Fresh mounting from the wave?  
And charm thee not the heavens, that sleep  
In wave-transfigured blue?  
And charm thee not thine eyes, that peep  
From out the eternal dew?’

Water is of a noble nature. How simple, clear, and unsophisticated, and yet how mighty! Though it has at its command all the colours of the spectrum, all the forms of space, and all the energies of nature, how unpretending and how plain! Although it knows how to clothe heaven with unaccustomed glory, and can spread out a sunset in its waves, which the west never equalled, its ordinary dress is plainness even to invisibility. Although ordinarily silent, or speaking in whispers of the softest melody, it knows how to wake the echoes of the world with its awful roar; and the gentle playmate of a child, when roused, can dash navies to atoms, and ‘thunder-strike the walls of rock-built cities.’

“Water is a lover and friend of freedom. It received the boon from its creator in Eden, and unlike servile man, has retained it unimpaired. How it plays around the world in its untamed liberty! In brooks and rivers it goes dancing down the mountains, and through the broad plains. In seas and oceans it refuses to be still, and tosses its spray, and rolls its tides, in unwearied enjoyment of unrestrained motion. It mounts the skies and roams through the heavens—it descends through the rocks and investigates the structure of the earth—it takes possession of the middle air, and rides on the wings of the whirlwind—it sports with the frost, and continues even in solidity to play ‘such fantastic tricks,’ as

solids never elsewhere played. Every where it is the same free mocker of restraint. Catch it if you will, confine it and rouse its rage by letting loose its ancient enemy, the fire, and it will burst the solid world rather than submit. But the crowning virtue of water is its *moral* character. With a modesty that increases in proportion as it maintains the purity of its nature, it hides itself from view, even while it is beautifying the dull rocks that look into its waves. It knows how to combine softness and pliancy, and an insinuating address with perseverance and unwearied pursuit of its appointed course. Although cramped and obstructed at every turn by the sharp corners and impudent perversities of hard-hearted rocks, it gently adapts its efforts to circumstances, and gradually wears down the asperities of the most iron opposition. Where it can gain admission but by single drops, it not only works itself a passage, but in the meantime, by the power of unconquerable gentleness, it transforms its ancient and hardened enemy into a brilliant resemblance to its own purity. Again, tortured to an intolerable excess by the incursion of boiling lava from some subterranean crater, in awful fury it takes to itself its more spiritual form, and with the energy of an angry god, uproots mountains, and dashes their ancient foundations to the sky.

“But ere this, the current of this meditation must have suggested to the reader, that the Susquehanna is a river of *water*. It comes down from the mountains of Pennsylvania and New York, by a hundred different channels, and from a hundred different springs, and in its various branches rejoices in such euphonious appellations as the Catawissa, the Juniata, the Tioga, the Chenango, the Unadilla, the Chemung, and others equally musical, received in its early baptism from its Indian god-fathers. The giant stream, which sometimes rolls past our shore a depth of some fifty feet, with a stormy breadth of more than a mile, was born in heaven and nursed in the caverns of the Alleghanies and the Catskill, until its infant energies learned to struggle to the light. Then, totter-

ing down the defiles of its lofty home, with many a tumble and dreadful fall, it makes its way through hoary forests, where the dew still 'drinks its fill at eve,' through valleys yet unvisited by civilized man, filled with caves and haunted glens. It has many a quiet nook, where it rests in its course, decked with diamonds and precious stones, whose hiding places it will never reveal. It has its sleeping places in mines of gold and silver, to which greedy man shall never be admitted. Through beds of musty coal and iron ore it has travelled for days together, and caught no pollution from the unnatural contact. When, at last, its youthful energies have been matured in obscurity, it comes forth like a hero, bursting through every obstruction, and rejoicing in its vigorous freedom. Henceforward its progress is that of an all-conquering king. The mountains open, the valleys retire, and the deep-rooted forest gives way before it. Flowers and verdure adorn its course, while venerable oaks and youthful willows unite to form a leafy canopy over its way. The cities of men take their places on its banks, and stretch their bridges, like triumphal arches, over its waves. Every where, as it advances, the shores bend into graceful curves to welcome its approach, and gradually retire from its growing majesty. At length, having fulfilled its mission, and from an origin of littleness and feebleness, through a probation of difficulty and constant struggling, having developed its imperfect nature, it attains, in the ocean, that highest consummation of a created thing—the perfect realization of its own idea; and hiding its individuality in the completeness of its own attainment, it gives up existence, in order to obtain the perfection of its being!

"But the river Susquehanna has some special and peculiar merits, particularly in that part of his course which we overlook from our study window, which must not be omitted.

"It is pre-eminently a *musical* river. Unlike many of his race, who prefer to keep their meditations in their own deep bosoms, he pours out his soul in one perpetual anthem by day

and by night. He has melody in his heart, and he loves to send it abroad. Over ten thousand little waterfalls, his waves go singing as they glide, while the winds that sport on his bosom, join the chorus and bear the music to the shore. He evidently possesses great skill in his art, for though his billows are of every size, and perform their parts in all sorts of time, there is perfect harmony in the swelling whole. He knows, moreover, how to adapt his notes to the occasion, and to catch the strain when Boreas or Zephyr have chosen to give the key-note. At such times he can send forth the solemn thunders of innumerable organs, or play an accompaniment to the wildest frolics of his aerial playmates. In the evening he delights to sing a soft requiem to the departing sun, or welcome pale Cynthia to her nightly round. But his noblest part remains to be told. Right under our window he has planted a rocky ledge in his channel, and stretches it out to the middle of his stream, of such a varying height and size, and so scientifically adapted to the variations of his own currents, that he is prepared, at all seasons, and in every state of the weather, to give concerts with a full orchestra to whoever may choose to listen. On this rocky instrument he is even now, and has been ever since I enjoyed his performances, literally 'pouring forth such a torrent of music,' as would make the fingers of De Meyer ache, in the despair of imitation. This song of the old river is our welcome in the morning, and our lullaby at night. It chimes in harmoniously with the thoughts of study and the dreams of slumber. It is a bass accompaniment to the piano—a sort of pleasant ground to the entire picture of our lives.

"Another excellent characteristic of the Susquehanna is his love of islands. Look up his channel! See that long slender needle lying lengthwise in the middle of the stream, covered only with a green carpet, and so sharp at the extremities, that you can almost hear the shriek of the waves as they split on its point. Just above is another, a beautiful

circular mass of dense green willows, so thick and dark, that the eye can reach nothing but the graceful fringes that sweep the shore. Romance evidently has a favourite retreat behind those closely drawn curtains.

“ Almost opposite the last, and near the farther shore, is another smaller one, perhaps 200 feet in diameter, entirely covered with a grove, under whose branches you may see pleasant arbours and shady walks. But my favourite is farther up the stream, and covered with a luxurious mountain of various foliage, through which you may easily see here and there avenues opening into shady recesses, where the eye cannot follow, but where the fancy longs to explore the hidden caves. Beyond still are others: one oval mass, with a flounce of green around the skirt, and a great bald pate, keeps you in doubt whether he is a genuine island, or a jutting promontory, protruding into the stream. The chief charm in these islands is the perspectives which open between, and vary with every change in the position of the observer, and in the air of romantic mystery which they throw around the river, as he retires beyond the shadowy borders, tempting the imagination to follow. A walk of 50 feet on this part of the bank of the river, or even the exchange of one chamber for another, will make a magical transformation in the entire scene, corresponding to the changed relative position of the islands. Like the painted figures of the kaleidoscope, every change in their position presents new pictures of beauty, until the eye wearies, rather with the endless novelty, than with the uniformity of the scene. The old river has thus infused into the solid figures of his scenery, something of the life and variety of his own element; and made dull earth and stones appropriate ornaments of his own ever new charms.

“ But the chief excellence in the character of our river in my eyes, is his love of ancient simplicity, and his dislike of modern improvements. With genuine old-fashioned hatred of new-fangled notions, he long ago resolved that no steam-

boat of Fulton's, and no propeller of Ericson's should ever harass his waters, and no dusty wharves should disfigure his high green banks. To make the matter sure, to all generations, he paved his broad channel with tremendous rocks, and here and there arranged his *musical instruments* in such exact order, as would make the most horrible discord at the touch of the under-works of a steam-driven vessel. If men must have their bales and boxes transported, he will lend some of his superfluous waves to fill a canal; but within his own chosen channel, no craft may come, unless, indeed, in the fullness of his exuberant good nature in the spring, he rolls down some rafts from his native mountains, for the sake of dashing a few of them on the rocks by the way. In fact, it is with some reluctance that he will tolerate so much as a bridge; and he has been known to *rise* in a night and send the incumbrance to the ocean.

"Hence it is, that our front street, instead of presenting a scene of warehouses and pavements, of dust and noise, of drays and wharves, sailors, barrels, boxes, boats, ships and coal-piles, and every thing else that proclaims man a digging, eating, and bargaining animal, is a peaceful, green-carpeted and shady promenade, with the residences of the *elite* of the town on one side, and the magnificent old river on the other.

"But when shall we stop? The Frauenzimmer of the Conclave are long ago asleep, and the voice of the reader is mingling in their dreams like the murmurs of the Susquehanna. The last vestige of female patience has long ago expired, and the extremest limits of tolerable imposition have been overstepped.

‘It is fit  
The spell should break of this protracted dream.’

"May the nightly visions of the Frauenzimmer always be inspired by scenes as peaceful, and their thoughts by day ever dwell in regions as fair, as those over which they have

just wandered in fancy ; and may both the dreams of slumber and their soberer daylight moods, ere long be tinged and beautified by personal communion with the scenery of the Susquehanna. When Christmas week shall bring round the holidays, let the learned President, ever various and new as the perspective scenery of the many-islanded river, and his lady, as peaceful as its evening music ; let the learned Professor of Natural Laws, brilliant and profound as a sunset in its waters, with his geographical Lady of the Lake, bewitching as a nymph in its holiest grot ; let the metaphysical Professor of 'crystallized thought,' far-reaching and original as a wave from its mountain spring, with his poetical river-bred lady, romantic and quiet as moonbeams on the billow ; let the Polyglott Professor of rhetorical beauties, and the ever bubbling and abounding fountain of the Tutor of languages, with her who is yet a lone-island in the busy stream ; let these, one and all, come forth like the stars in one night, and add celestial charms to this scene of earthly loveliness, and we will hold a Conclave on the banks of the Susquehanna !"

A few weeks later than the date of this letter, and the spoiler, like the "dweller on the threshold," followed us to our new and beautiful home. Domestic affliction came to shadow our budding hopes and happy fancies. An infant, for whom Mr. Graham manifested unusual affection, was called suddenly away ; and the companion of his daily life was prostrated by sickness. It was feared that consumption was her disease, and that its inroads would be rapid. Mr. Graham had learned, by such bitter experience, the fatal power of this malady, and the impotence of human skill against its attacks, that he yielded at once to despondency, and hope alive in all others seemed to go out entirely in his bosom. He displayed, at this time, more than ever before,

the deep affection which filled his heart. His sympathy with pain, his anxious attention to every wish, his passionate words of love and regret, witnessed by near relatives who thought they knew him best, surprised them as demonstrations of feeling, whose depths they had never seen sounded before. But he was mercifully spared the agony of this most severe of all bereavements. The desolation which succeeds the actual visitation of death was not his portion. Over the wide waste of affliction was extended the olive branch of hope and joy. The heart his tenderness had aroused to new life, revived to prove its gratitude, the languid eye smiled its thanks, and the hue of health contrasted painfully with his own pale cheek.

From the series of letters before mentioned, I extract two peculiarly expressive of the blended tenderness, philosophy, and playfulness, which, as exhibited in his daily life and conduct, endeared him so much to the hearts of his friends.

“MY DEAR MRS. A.,

“Your last letter lingered, and finally came with a message of sickness; I did not know, when I read it, that in these respects it prefigured its answer.

“Soon after the arrival of that letter, Mrs. G. was taken sick, but the arrival of a little daughter turned the sorrow into joy. The little thing had dark eyes and hair, a fine forehead and bright countenance, and was full of life and apparent health. From the moment of its birth it inherited the love of the lost Ella, and seemed ten times more dear in the atmosphere of loving, widowed thoughts which little Ella had left, waiting for an object. On the first day of its appearance, it was ornamented, too, with the name of the

lost Mary, and altogether seemed like a resurrection of buried beauty and joy.

"But our dream was short. After thirty-six hours of seemingly perfect health, it became drowsy and slept a day and night without interruption. The next twenty-four hours were full of pain, and the last of its life. The night before its death it spent in uneasy restless motion upon the arm of its mother, with its large black eyes wide open and fixed upon her face; and those appealing, upturned eyes, which were perfectly visible in the darkened room, seemed to complain, through the long slow hours, with such reality of suffering and gentle helplessness, as were torture to look upon. After its death it had the same round face, the same appearance of health, the same unutterable beauty of innocence and helplessness, that endeared it before. With its little hands folded on its breast, and its lamblike quietness of feature, it looked like something which it was more than mean for death to touch. We had it enclosed in a tin case, with glass over its face, and the whole, enclosed in a larger box, laid in the grave-yard here, until we go to Newark, when we design taking it to our vault, where little Ella is now alone, that the two little sisters may sleep together.

"There is its history—its whole earthly annals. It seemed but to glance on our day, like a beautiful star, as it passed on to far regions in the heavens.

"'Twas a note of music, wafted  
From the angelic choirs on high—  
"Twas a rose-leaf, earthward straying  
From the gardens of the sky.  
Like a sunbeam on the fountain,  
Bright and transient was its stay ;  
Like the mist upon the mountain,  
Early it has passed away."

"I hope, ere this, you have entirely recovered your usual health. When I read your letter over the first time, I could

have written a book in reply, but it is all gone. When I am wound up to a certain tune, like a musical box, I can do nothing else, until that is played out. Little Mary's visit (for such it seems) has filled me with thoughts that leave no room for any thing else.

"I have just formed a German class in my school. It contains, as yet, but two boys, and I hope at least to keep ahead of them! I have put them into the grammar and made a resolution to keep them there, until they have mastered it, and to hear their recitations without the book. I mounted the treadmill yesterday, and feel a good deal learned in the German already, in the certainty of the anticipation which this arrangement affords. It is like sitting down in a rail-car bound for Luther's fatherland, without stopping for fuel or water; it is the next thing to being there and talking like a native."

\* \* \* \* \*

"MY DEAR MRS. ———,

"Your letter came just at the right time. When I was about as high as Heman, (pronounce the vowels of that proper name right,) my mother sent me to the porch to call some workmen from the harvest field, a good shouting distance off, to dinner. When I had fixed myself in the right position, I opened my mouth and made an effort, to which I expected to see all the leaves of the trees, in its route, rustle their admiration as it passed. But what was my astonishment at the perfect silence, that continued as composed as if nothing had happened! Was it my ears or my voice that had failed me? Was it only the idea of sound, the unembodied essence of noise, that had gone out of me, whose ethereal intangibility refused to report itself to the sense; or was it a true and perfectly rounded note, whose harmonious being so blended with the symphony of the universe, as to lose its own individuality and distinct perceptibility? Or was it like

‘the music of the spheres—  
So loud, it deafens mortal ears,  
As sage philosophers have taught,  
And *that’s* the cause we hear it not?’

It was in just such a quandary that I have waited for the last two or three weeks, and listened for an echo to my last letter. I was just concluding my speculations about the cause of the continued silence, and was making up my mind to do as I did in the case above described, resolve the mystery by a second ‘effort,’ when your echo came, and assured me that a true sound had gone forth. You perceive the infliction you have escaped, and will not run a similar risk by a like delay in future. And by the way, if there was any thing in that last letter of mine, or should be in any future letter, which don’t reach you, as I believe was the case with my first effort at calling harvesters; take a hint from my first page, and learn to be charitable enough not hastily to infer that it was never sent. It isn’t every body can see the meaning *on* the electric wires, though you can, and that remark is not meant so much for you, as for any rogue who may hereafter steal a sight of this correspondence, and have vanity enough to suppose he could gather the meaning of it. There is sometimes more concealed, intentionally, under a sentence, than a rapid reader sees, and there is always more incorporated in a sentence, than the writer distinctly designed. It is this latter species of accompaniment to the principal strain of thought, which nature plays, and by which, as she makes harmony or discord, she indicates the genuine or spurious character of the whole.

“ You think ‘you don’t get it out!’” Why, the man who plays with his fingers on the magnetic keys at Washington, don’t seem to get much sense out of them *there*. It is at the other pole of the magnetized wire that the meaning is looked for. Now, I claim the honour of being the other pole of yourself. It is all ‘out’ as soon as it meets my eye. Your

little note came like a ray through a vacuum—unrefracted light—and, therefore, darkness, until it fell into my atmosphere, where its bright thoughts expanded and glowed into warmth and beauty. And that reminds me, that I am a capital reflecting substance just now, solid and material as any rock, and capable of absorbing no spark of light. Mr. —— speaks of books and Brownson! and you talk of a visit from —— ——, and the memory of books, and people that read them, comes back like a dream!

“Know ye not that we are sojourning in the land of cabbage and sour-kraut? I have read but one book through since we came, and that was an Oxford one—Sewell on Plato! I have been employed in teaching geography and penmanship, and building a furnace and putting up stoves! Higher reading than Webster’s speech, I have not attempted for a month. Schlegel’s Lectures from the State library, Goethe, Lessing, and Bürger, and several other of the best German poets, await my first leisure moments.

“There is E. D. G.—, she has written a letter, and feels uneasy until it is off. When Mr. —’s arrived, she sat down and answered it on the spot, and is afraid, after two days’ keeping, that it will be stale. Dr. Johnson said of a book, that ‘it had not strength enough to keep it from spoiling,’ and then added, by way of interpretation in the Johnsonese, ‘it had not vitality sufficient to preserve it from putrefaction.’ I make no application, but you may possibly infer that I am not in the best humour at this sudden dislocation of our chat. Let your next letter fix the day for your arrival in Harrisburg.

“Very truly,

“Wm. S. GRAHAM.”

The winter passed away with rapid steps. Every hour was occupied. A small class of ladies, formed for mutual improvement in German, employed Mr. Graham from two to three evenings in the week. One or two more were given

to visiting, and the remainder to the study of Greek, or the general business of his school. In this latter he met with unlooked for success. His patrons were gratified by the warm interest he manifested in the improvement of their sons, and over his scholars themselves his influence was unlimited. The wildest spirit quailed beneath the just rebuke his eye could speak, and the most indolent were spurred to diligence by the promptings of a faithful teacher.

His school, which consisted for the first month, of from three to five scholars, increased so rapidly, that a new arrangement, with regard to it, became necessary. As a prominent instance of an energy and perseverance that overcame obstacles, which to others appeared insurmountable, I may be permitted to notice this more particularly than would otherwise be advisable. The school had heretofore been held in the academy building; and an outer entrance, and the order and neatness which it was easy to enforce with so small a number of scholars, prevented any inconvenience from this arrangement, to his family. As it increased, these rooms became too small, and one or two complaints of noise around the house in play-hours being made to Mr. Graham, he set himself to work at once to remedy the evil. His plan was soon formed; but when it was announced to me, I opened my eyes in astonishment at his boldness, and remarked, with a smile, "that its only fault lay in the impossibility of its attainment." The plan was this—to induce the trustees of the academy to put up for him, in a lot adjoining, a building which should contain a school-room —— feet by ——, two or three recitation rooms and a gymnasium, and should cost \$1000. He had decided

upon the size, and estimated the expense of every window, door, beam, and rafter in the house, and this was the result. Now, with the exception of the house in which we lived, and the garden and lot adjoining, the Board of Trustees, as such, owned not a dollar's worth of property; how then was this new idea to be realized? Mr. Graham was a comparative stranger to them, and although he had hitherto been treated with the most flattering kindness and courtesy, how could he ask them to afford him more? These things were set before him, with some other obstacles not necessary to mention here. "I will accomplish it," was his reply, "and my new house shall be ready for your inspection on the 1st of April." A skeptical smile at his sanguine hopes, and an allusion to his having chosen an unfortunate day for their fulfilment, and the conversation ended. This was early in the winter, and the 1st of April really witnessed a building exactly upon the plan proposed, finished, and ready for occupation. Whatever opposition was shown at first to the measure by any member of the Board of Trustees, his eloquence, and their confidence in his abilities, had soon overcome. The money to build was borrowed, and the rent of \$100 assumed by Mr. Graham, secured the payment of the interest, and the creation of a sinking fund towards the liquidation of the principal. I will not attempt to describe his daily interest in its gradual erection, nor with what child-like delight he superintended the removal of desks and benches, and assisted in the putting up of maps and chemical apparatus. He exulted over my "faint heart," called the new one *his* house and the other *mine*, and playfully threatened me with what he would do, in case I attempted

to interfere or "fix" it. Those were happy days for us both. Alas! with their hopes and fears, their noble purposes and innocent pursuits, they have passed away forever!

The people of Harrisburg had welcomed Mr. Graham into their society with all that hospitality and kindness for which they are remarkable. The flattering recommendations for talent which had preceded his arrival among them, would alone have given him entrance into their most exclusive circles; but the purity and simplicity of his character and manners, insensibly inspired all who came in contact with him, with a deep feeling of interest and respect. The high moral and metaphysical tone of his conversation, and the vein of playful compliment that enlivened it, enabled him to hold the attention of one conversing with him in delighted enchainment. While the understanding was instructed, the fancy was delighted by his varied, beautiful, and original illustrations. The charms of poetry and philosophy were thus happily blended, and the treasures of a well-stored mind were freely dispensed for those around. The frail delicacy of his form and face, the gentle earnestness of his manner, the serenity of soul that beamed in every feature, added charms to his conversational powers which it was impossible to resist. Being desirous of extending the sphere of his influence in Harrisburg, and by becoming known, increase his prospects of success, he visited more frequently than was his wont, and made many new acquaintances.

Here also his pleasant social qualities enkindled friendships that expired but with his life, and that still linger over his tomb with sincere and mournful regret.

The spring opened early, and brought with it new plans

and pleasures. The blue waves of the Susquehanna, so lately released from their icy bondage, bounded along with music and gladness to mingle with the ocean; the fairy isles so beautifully throned upon its sparkling bosom, were robed in the rich luxuriance of spring, and the song of birds floated out on the balmy air like a strain of melody. Amid the most romantic scenery, supplied with all the comforts of life, surrounded by friends vieing with each other to show us kindness, we enjoyed together a happiness as perfect as sad memories would allow. It is true, that Mr. Graham deeply felt the sacrifice he was making of his passionate desire for literary leisure, but he generously and cheerfully gave up all to present duty, and having once decided upon a course, he was not a nature to repine or retract. The sunshine of his intellect was never dimmed by those inequalities of temper, which have overshadowed the domestic happiness of too many of earth's gifted ones. A more hopeful and buoyant spirit never existed. It threw about him the freshness of childhood, and gave to his society an unfailing charm. He was greatly dependent upon kind words and encouragement for a vigorous happy heart, and coldness or distrust wounded him too deeply for expression. He had grown very weary of the many changes we had made, within the last few years, and longed to find somewhere a permanent home. When he came to Harrisburg, it had been with the intention of remaining but a very short time; but he was so much delighted with the beauty of our situation, that he was always forming plans to reconcile his desire of release from the drudgery of teaching, with remaining where we were.

Attached to the house in which we resided, was a very

large garden. It had been neglected until it was literally a waste. The new school-house completed, Mr. Graham's active spirit turned hitherward, and soon the "wilderness blossomed as the rose." Delighted with his partiality for so healthful a recreation, his friends encouraged it by every means in their power. His ambition to raise fine vegetables and fruit was excited, and for a month or two every leisure moment was devoted to laying out walks and beds, planting seed and putting up trellis. Nothing but this course could have sustained him in his arduous duties. He had been teaching for seven months, from six to seven hours a day, (for his noons were generally spent in the school-room,) with only one week's vacation. One can easily imagine how small a portion of his time was thus afforded for the cultivation of his mind, or the fruits of his genius. His prospects of success daily improving, authorized the employment of one or two assistants, and hope seemed to warrant the belief, that soon, with every thing around him so arranged as to minister to his domestic comforts, he could reduce his personal teaching to a labour of three hours a day, and once more take up his books and pen under greater advantages than he had ever yet known. No presentiment of evil crossed his mind. Trusting in the Providence that had so kindly protected him thus far, while others were falling, he almost seemed to forget the frail tenure by which he held his life. So far as pain or outward symptom is proof of disease, his health was perfect. His heart appeared to cling to life and its enjoyments more closely than I had ever known it. From some letters, written during this spring, I extract two, as indicative of his happy and contented spirit.

*“April 27, 1847.***“DEAR E.,**

“I have just come in from the garden. The flower beds are all sodded. The peas are hoed, and look very well. Two beds of beets are sleeping next to your strawberry beds; the radishes are flourishing and thickening, the lettuce is springing at a tremendous rate, and the entire garden has just had a good watering.

“Our examination occupied all yesterday, and went off very well. The Governor gave us his presence all day. To-day we have holiday, to-morrow we commence another quarter. We are getting along capitally, as far as this life is concerned, and the processes of eating, drinking, and sleeping. Notwithstanding the unusual leisure of the last twenty-four hours, the result of the holiday aforesaid, I have done nothing this whole day but work in the garden, look over the newspapers, and write two or three letters. \* \* \* \* Is not this a great letter? Beets and lettuce, dollars and stock! How we have become rooted and grounded in the earth since we corresponded once before! But so it is—and I am happier than I was then, with a more substantial and peaceful happiness. There is not in my letters the same neatness of penmanship, nor the same roundness in the sentences, nor point in the thoughts—but look over the five letters I have sent you, and see if there is not in every page a contented heart, and the expression of a perfect confidence, which is too happy and too confident, to be rhetorical or studied. They say that poetry and imagination flourish most in the twilight and shadowy regions of half-civilization, before the mind has been disciplined into too much exactness of science, and before language has assumed a philosophical stiffness and precision. So in the twilight of our dawning love, the yet indistinctness of the feelings of each to the other, and the misty light of a but partial acquaintance, surrounded us with shadows of doubtful shapes, and gave occasion to dreams and explanations and imaginary dif-

ficulties, which have all disappeared in the full blaze of our meridian happiness. Then we saw through a veil darkly, but now face to face—and then we spoke through letters doubtingly, but now lip to lip. Although in our intercourse perhaps less romance remains, there is something far better. There is the increasing firmness and certainty of established love. I could write better poetry in that shadowy region, but I can live happier in the latter. The pressure of anxiety and excitements of startling doubts would crush poetry out, like Moore's fragrance from the wounded part, but I should not like to be stretched up to such a degree of tension all the while—a fiddle string, for the sake of the music I might make. Nor unless you like my verses more than me, would you keep me there. You may get a glimpse of what I meant, by saying, the other night, that I could not stand the conditions to which Jacob submitted. Indeed, I begin to think, poetry is like gold, which, to be good, must come from something which has undergone the torture of the crucible. And I also think happiness is worth more than gold or poetry either, though perhaps both may add something to the smiles of happiness herself.

“But I fear you will begin to tire of such endless epistles. I know of nothing out of our regular routine to mention. May your path be light, and your sleep be peace, and “He who guardeth Israel,” protect you ever.

“WILLIE.”

“*Harrisburg, May 2, 1847.*

“Sunday evening.

“DEAR E.,

“We have just finished tea, and while the rest are on the porch enjoying the calm and delicious softness of a lovely summer evening, I sit down to write to you. It is a sweet and peaceful hour. I have not felt so free from vexatious cares for a long time. Providence has helped us almost out of debt, and given us the prospect of soon being entirely

through. We are free from a quarreling community, and are surrounded by people with whom we can live upon terms of kindness and courtesy. I feel that we can make a pleasant home here. And if we love one another, and have God's blessing, can we not be happy? The silence of this location is charming. A Sunday evening is as much of a Sabbath here, as if we were surrounded with the green fields and silent woods of a retired country residence. In fact, what can we see from our front door, but

‘Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
All dressed in living green ;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between !’

I do not know of an enemy, or one who entertains a thought of enmity towards us in this place, and see not if we are prudent how we can make enemies. I think Providence has been kinder to us than to nine-tenths of our friends who move in the same sphere, and my only fear is that we shall strike our roots too deeply here, to be able to go when called, without a terrible struggle. I love to feel, as I do to-night, some of the sublime relations of our being, and to recognize our relationship to immortality and invisible realities. It is an occasion of exquisite joy to mount some imaginary height of the universe, and thence look down upon earth as an atom ; the starry worlds as but pebbles on the shore of the infinite creation ; upon time as a moment, upon life as a dream, and the wide world of spiritual being as just before us. From such a height, it is a joy to look upon our destined course far stretching into eternity, and like the prophet on Pisgah's top, view the glory of our future inheritance.

“Henceforward our fortunes, in time or eternity, are linked together. Our friendship is to be everlasting, and its basis must be such as the changes or dissolution of earth will

fail to shake. A few short years, and our earthly enjoyments are over. We must never forget that our love is to be immortal; that though destined to an apparent suspension during the short winter of the grave, a bright and eternal spring awaits it beyond. We must make it permanent by building it upon the only foundation that will stand—the truth. In fact, what else may we hope to stand upon individually or together? The truth has been truth from eternity, and will to eternity remain unchanged. It is the foundation of the throne of Jehovah himself, and if we place ourselves upon it for safety, we are secure so long as that throne shall stand. We must love each other for those qualities mainly, which shall live forever, if that love is to live forever. We must cherish in ourselves, and in each other, those characteristics which we shall retain forever, and which will command love when seen in the light of eternity.

“I was going to write you a sermon to-night on the doctrine of mutual recognition in a future world. I will do it some other time. It is a beautiful and precious doctrine, which I do not wish to touch until my head is clearer than just now. \* \* \*

“It is getting so dark that I cannot see to write, and it is almost time to start for church. Where are you to-night? ‘Are you thinking of me at the twilight hour?’

“I shall expect to meet you at the cars on Tuesday.

“Good bye,

“W.M. S. GRAHAM.”

Mr. Graham found but little time, during the summer, for intellectual exertion. He was not fond of early rising, and it was with a daily effort that he gained a couple of hours before breakfast, for the study of Greek. He would hardly become absorbed in it, when the breakfast bell would ring, and the hour for school arrive. He attempted nothing at

noon, and after tea, worn with confinement and fatigue, a walk was absolutely necessary. It was with many a sigh, that, during the warm summer nights, he resigned his lighted study for the moonlight and gay friends upon the porch. And often, on retiring, he would exclaim, "I am doing nothing—I shall never be anything but a boy!" Although to a preparation for a professorship of Greek, he devoted all of his leisure, an incident again awakened his longing desire for the realization of what had always been the highest ambition of his life. His younger brother, who had succeeded him at New London, and assisted him at Newark, was licensed during this summer, and was engaged in preaching with ease to himself and benefit to his hearers. In speaking of this, I asked Mr. Graham, "Do you not feel envious?" He replied instantly, "No, indeed! I never yet felt envious of any human being, and I *know* that I shall be a minister in God's own time. I was born to be a minister, and I feel assured that I shall not die with my mission unfulfilled." He was mistaken—heaven had other plans and purposes with regard to him, but this incident is only one of many that might be given to evince his patient, hopeful spirit.

He had been too short a time in Harrisburg, and too much engaged, during that period, to take any prominent part in the church of which he was a member. But he was constant in his attendance on its services, and his voice was often heard leading the prayers of its people in their weekly meetings. Upon one of these occasions, the pastor of the church being absent, Mr. Graham was urged to conduct the services. The application was entirely unexpected, but he

arose, and, opening the Bible, explained a portion of it to his attentive hearers. Several persons, comparative strangers to us both, afterwards spoke to me of the pleasure and profit they derived from his discourse, and warmly praised the eloquence and clearness of his style, the dignified but earnest simplicity of his manner. I was not present, and upon his return home, his beaming face attracted my attention. I questioned him, and soon discovered the cause. "I have tried to do some good," was his concluding remark, "even if I have lowered myself in the opinion of the people." He was always fond of hearing sermons, and although a severe critic whenever he perceived a disposition to display, he could find in the poorest preacher something to admire. His memory was wonderful. No one ever spent a Sabbath in his company, who had not occasion to notice the extraordinary development of this faculty. He could narrate the sermon he had just heard, from the text to the application, almost word for word. And then, perhaps, remarking, "but I would have analyzed that text in this manner," he would talk off another sermon, concise yet complete in all its parts. From many lips this would have been wearisome in the extreme, but in his conversation there was such a mixture of poetical and prosaic beauty, of sentiment, solemnity and wit, that no one, who heard him at such times, and who was at all capable of appreciating intellectual brilliancy, but regretted when he ceased.

The Sabbaths that we passed together were very delightful. I could then enjoy his company during the whole of the day. Our tastes differed somewhat in respect to our preferences both for books and men. Luther was one of his

favourites, Melancthon mine. Paul was his especial admiration; he had many feelings in common with him; he delighted in his discourses and letters. I had more sympathy with the apostle John, and I delighted to arouse him to controversy, by depreciating his favourites and extolling my own. On such occasions he would warm into eloquence that was irresistible, and overwhelm me with argument. He often said, that "the highest happiness he anticipated in heaven, after the immediate presence of Jehovah himself, was the conversation and society of the apostle Paul. The glorious realities of eternity, were frequent topics of conversation with him. It might truly be said that he lived only in the future. His watchword was Faith, his constant aim the true and the right.

We were in the habit of devoting an hour on Sabbath evening to singing. Mr. Graham always expressed great fondness for music, but he derived enjoyment principally from simple melodies, such as he had heard in his childhood. He never wearied of sacred music. He did not join in the melody, but gathering our little family around the fire in the twilight, he would repeat hymns for us to sing, until the bell rang for church. His retentive memory showed itself here also. Sometimes, when we would be sitting alone in the darkness, he would playfully ask me how many hymns I would have, or how many chapters from the Bible; and beginning as I directed, he would repeat, with low melodious voice, the sacred words, until we were interrupted, or weariness forced him to pause.

In the month of July Mr. Graham closed his school for a vacation of six weeks. An exhibition, held on the last even-

ing, in preparation for which he had expended a great deal of time, did him much credit. Intellectual amusements, even of this low order, had been few and far between in Harrisburg, but this was crowded by citizens of the town, and was looked upon as a beginning of better things.

A valedictory poem was spoken on this occasion by one of the students; and I cannot forbear mentioning the circumstances under which it was composed. It was a lovely Saturday morning. The exhibition was to take place the following Friday. He had promised it to the student, and had not yet written one line. We were very anxious to go out boating on the river, and as he came out of school at ten o'clock, urged him to accompany us. He said that he had tasked himself to this work, and wished us to wait. We did so, and I sat by his side, marvelling at the rapidity with which his pen went jingling on, and copying the couplets as they were composed. At three o'clock he was ready, and as he folded the sheet he exclaimed, with the most touching earnestness, in reply to my comments on the poem, "This is mere play, Ellee, this is nothing; wait until next winter—wait until I come back, and then I will show you what I can do."

The morning following the exhibition, Mr. Graham started for the west, by way of Newark and Baltimore. I can never cease to regret that I did not yield to his urgent persuasions, and accompany him, but for many reasons it was not convenient for me to do so. He was gone from five to six weeks. When he left home he was thin, pale, and exhausted with the cares and anxieties of a year of labour; when he returned he was thinner, paler, more exhausted

still. He wearied very soon of travelling alone. Yet having marked out his course, he determined to pursue it. For the first two weeks his letters were cheerful, and full of the pleasure of meeting with old familiar friends—but ever after, their tone was sad and full of sighs for home and rest. Some reason for a despondency so unusual with him, may be found in the hurried manner in which he travelled. He was not strong enough to bear fatigue, and there was no occasion for haste; but, as I have said before, he looked upon this excursion, not as a pleasant recreation, but as a bitter medicine, to be taken and got over as fast as possible. One extract from the numerous letters written during his absence, will give the reader an idea of the effect even of ordinary fatigue upon him, and the manner in which he journeyed.

“ Since I last wrote to you, I have come through much tribulation, and been tossed and knocked about in the world, until all comfort, or power to be comfortable, and almost the life, was shaken out of me. On Wednesday morning I left Baltimore in the cars, after eating my breakfast at 6 o'clock, and no rest had I, or any other one of the company, until I *gobbled* a hasty rusk or two, at 10 o'clock that night at Cumberland. You may be sure sixteen hours of abstinence, and jolting in the cars, with steam to breathe, and the everlasting growling of the engine for music, did not brighten my energies for any profound speculations, during the three minutes that were allowed us to brush, wash, comb, eat, attend to our baggage, and mount the stage in at Cumberland; and yet I could not help laughing as I ate, to think of the discovery I had made of the utility of speedy mastication, about which you scold so much. My head was swimming, my clothes dusty, my stomach starving, my throat crammed, my senses worn out, and my soul sick, when I

stepped into the stage that night. I soon found I had a precious set of companions! One raw-boned, rowdy-looking corn-cracker of the West, one quiet little spectacled Catholic priest, with his straight black coat and prayer-book, three fat, dirty Dutch girls, three fatter, dirtier, dutchier men, one, dirtiest of all, crying child, (crying in Dutch!) and myself!

“ Well! the Dutch and the horses started together, and neither stopped that night, or the next day, or the next night, until we entered Wheeling at 12 o'clock! The horses were exchanged on the way, but not the Dutch. The child cried for ‘Zuckerbrot,’ and when it got it, cried out, like a little Goethe, ‘*das ist gut!*’ But there is no word in English that will express the filthiness of the whole lot, and yet I sat through those two long nights, crammed in between the priest and the fattest and dirtiest of the Dutchmen, who never stopped talking, without beginning to snore, and his head down straight on my shoulder! At 12 o'clock, Thursday night, we drove into Wheeling sick and hungry, (for I had eaten nothing from 8 o'clock that morning, another sixteen hours!) weary, sleepy, (O! how sleepy!) and more dead than alive. We found the river swollen by late rains, and the Germantown, a very good boat, just on the point of starting; of course we drove right to the shore, (for they don't have wharves in this country of rising and falling rivers,) got on board, secured a berth, and were under way in five minutes. Such a good hit does not occur to a traveller here once in five years. I took a good nap in the second story of our state-room—that is, in the upper berth. To-day we have had a very pleasant time, delightful in contrast with its predecessors, and expect to be in Cincinnati to-morrow, sometime in the afternoon. I shall stay there until Monday, and reach Piqua, if well, Monday night.

“ *Saturday morning, 9 o'clock.* Since writing the above, we have been feeling our way through a heavy fog, and of

course gone slowly. I have become well acquainted with the priest. He is a Professor of Theology in the seminary at St. Louis, a learned and very ingenious man. Accident brought on a discussion last night, and spontaneous combustion kept us going about three hours, with a considerable audience around. I bought in Philadelphia, 'Reminiscences of S. T. Coleridge and Southey,' by Cottle, just reprinted from a London edition. It is very interesting, especially as it brings out much of Coleridge's opium failing, which has heretofore been kept in the dark. I also procured there some 200 pages of an Introduction by Sara Coleridge, a review and defence of her father's writings, and full of metaphysical genius! With these books I have sought to while away the tedium of travel, &c., &c.

"*Saturday evening, 6 o'clock.* We are within ten miles of Cincinnati—a beautiful evening; our boat is running down at a fine rate towards the setting sun, between hilly shores on the Ohio side covered with corn and oats, and on the Kentucky side, crowned with unbroken forest. There is a great change in this country since last I saw it; the forests have fled, and green fields and neat homesteads are in their place. I am on the deck, as are fifty others, and while they are talking and laughing, I am thinking only of thee! This last hour on the Ohio has been the most pleasant since I left home, every thing in sight is full of joy, and I am glad at the prospect of rest on the Sabbath."

A week or ten days after the date of this letter, Mr. Graham returned by way of the lakes to New York. On the route, most unfortunately for his health, he gave neither his mental nor physical powers the rest they needed, but hurried from place to place, his only companion a profound metaphysical work. In accordance with an appointment previously made, he attended the Commencement at New Haven. Here he remained several days, forming acquaintances, from

whose friendship he hoped to derive both pleasure and profit in coming years, and winning for himself golden opinions from all who heard him converse, or caught even a glimpse of the treasures of his mind. The impression that he there made upon some kindred spirits, heretofore strangers, by his powers for argument and eloquent exposition of Coleridgeanism, will not soon be forgotten.

Still his letters breathed despondency and weariness, and I began, with an indefinable anxiety, to long for his return. Never, never shall I forget the hour of his arrival. He came up in the night-train, and greeted us suddenly, as I stood in the door on a bright September morn. The sun shone brightly through the warm mist, the river ran merrily by, the birds warbled their most joyful strains, all nature seemed to rejoice in the return of the wanderer, but I welcomed him to his home only with tears. He was the same, but yet how changed. His cheek was flushed, his eyes were bright. I shall never forget the unearthly beauty of those eyes—the spiritual impression conveyed to a beholder by his whole appearance. The spirit hovering within its boundaries, seemed to sanctify its resting place. His whole soul seemed to be alive, and longing to burst its prison-house. I felt that I should scarcely have been surprised, had it taken wings and visibly flown away. The delight and enthusiasm with which he greeted each familiar face, the artless eloquence with which, after changing his dress, he related several amusing adventures, betraying absence of mind and inability to take care of himself, and sketched the various contretemps which had befallen him the last few days, was touching and fascinating in the extreme.

“For there was round him such a dawn  
Of light ne’er seen before,  
As fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore.”

How innocent was the merriment around our dinner-table that day—how heartfelt his enjoyment, how joyous his praises of the fruit of his own vines, and the abundant supply from our own garden that covered it! Sweeter were they to his taste than any thing he had eaten elsewhere; more beautiful was every object around him than aught the world could offer. But soon the factitious strength, imparted by excitement, gave way, and in perfect exhaustion he sought his room. He was totally unnerved, depressed beyond every thing I had ever seen before. “I am *very, very* weary,” was all the reason he assigned for this. “I do not believe I shall ever feel rested again.” I imputed his weakness to over fatigue, and felt sure that in a few days the good effects of his trip would be apparent. I dreamed not how tender and susceptible were his feelings, nor how nearly exhausted were the springs of life.

Gradually he recovered from the extreme fatigue which had at first overpowered his energetic spirit, and gave his attention to his school and friends. I lost the anxiety I had felt on his return, in beholding him as lively, active, and hopeful as ever. The following stanzas, written for my sister, on the eve of her departure from Harrisburg, after having paid us a long visit, will not be uninteresting as the last piece of poetry he ever wrote—

When Susie came to Harrisburg, June's merriest birds were singing,

The flowers were laughing in the sun, and wide their fragrance flinging;

The woods were in their gayest dress, the air was balm as even,  
And a deep joy was on the hills, and on the face of heaven.

Our Susie goes from Harrisburg, when summer birds are going,  
When the last rose begins to fade, and autumn winds are blowing;  
A sadder hue is on the sky, and o'er the forest stealing,  
And through the deep aisles of the wood, a solemn dirge is pealing.

When Susie came to Harrisburg, the summer was before us,  
To birds and streams and humming bees, her music brought the chorus;  
Her smile was blended with the light of all the pleasant weather—  
Ah! then we knew that sweetest things did love to dwell together!

Our Susie goes from Harrisburg, when southward winter dreary  
Is hurrying with his frozen storms, and dark days, cold and weary;  
No more her smile or happy song shall charm the fearful weather,  
Ah! now we know, that sweetest things do all depart together!

*September 11, 1847.*

Mr. Graham had been so fortunate as to gain, in the Episcopalian minister of Harrisburg, the Rev. J. Howland Coit, not only a warm personal friend, but an invaluable assistant in his school, and hoped, through the winter, to be relieved of at least half his duties by his co-operation. Unfortunately, almost immediately after the academy was re-opened, Mr. Coit was taken ill; and daily expecting his convalescence, Mr. Graham, whose school was now very large, performed, for several weeks, double duty, to the serious injury of his already overtired constitution—still toiling on, still looking forward, and apparently upon the very verge of the

resting place! Who is there toiling in this money-getting world, whether for daily bread or the luxuries of life who has not ahead some oasis toward which he is pressing? Some toil for fame—how many more for rest! During his absence he had said to one of his friends, “I have reached at last a clear field and a quiet sky, and I hope soon to sit down to gratify that love of study, which has been my torment and my distant hope, through the eight years of my bondage to this world; and I dream of depths and heights in the realms of philosophy and literature, which I shall yet learn to explore.” To many of his friends he said, “I am now just ready to live; as soon as I reach home I shall have a library, and begin to study.” Alas! that just as he was beginning, he should end!

But why linger, where I fain would pause forever. The summons had been sent forth, the angel of death had started upon his errand, the seeds of disease, long sown, had taken deep root, and were about to bear fruit. A fettered spirit was to be freed from its prison of clay, and its noble energies translated to a wider sphere of action, where its enlarged desires for knowledge should find the food so earnestly craved on earth, without weariness, exhaustion, or painful emotion.

On Monday evening, September 16, Mr. Graham entered his study, complaining of chilliness and slight indisposition. Tuesday morning a physician was called in, and he sent a message to his scholars, that he would not be able to teach before Thursday. Dr. Reilly declared his disease to be bilious fever, and expressed little anxiety about it, except what arose from the very delicate constitution of his patient.

For two days he continued violently sick, suffering much pain, but on Thursday the doctor considered the disease conquered, and prepared to give him tonics to restore him from the weak state to which the medicines had reduced him. They had not, however, the effect that was wished. For several days he remained exceedingly weak. He was impressed with the idea that he would never recover, and spoke of it frequently. His great desire was for sleep; but if for a moment he forgot himself in slumber, he would start and struggle, and cry aloud, that he "was being trampled to death"—that "the crowd pressed him too close." Although perfectly conscious, when wide awake, he would, when sleeping, seem to lose all control over his mental faculties, and the ruling passion of his soul became his torment. "I cannot get to the end of this argument; my brain is weary, and yet, as soon as I lose my consciousness, it will go to work again"—and then he would entreat not to be allowed to go to sleep, although sleep seemed all that he needed to make him well.

" Still its unconquered powers the mind displayed,  
But worn with anxious thought the frame decayed."

His sole attendant, during the first week of his sickness, my lonely vigils were interrupted only by the frequent visits and devoted attention of the most excellent of physicians. I cannot here forbear one word of praise of this most estimable man. One of the greatest sources of consolation that bereaved friends can have, is the assurance that God's fiat, and not man's negligence, was the cause of their great loss. In this case the most exacting and sorrowing heart is com-

peled to admit, that all that human skill could do, to alleviate pain or save life, was done. A more skilful, tender, and attentive physician, it has never been my lot to meet with. He smoothed the path of the beloved down the dark valley, with a skill and tenderness that no devotion of brother, lover, or friend, ever exceeded. In the early part of Mr. Graham's illness, with all the duties of a large practice, during a sickly season, pressing upon him, he visited him from four to six times a day; and at a more dangerous and critical period, he lingered hours by his bedside, and the midnight and the morning found him alike a watcher. He prepared with his own hands the nourishing drink, dressed the blister, or obeyed each trifling request; and throughout those long days and nights, when afar from father and home, a lonely and anxious wife hovered in speechless anguish around the couch of the sufferer, he was the ministering angel, the guardian spirit, the only earthly sustainer and support—not for gain, not for fame—he had already abundance of such reward—but from the impulses of his own kind heart, his pity for the stranger, his gratitude to the faithful teacher of his sons, his love for the gentle and gifted being fading from his sight. May He, who meteth unto others as they have measured out, expend upon him and his the richest of his blessings!

On the 23d, Mr. Graham seemed slightly stronger, although still unable to sit up. He talked more hopefully of his recovery, and began to lay some plans for the future. He said that he thought by Saturday he should be well enough to ride to New London, and visit again the beloved haunts of his childhood. "Nothing will do me so much

good as that." "I shall never be quite well again until I can drink from the old well, a whole bucket full of that cool water." That afternoon, while I sat bathing his head with ice-water, my tears, unseen by him, falling like rain, he rambled on in slow, sweet words, discoursing of those early days when he followed his father to the field in prospect of a storm, and describing in vivid colours the delights of the hay-harvest, and the hurrying home. The honest farmers who then formed his world, his father's friends, came in, one by one, for their share of commendation, and his heart seemed overflowing with reminiscences of the past. He talked of his mother—of each brother and sister living or dead, and wearied at last, reverted to the expected visit with earnest hope, and turning his eyes, fraught with a whole soul's tenderness upon me, he murmured, "The plan is precious, Ellee, but I cannot go without you, I will never leave you again!"

It may be, that I have trespassed upon the reader's patience in this minute description, but in my heart it is registered with a terrible distinctness, and the memory of those few hours is more precious than rubies. It was the last conversation of any length that I ever held with him—the last free interchange of love and thought between two beings who, for five years, had lived, moved, and had their being only in each other.

Although his physician declared him free from fever, his constant request was for ice-water. Unconscious as I was, until three days before his death, of his being at all in danger, and unaccustomed to sickness of a serious nature, my confidence in his speedy recovery had never for a moment

deserted me. The power of death is a hard lesson to learn, and there are some hearts which it is difficult to impress with fear. Refusing the request of a kind friend to be permitted to watch all night, I remained alone by the couch of sickness, and once, at his request, retired into the adjoining room to lie down. After an hour of perfect silence, what was my surprise to feel a hand laid upon my head, and a voice exclaim, "Oh! Ellee, I thought that you were dead, and I came to see!" From this moment he could not bear to be left alone; a kind and judicious friend was admitted to his room, and shared, through every trying hour that followed, the cares of his wife and physician. Tonics and nourishing drinks were now his only medicines; and every remedy that medical skill could devise, was resorted to, in hope of arousing his sinking energies. On Thursday, when I thought him much better, and was almost gay in the anticipation, I was suddenly informed of the necessity of apprising our mutual relatives of his danger, as all hope of recovery was at an end, unless a speedy change took place. It was very hard to believe. He was in no pain, was fully sensible, had much muscular strength, and was himself more hopeful than before. I was prepared for a speedy, almost miraculous, recovery—but not at all for death. Steadily refusing to admit despair into my heart, or to acknowledge the influence of fear, I returned to the chamber of the invalid to gather fresh courage. Alas! I was never more to find it there. The pale cheek seemed paler than when I left, the blue eye more dim, the gaze less full of feeling and expression than an hour before. The faint pressure of the hand was scarcely perceptible; and the faltering words which, repeating the

oft told story of the faint heart and weary limb, predicted a speedy death, and which had been regarded heretofore as but the effusion of a desponding spirit, seemed now the voice of prophecy or sad presentiment. The pleasant study seemed converted into the valley of shadows, the air to grow close, and the angel of death, with extended wing, to hover around waiting for his prey. For thirty-six hours there was but little change—gentle, quiet, patient, there he lay, but ever asserting his disbelief in his ultimate recovery.

Saturday morning before daylight, he suddenly exclaimed, "I am dying—I shall go very soon." He desired to be raised, that he might take his last leave of the world, and leave messages for his friends. This, in his usual distinct manner, he did, mentioning, by name, his early friends of New London, leaving to them his love; to his brothers and sister, to all of his relatives, leaving special messages of love and Christian advice; and then, clasping his hands together, he burst into such an ecstasy of gratitude and love for his Saviour, of longing aspirations after the bliss of heaven, of the glory of the redemption and the atonement, as thrilled the hearts of all who heard him. In signing his will, he could not be satisfied without adding even to it, his testimony to the affections of earth and the bliss of heaven. "*I love you all—I hope to meet you all in heaven—This is my will, that ye be with me, even as I am*"—traced in almost unintelligible letters, bears affecting witness both to his tenderness and his piety.

His worldly duties done, he now begged to be straightened for the grave, "he should die in five minutes;" and with one long lingering gaze of wistful tenderness upon the

face he loved best on earth, he closed his eyes and awaited death. But his hour was not yet come. He lingered still, weary, but not impatient, desiring to live, that he might atone for the wasted hours of the past, but resigned to die, if it was the will of that Saviour in whose arms he reposed. Through the waters that overwhelmed his soul, he distinguished the dim shores of eternity beyond, and with the humility, as well as the confidence, of a little child, awaited the result. To a friend who called on Saturday morning, he remarked, "You will never be able to preach the valley of the shadow of death! I could preach it! I have passed almost through it."

"I have passed through horrible darkness, but it is passed."

"Jesus will take me safely through the rest."

"I have been in deep waters, and Satan had strong hold upon me, but my Saviour has conquered, my blessed, blessed Saviour! He can hold me up!"

To a lady, who had won his regard from his first arrival in Harrisburg, but who had especially endeared herself to him by her attention during his illness, he said, grasping her hand, "Mrs. G., I shall love you in heaven!" And after conversing with a coloured man, who waited upon him, with regard to the Wesleyan church of Harrisburg, he remarked, "How many jewels for my crown I might have won, had I but been faithful to those poor souls."

Many such expressions fell from his lips during this weary day and restless night. Over and over again, he would request the pillow to be taken from his head, that he might depart. On one such occasion, he exclaimed, "To God the

Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, do I commend myself; He will take care of me, the God to whom I was given in baptism—the God whom I acknowledge in communion—the God whom I have tried to serve—*my* God! He will not forsake me. Why does he tarry? Why are his chariot wheels so long in coming?" He sank slowly, but surely, so wearied with the long struggle, so worn out with excitement of feeling, that he would watch the countenance of his physician for the fatal sentence, and express his regret when he found it delayed. But no expression of pain or impatience escaped him. He was ever averse to any expression of deep feeling. He could write passionately, but from his lips never fell a word stronger than gentle tenderness or mild rebuke. It was this knowledge, on my part, that gave double agony to his last illness. He was patient and thankful for the smallest attention, abounding in tender anxiety for my health, following the slightest movement with his eyes, yet wearing never even the shadow of a smile; his eyes losing not, for an instant, that anxious, wistful, appealing look, which seemed to say, "I dare not trust myself to speak." And so he died. On Sabbath morning, October 3, 1847, on the anniversary of the day that four years before had witnessed his marriage, clasping my hand, and gazing into my eyes with that earnest look, which even death could not alter, his spirit burst its bonds, and rose on triumphant wings to find perfect happiness in the bosom of its God.

In the grave-yard of a lonely country church, some two miles from the track of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Rail-

road, rest the mortal remains of William S. Graham. Far from the hum and shock of men, the waters of the White Clay Creek flow tranquilly by. The budding leaves of spring expand into the greenness and beauty of summer, or touched by the breath of winter, fall tranquilly around his tomb.

“There is naught to disturb the silence there,  
But the night wind gently driven;  
Or the murmur low of the spring-bird near,  
To distant echo given.”

A broken column marks the spot where his form reposes, bearing this inscription :

SACRED TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
WILLIAM S. GRAHAM,  
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE,  
OCTOBER 3, 1847,  
“Looking unto Jesus.”

## **POETICAL REMAINS.**



## FRIENDSHIP.

“ All like the purchase, few the price will pay,  
And this makes friends such miracles below.”

Yours.

MAN rises not to sport on Fortune's tide,  
Then pass unnoticed down the stream of years;  
He moves the centre of a system wide,  
And round his pathway scatters smiles or tears.  
Not lone the fabric of his hopes he rears—  
Warm hearts beat high to hear of his renown,  
His star ascending, some fond bosom cheers,  
Or leaves in gloom, as darkly it goes down,  
With secret tears and sad, his memory long to  
crown.

Alas, for him who roams the world alone,  
With unshared sorrows preying at his heart;  
His spirit proud, by long endurance grown  
Callous and cold, disdains affliction's dart.  
His soul is frozen, and no more shall start  
The tears of anguish in his burning eye;  
'Mongst mortals scorned, he acts his lonely part,  
Then lays him down in solitude to die,  
And sinks into the grave unwept, without a sigh.

Sweet Friendship, charmer of a dreary way,  
The brightest image in life's sickly dream,  
In thy kind smiles the saddest soul is gay,  
And rays of comfort in the darkness gleam.  
The frozen heart sends forth a fertile stream  
Of rich affections, watering all the soul;  
A thousand pleasures blossom in thy beam,  
To deck man's pathway to his gloomy goal,  
And hide the clustering thorns, e'en thou canst  
not control.

In youth, the tide of passion swelling high  
O'erleaps the bounds of reason. Fancy shows  
The distant world in colours of the sky,  
And inexperience fears no secret foes.  
The trusting heart 'mong thistles seeks repose,  
And sees a friend in every smiling face;  
Till disappointment o'er the prospect blows  
With chilling blast, the illusion bright to chase,  
And leaves the withered heart to weep in lone-  
liness.

Men walk in masks, deceiving and deceived,  
And fall into the nets themselves have spread;  
Hope ever cheating smiles, and is believed,  
And half the world goes dreaming to the dead.

With careless steps enchanted ground we tread,  
 Where naught is real that salutes the eyes ;  
 A magic scene where most are blindfold led,  
 And act their parts beneath a deep disguise,  
 Till death the vision ends, and wakes them to  
 surprise.

Each virtue hath its counterfeit, and oft  
 A demon lurks beneath an angel's smile ;  
 Religion's mantle throws a radiance soft  
 O'er spirits dark, and hides the secret guile  
 That swells like poison through the soul the while.  
 The name of Friendship is blasphemed for gain,  
 And thousands crowd her altars to defile  
 With gifts unholy, cursed with mammon's stain,  
 Which eats into the heart, and makes their homage  
 vain.

Wealth, reputation, ease, may take them wings  
 And leave the wretch to infamy and want ;  
 But a pure breast, will soothe a thousand stings,  
 And friendship's smile light up affliction's haunt.  
 'Tis not in fortune or the world to daunt,  
 Howe'er they break, the spirit armed with truth ;  
 But heaviest falls the false friend's bitter taunt,  
 And pierces deepest with envenomed tooth,  
 Poisoning the fount of life, e'en in the heart of youth.

Earth has no deadlier foe, than faithless friend,  
The thrust descends where most secure we feel;  
The viper, sleeping in the breast, may send  
A pang more fatal than the assassin's steel.  
All other wounds some medicine may heal,  
Hope wipes the tear from suffering's haggard eye,  
Time soothes the soul where grief has set its seal;  
But who may balm to wounded heart apply?  
When friends we've loved grow cold, 'tis time for  
us to die!

1835.

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WRITTEN ON THE FIRST PAGE OF A SISTER'S  
ALBUM.

There is one who hath gone to his rest,  
Whose name on this page should appear,  
Though the grave where he slumbers no marble  
hath pressed;  
Embalmed by affection in many a breast,  
His mem'ry shall ever be dear.

We weep not, though lowly he lies,  
Enshrouded in coldness and gloom,  
Though the breeze that sweeps over him mourn-  
fully sighs,  
And the dews of the evening, like tears from the  
skies,  
In silence descend on his tomb.

He sleeps with his people around,  
For whom he long laboured with tears;  
The rest of the weary at length he hath found,  
And sweet is his slumber, though low in the  
ground,  
Earth's tumult no longer he hears.

His heart was acquainted with grief,  
He wept when the world knew it not,  
Whilst others deserted, he stood by his chief;  
When friends looked on coldly, he found a relief,  
Where the mourner is never forgot.

Though hoary the locks of his head,  
'Twas not with the blossom of years;  
Not time o'er his cheek those deep furrows had  
spread,  
But care her white frosts o'er his temples had  
shed,—  
Those lines were the channels of tears.

Worn out by the race he had run,  
 He hath gone to enjoy his reward,  
 To present to his master the souls he has won,  
 And receive from his lips the glad welcome,  
 “ Well done,  
 “ Enter into the joy of thy Lord.”

Death came not in terrors arrayed,  
 Rejoicing he went to the tomb ;  
 Though he walked through the valley, he was not  
 afraid,  
 For his Saviour was near, in the midst of the  
 shade,  
 And lit up his path through the gloom.

No more his kind smile we shall meet,  
 His voice shall address us no more ;  
 The sinner no longer with tears he'll entreat,  
 Nor over the emblems the story repeat,  
 His labours and sorrows are o'er.

There are souls in the ranks of the blest,  
 Who have welcomed their pastor above,  
 And others he'll greet as they rise to their rest,  
 And unite with his people, where naught can mo-  
 lest,  
 In the praise of Immanuel's love.

Though distant his spirit has fled,  
From the regions of darkness and wo,  
In silence he speaks from the land of the dead—  
“ My people remember the words that I said,  
“ While yet I was with you below.”

1837.

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### THE SPIRIT'S HOME.

On the cloud-covered mount, o'er the foam of the waves,  
In her wanderings the spirit hath been,  
Hath walked 'mid the coral in ocean's dark caves,  
And the ruins of empires hath seen.  
To commune with the mighty who quake on the throne,  
To regions remote she hath fled,  
Hath gazed on the captives in darkness who groan,  
And wept o'er the fields of the dead.  
'Mid the orbs that wheel nightly their course through the sky,  
On fancy's wild wing she hath strayed,  
Where Nature sits throned in her temple on high,  
In the robes of her grandeur arrayed.

From the verge of creation, where chaos appears,  
She hath looked o'er Jehovah's domains;  
Hath witnessed secure the wild dance of the  
spheres,  
And heard their mysterious strains.

With spirits departed communion to hold,  
She hath sought the retreats of the dead,  
Conversed with the shades of the heroes of old,  
And mourned with the brave who have bled.  
She hath gone to the tomb of affection to weep,  
Where friendship in darkness has lain;  
And fancy has roused the cold form from its sleep,  
And arrayed it in beauty again.

She hath turned from the darkness and frailty  
below,  
From the brightness and coldness above,  
From the land of the dead, in its silence and wo,  
To repose in the bosom of love.  
As weary the dove o'er the waters did roam,  
When the earth in the deluge was drowned,  
The spirit must wander unblest, 'till its home  
In the heart of affection is found.

1837.

## THE SWALLOW.

## A FABLE.

“Good day,” to the ants, the swallow cried,  
As she took her morning walk;  
“We are laying up stores,” the ants replied,  
“And have no time to talk.”

“Come sport with me 'mid the summer haunts,  
While the flowers are smiling gay;”  
“But winter comes,” said the busy ants,  
“And we must work to-day.”

“You are wise, you are wise,” the swallow said,  
And away at the word she hies,  
And her nest she filled with spiders dead,  
And piled it up with flies.

“Why this, my dear!” said an aged bird,  
As she looked at her busy child.  
“Oh, mother, help! from the ants I've heard  
Of a time when storms are wild!”

“ Cease, foolish child,” and her mother smiled,  
To hear her daughter prate;  
“ Toil suits the ants—our Maker grants  
To us a happier fate.

“ With the sweets of summer we hie away,  
And leave the withering flowers;  
And slumbering warm in the fens we lay,  
Through winter’s cheerless hours.

“ Nor thirst, nor hunger, we there shall know,  
Nor feel the drenching rain;  
And when spring returns, and the warm winds  
blow,  
We’ll mount to life again.”

## MORAL.

Thus thousands weep for a golden heap,  
To brighter prospects blind;  
Who soon must sleep, in the grave-yard deep,  
And leave their wealth behind.

1837.

## TO MARGARET DAVIDSON.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK PAGE IN HER MEMOIR.

Beautiful spirit ! from what brighter sphere  
 Cam'st thou to wither in too cold a clime ?  
 Whence beamed the glory that shone round thee  
 here,  
 And left its traces in the Halls of Time,  
 Whil'st thou art gone upon thy course sublime ?  
 Whence came those notes, whose untaught music  
 flowed  
 Unstudied as Castalia's sacred chime—  
 Like echoes of high Heaven's immortal ode,  
 Breathing such visions fair, as never earth bestowed ?

And thou art gone to shine in other skies,  
 Leaving earth brighter for thy transient stay !  
 From the pure fountain of thy soul-lit eyes  
 A beam of heaven is added to our day !  
 Not all thy brightness with thee passed away—  
 Like the last smile of the departing sun,  
 Thy memory round thy native hills shall play ;  
 And glorious dreams and robes of light are won  
 For every star and stream thou loved'st to gaze  
 upon.

Bright spirit! could we trace thy homeward flight,  
We'd learn the region whence those glories rise  
That flash in meteor glimpses on our night,  
And tell of other worlds, and purer skies.  
Whence draws the rainbow its celestial dyes?  
Whence comes the beauty of the flowery spring?  
Whence—

[*Unfinished.*]

1842.

## PHILOPENA.

“I have a passion for the name of *Mary*,  
For once it was a magic sound to me.”

BYRON.

“And e'en Mahomed, born for love and guile,  
Forgot the Koran in his *Mary's* smile.”

MOORE.

MILTON in his thirty-fifth year married *Mary*.  
“For dear to me as life and light  
Is my sweet Highland *Mary*.”

BURNS.

“*Mary*! the moon is sleeping on thy grave.”

H. K. WHITE.

“*Mary*! I want a lyre with other strings,  
That I may sound thy worth with honor due.”

COWPER.

“Little *Mary's* eye  
Is roguish and all that, sir.”

MOORE.

“In beauty and wit, no mortal as yet  
To question your empire has dared.”

POPE.

There's a magic in names, and if ever I heard  
A sound like the voice of a Fairy,  
To startle bright dreams in the soul with a word,  
That sound full of music is—*Mary*.

“Eternity’s Pilgrim,” enveloped in clouds,  
Whose blackness no sunshine could vary,  
Passed gloomy and lone amid earth’s gazing crowds,  
And smiled on but one—it was Mary.

And e’en the “Impostor,” long practised in lies,  
With a spirit in wickedness wary,  
An angel called down, with a text from the skies,  
To sanction the love of his Mary.

The bard, who from Paradise brings to our view  
Young Eve, in the bloom of a Fairy,  
That picture of beauty and innocence drew,  
When he thought of his own lovely Mary.

And Scotia’s sweet minstrel, whose heart, far from  
guile,  
Disdained not the maid of the dairy,  
Though many a lassie received a warm smile,  
Loved dearest his Sweet Highland Mary.

Sad Henry, who fell, in the spring of his days,  
A victim to genius unwary,  
With cyprus surrounded his brows, while his bays  
He spread on the tomb of his Mary.

The bard of Religion, sweet Cowper, oft sung  
In measures both solemn and airy ;  
But sweetest his numbers arose, when he strung  
His harp to the praise of his Mary.

Anacreon Moore, with his Mary's soft name  
His numbers delighted to vary ;  
And the Homer of Britain left Troy's fairest dame,  
To sing to his lovelier Mary.

Thus oft to Parnassus the poet has gone,  
For a wreath for the brow of his dearie ;  
Thus oft in high strains of immortal renown,  
Embalmed the sweet name of his Mary.

Then, lady, accept the slight tribute I bring,  
From the Muse in her jealousy chary :  
Though others have sounded a loftier string,  
None sang for a lovelier Mary !

1842.

TO \* \* \*

The minstrel, as his wild notes die  
Along the mountains lone,  
Hears Echo from her caves reply,  
Nor knows the strain his own.

The maid, in glassy stream, surveys  
Her face, reflected bright,  
And deems she views, with raptured gaze,  
A heaven with stars of light.

But not from Echo's caves the song  
That charms the listening air,  
And not to glassy streams belong  
Those orbs so softly fair.

Music and beauty thus reclaim  
The thousand joys they give ;  
And 'mid their echoes, in their own  
Reflected sweetness live.

Dead were the eye, on which thy glance  
Left not its lightning-track ;  
And dead the heart, that heard thy voice,  
Nor echoed music back.

But could'st thou look beneath the eye,  
And hear the murmurs low  
Of those deep streams, that silently  
Through the heart's channel flow—

E'en then, beneath those shadowy waves,  
Thine image thou might'st see,  
And hear within their haunted caves,  
An echo rise for thee !

1842.

To sing  
For E. D. G.  
Not Phœbus' lute I bring,  
Nor heavenly muse from sacred spring,  
Or mountains, where her favourite dwellings be;  
But in the thoughtful silence of the moon's sad light,  
When the still earth is wrapped in dreams, and fancy, sporting free,  
Wakes memories in the heart's deep cell, and visions fair to see;  
While from the past arise dear forms of old delight,  
And for the future, hope unfolds her wing;  
The thoughts that come, like billows bright  
Upon a starry sea,  
Shall sing to-night  
To thee.

The stars are out; in her silvery car  
The moon rides up the sky;  
The winds have fled to their caves afar,  
On the hills the echoes slumbering are,  
Where the quiet moonbeams lie—  
Why gaze I thus on that beauteous star,  
With a tear-drop in my eye?

E'en now, as I watched, through the azure clear,  
That star as it blazed along,  
An echo fell on my spirit's ear,  
Like the notes which the angels love to hear,  
And the whirling spheres prolong.  
'Twas Venus who sang to her sister sphere,  
And a poet heard the song.

## I.

“ Alone in my splendour,  
The queen of a train  
Of thousands, that render  
Their homage in vain;  
Unmatched through the mazes  
Of beauty I fly,  
And waken the praises  
Of earth and the sky.

## II.

“ Through the halls of the even,  
When gaily I roam,  
The children of heaven  
Look out from their home;

When eastward returning,  
I herald the day,  
The sons of the morning  
Attend my bright way.

## III.

“Earth heaves up her mountains  
For a glance of mine eye,  
And smiles through her fountains,  
When my chariot is nigh.  
Low moaneth the river,  
As I sink to the west,  
And my image forever  
Lies hid in his breast.

## IV.

“The children of beauty,  
Below and above,  
In the light of my coming,  
Glance backward in love.  
Yet *lone* in my splendour,  
Too lonely I reign,  
'Mid the thousands that render  
Their homage in vain.”

Thus sweetly sung that beauteous sphere,  
 And the echoes gently died ;  
 And silence' self held a listening ear,  
 While the sister orb replied :

## I.

“ All lonely thou rovest,  
 ’Mid the many that smile,  
 Since the one that thou lovest,  
 Is absent the while.  
 The mountain, the river,  
 The sons of the sky,  
 Not faithful forever  
 Will smile in thine eye.

## II.

“ Soon all will be scattered,  
 That worshipped before ;  
 And the many that flattered,  
 Will flatter no more.  
 Then, wanderings all over,  
 Thou wilt sink to thy rest,  
 On the breast of thy lover,  
 The wave of the west.”

## VERSES

## ON THE DRYING OF THE ELBE.\*

Beneath the hiding waves of time  
Are secrets, graven deep,  
Of buried joy and wo and crime,  
And those who see shall weep.

In life's gay morn secure we ride,  
With breeze and prospect fair;  
Oh ! could we look beneath the tide,  
And read the history there !

In fancy's fairest tints arrayed,  
The sunlit billows glow,  
While blasted hearts and hopes decayed  
In darkness sleep below.

We walk o'er graves—the dust we tread  
Hath many a tale of fear;  
The fadeless footsteps of the dead,  
In all our paths appear.

\* “The heat of the summer having dried up the waters of the Elbe, a stone was discovered in its bed, bearing a date 200 years previous, and this inscription—‘When the people saw me first, they wept; when they see me again, they shall weep yet more.’”

The ceaseless whirl of life goes on,  
 And heartless nature blooms,  
 While countless generations gone  
 Have strewed the world with tombs.

Earth hath no stone, but on it set  
 Death's dreadful seal appears ;  
 And scarce a clod, but hath been wet  
 With human blood and tears.

No desert wild, nor cavern lone,  
 Nor bleak, nor burning sky,  
 But oft hath heard the sufferer's groan,  
 And seen the wretched die.

The cooling breeze its freshness brings  
 From sighs that sorrow gave ;  
 And beauty's favourite rose-bud springs  
 From Friendship's lowly grave.

Oh ! why should nature smile so fair,  
 And put such glories on,  
 When her deep heart conceals despair,  
 And her young joys are gone ?

Could we but roll the waves of time  
Back to their hidden spring,  
As on that coming day sublime,  
When the last trump shall ring ;

When ocean, through his deep domain,  
Shall hear the summons dread,  
And every mountain, stream, and plain,  
Send forth their thronging dead ;

Could we those billows backward roll,  
And learn the scenes below,  
And read, as on a rocky scroll,  
The tale of human wo ;

And on the hard and bloody stone,  
Man's mournful history trace,  
And hear in one concentrated groan,  
The wailings of a race ;

That awful sight with fear would tear  
And wring a heart of lead,  
That awful shriek of deep despair  
Would wake the sleeping dead !

1842.

TO \* \* \*.

A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

'Tis ever thus! a face of light,  
Like thine, O! Elbe, conceals  
Secrets, which not to careless sight  
The trusting heart reveals.

As gems are hid in caverns lone,  
And flowers in deserts dwell;  
The dearest dreams the heart hath known,  
The tongue may never tell.

Not laughing eye, nor glowing cheek,  
Nor brow of careless show,  
Nor notes of seeming mirth bespeak  
The thoughts that dwell below.

I know where lies a gentle heart,  
Whose sunny glances play,  
Bright as the beams, O! Elbe, that dart  
Amid thy silvery spray.

O ! could I, through those soul-lit eyes,  
Pierce to their fountain blest,  
And read the record deep that lies,  
Engraven on the breast ;

No penance were too hard to bear,  
That hidden page to see ;  
And if my name were written there,  
'T were joy enough for me !

1842.

## DANCING.

FROM A POETICAL EPISTLE TO A LADY.

\* \* \* \* \*

But dancing ! oh, I love, I love to see  
The motion light of any thing that's free !  
The bird mounts upward on exulting wing ;  
The brook leaps laughing from its crystal spring ;  
The wind, the sunbeam, and e'en hoary ocean,  
Play round the free world with a graceful motion.  
Love I not dancing ? Love I not to see  
A graceful form in wavy motion free ?  
Have I not seen bright thoughts, like fairies, trip  
Round her blue eye and o'er her rosy lip,  
And o'er the varying features dancing go,  
To the soft music of a voice, whose flow  
Rose like a lake's sweet song in lonely place,  
Singing to moonbeams playing on its face ?  
But not the old oak rears his crest on high,  
Merely to wave his tresses in the sky ;  
Else were he but a dandy 'mong the trees,  
Bowing his head and smiling in the breeze.

Through yielding air the graceful eagle springs,  
Yet aims he higher than to show his wings ;  
Some worthy foe provokes his warrior eye,  
Or hunger prompts, or starving children cry.  
The brook that sings and dances on its way,  
Spreads round its course rich flowers and harvests  
    gay ;  
And not a blushing daughter of the spring,  
But hides some charm to quell disease's sting.  
'Nature has charms' in her immortal face,  
Her children smile—her children move with grace;  
E'en angels robe themselves in heavenly dyes,  
And graceful ride on missions through the skies.  
Yet nature spreads her thousand smiles abroad  
For ends more noble than to deck the sod ;  
And angels move, but to obey their God.  
O ! I have *seen*—what 'twas not safe to see—  
A face of light, a beauteous form and free,  
And known, beneath, a mind of noblest mould,  
Like priceless gem in jasper set or gold.  
And I have *heard*—what dangerous 'twas to hear—  
A low sweet voice, like music soft and clear,  
Freighted with thoughts all bright and warm, that  
    start  
From the pure chambers of a gentle heart.

And I have *dreamed*—though madness 'twas to  
dream

In the warm contact of so bright a theme—  
Of the deep treasure of that fountain blest,  
Whose sacred source is woman's peaceful breast ;  
Whence smiles of light—while prosperous breezes  
blow,

And joyous words and streams of kindness flow ;  
But when dread sorrow glooms our wintry skies,  
Inspiring hopes and notes of courage rise.

Thus have I dreamed, 'till round celestial light  
Disclosed bright visions veiled to mortal sight ;  
And I beheld a beauteous form, that wore  
The well-known smile I oft had seen before.  
Thus let me dream—of one ordained to be  
A fountain of high hopes and sympathy ;  
A joy to heighten every joy we know,  
A guardian angel in an hour of wo ;  
A spirit fair, a being bright and warm  
With a high soul—not a mere gilded form  
Or fair automaton, to move by art,  
Needing or using neither head nor heart ;  
Graceful to lead where butterflies excel,  
And knave and coxcomb can do just as well !

\* \* \* \* \*

We walk upon a world, o'ershadowed high  
With the broad concave of the glorious sky,  
Spread out to catch the feeblest sounds that fly,  
And send them thundering back, 'till you and I  
Shall hear our neighbour's softest whispered sigh,  
Which he had thought in his own heart did die.  
We move amid an atmosphere, which, stirred  
With the soft wing of scarcely whispered word,  
Rolls on its echoes, till the world has heard,  
What he had hoped in silence was interred !

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

1842.

## TO \* \* \*.

And think'st thou that I love thee not,  
Or love thee with but half a heart?  
And have these eyes their skill forgot  
The secret of the soul to impart?  
And hath no glance of kindness shown,  
Whence that warm fountain's source may be,  
Whose music mounts in every tone,  
To speak the love I've felt for thee?

And hast thou seen no sudden light  
Upon this brow, when thou wert near—  
No rising smile of deep delight,  
To whisper that thou wert most dear?  
Then hath this brow essayed in vain,  
A mirror of my heart to be;  
And smiles alone may ne'er explain  
The hidden love I've felt for thee.

In courtlier phrase the coxcomb swears,  
Than the full heart of love can boast;  
More glib the tongue the less it bears—  
The shallow streamlet chatters most;

Ne'er toss'd on careless lips have been  
The blushing thoughts that dearest be.  
E'en where the life-blood glides unseen,  
Sleeps the deep love I've felt for thee !

A cheek that knows no blush, conceals  
A heart unswayed by love's control;  
And the loud flowing tongue reveals  
The shallow current of the soul.  
Oh, far too deep for tongue or eyes  
To express to stranger ear or e'e,  
In the soul's holiest chamber lies  
The deathless love I've felt for thee !

1843.

## A PINDARIC ODE.

TO \* \* \*.

## A FRAGMENT.

## I.

Music is sorrow's knell !  
 And through the halls, where bright lamps shine,  
 And glancing eyes their secrets tell,  
 Beauty arrays her charms divine.  
 Like waves the graceful dancers go,  
 And rosy cheek and brow of snow,  
 And nimble foot and form of light,  
 'Neath music's deep commanding swell,  
 Sparkle and sport in circles bright,  
 Like flowers that play through a summer night,  
 With the singing breeze of a fairy dell.

## II.

Saw ye the smile of the parting day,  
 O'er the earth its splendour throwing ?  
 She hath passed like a sunbeam on her way,  
 And a hundred cheeks are glowing.

The breeze of the mountain passed over the plain,  
And the cedars in homage are bending;  
Bright Cynthia looked down with a smile on the  
main,  
And upward the billows are tending.  
In the vale of Cashmere where the flowers are  
bright,  
The rose is fair to see;  
On Beauty I gazed 'mid the Halls of Light,  
And a lovely queen was she!

## III.

With head erect and nostril wide,  
And hoof that proudly spurns the plain,  
With heart of fire and eye of pride,  
The gallant steed from his stall hath hied  
To lead a gallant train.  
For a maiden fair goes forth to ride,  
A maid that knows to hold the rein.  
The ploughman hath checked the dusty team,  
And turns his head to see;  
The milkmaid stops the snowy stream,  
The children are out with a merry scream,  
And the dogs are wild with glee!

Like a flood from the steep,  
With a whirlwind leap,  
Comes a train o'er the hill-top high,  
And the streamers sweep  
Through the valley deep,  
Like the banners of the sky.  
In sacred mount, when nymphs convene,  
Diana at their head is seen  
The first in dance and song;  
And when like phantom clouds they go,  
To sport amid the vales below,  
She leads their choir along.

\*       \*       \*       \*

1843.

TO \* \* \*.

IN REPLY TO SOME VERSES ACCOMPANYING A BRACELET OF HAIR.

A charm to bind me thine in weal,  
To seal me thine in wo—  
'Tis all too late ; nor charm nor seal  
This heart henceforth may know.

Its fate is fixed ; a spell unseen  
Sleeps in its holiest cell ;  
No talisman hath power, I ween,  
To bind or break that spell.

Graven on its secret tablets deep,  
Is the vow to thee I gave ;  
That record on this heart shall sleep  
Unaltered in the grave.

No more may smile, nor bursting tear,  
Nor brow of light or gloom,  
Reach the fair image buried here,  
And sacred to the tomb.

Though momentary clouds may rise,  
And o'er the surface blow,  
Yet faith shall wait for brighter skies,  
In peaceful caves below.

Oh! could I tear the veil aside,  
And give thine eyes to see,  
Where faith hath sought that vow to hide,  
She spoke e'erwhile to thee.

Could'st thou behold the heart where sleeps  
Embalmed thine image fair,  
And know the deathless love that keeps  
That image fadeless there,

Not careless word, nor thoughtless jest,  
Nor seeming coldness more  
Could wake a doubt within thy breast,  
Or cloud thy brightness o'er.

1843.

TO \* \* \*.

Go ask the Zephyr, why he holds so dear  
His borrowed sweets, e'en when the rose is dead;  
Ask Echo, why the hills still love to hear  
Her mimic voice, when music's self is fled ;

Ask twilight earth, why on her bosom sleeps  
The sun's last smile, when he can smile no more;  
Ask memory, why in holiest cell she keeps  
The hopes of youth, when youth and hope are o'er;

Ask thine own heart, why treasures lost assume  
A worth unknown in fortune's happier hour ;  
Why love is mightiest weeping o'er a tomb ;  
Why unknown sweets embalm the faded flower.

Then know why aught that wakes a dream of thee,  
Is dearer now than all the world to me.

1843.

## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

In the budding of thy beauty,  
 In the dawning of thy day,  
 In the vestibule of being,  
 Dear one ! thou wert called away,

From a mother's soft caressing,  
 From that mother's heart distrest,  
 From a happy father's blessing,  
 From that father's bleeding breast,

To thine everlasting slumber,  
 To the grave's encircling love,  
 To the fadeless bowers of heaven,  
 To the cherub bands above.

In thy breathless slumber lying,  
 Like a folded flower at rest,  
 Heard'st thou not thy mother sighing  
 For the gem that left her breast ?

In thy robes of glory beaming,  
    New-born spirit of the skies,  
Saw'st thou not the tear-drop streaming  
    From thy mother's sleepless eyes?

As a sunbeam on the fountain,  
    Bright and transient was thy stay;  
As the mist upon the mountain,  
    Early thou hast past away.

So a snow-drop sinks in silence,  
    Pure from its celestial birth;  
So a snow-drop, in the summer,  
    Mounts on sunbeams from the earth.

Like a note of music wafted  
    From the angelic lyres on high,  
Like a rosebud earthward straying  
    From the gardens of the sky;

As a heavenly vision blending,  
    With the shades where mortals pine,  
As a blissful dream descending  
    From the temple's inner shrine;

Glowing in immortal beauty,  
Thou upon our path did'st light—  
Leaving but remembered sweetness,  
Thou hast fled our aching sight.

To these hearts a season given,  
Thou did'st stir their fount of love,  
Then resought thy native heaven,  
Bearing the full tide above.

Not in vain thine earthly visit,  
Heavenly cherub in disguise ;  
Led by thee our hearts shall venture  
To the portals of the skies.

1843.

## TO HER OF WHOM IT IS TRUE.

I've seen her when her brow was bright,  
And pure as evening's sky,  
And the full soul's unclouded light  
Blazed from the sparkling eye.  
Such sight not earth could yield again,  
With rapture pure as this ;  
One glance of love was dearer then,  
Than years of common bliss !

I've seen her when her cheek did fade,  
And tear-drops dimmed her eye ;  
And on her brow was sorrow's shade,  
And in her breast a sigh.  
Oh ! then, to sit in silence near,  
Were joy enough for me ;  
For e'en her tears are far more dear,  
Than others' smiles may be !

1843.

## TO M. B. J.\*

I read thy lay,  
And the sad music of thy mournful song  
Within this heart's deep caves was echoed long,  
O, M. B. J. !  
And in my spirit's ear, I heard once more  
A strain of wo, which I had heard before.

Whence came that lay ?  
In my old scrap-book I have found the strain,  
Which thy lone grief hath poured abroad again,  
O, M. B. J. !  
And I would learn, what heart hath wept its wo,  
So like my scrap-book five long years ago.

1843.

\* Upon some verses printed, under that signature, in a newspaper.

## TO MARGARET M \* \* \* \* \*.

Maggie! from thy brow so bright,  
And those dancing eyes of thine,  
Glows a young heart's happy light,  
Glancing beams of Hope divine.  
In young fancy's charms arrayed,  
Every object now is gay :  
Maggie, all those charms must fade—  
Earthly charms must fade away.  
Turn thine eyes where pleasures shine,  
Everlasting through the gloom :  
Everlasting joys be thine,  
Rising, deathless, from the tomb !

1843.

## FRAGMENT.

David was born a genuine poet ;  
But the old de'il himself don't know it,  
And the young de'il himself can't show it !

## SONNETS.

## I.

## THE SERENADE.

Beneath a bower, where poplar branches long,  
Embracing, wove seclusion round the abode  
Of Hermit sage, what time the full moon rode,  
'Mid spectre clouds her star-paved streets along,  
Rose on the listening ear a plaintive song,  
Sweet as the harmony of an angel's lyre,  
And soft as sweet, breathed heavenward from a  
choir  
Of beauty, hid the encircling shades among.  
Of mysteries deep I ween that sage had dreamed,  
Who now, upstarting, clasps his hands, to hear  
The mystic notes of nature's anthem clear,  
Which holiest bards have heard and heavenly  
deemed.  
'Tis ever thus, as to that sage it seemed,  
'Tis beauty makes the dreams of wisdom dear!

1843.

## II.

## BEAR ON.

Kind nature hath a sympathising tone  
For every mood of human joy or pain.  
Sad heart from humblest flower may courage  
gain,  
Daring the storm with smiling brow alone.  
The brave old oak, around whose head have blown  
A hundred winters, still maintains his place ;  
The hoary cliff uprears his storm-scarred face,  
Though round his base the wrecks of time are  
strown ;  
The stars shine on as at their birth they shone ;  
The glorious sun runs his immortal race.  
Faint spirit ! bowed 'neath life's o'erburdening ills,  
Lift up thine eye to heaven's eternal scope !  
Look out upon the everlasting hills,  
And see a firm foundation still for Hope !

1843.

## III.

## REJOICE.

The world is full of joy. The sweet rose flings  
Her fragrance out to invite the zephyr's kiss;  
The morning lark, in wantonness of bliss,  
To meet the sun with song of welcome springs;  
The little brook to her own motion sings;  
The storm peals out; down comes the dancing  
rain;  
The mountain stream leaps shouting to the plain,  
And with high glee the echoing valley rings;  
The wild wind whistles in his desert caves;  
The thick clouds ride triumphant down the sky;  
The old green wood his lusty branches waves;  
Huge ocean shakes his foamy crest on high;  
Earth springs exulting in her fadeless prime,  
And the glad sun rolls on his course sublime!

1843.

## IV.

## THE SMILE.

I looked on Beauty, when the sudden light  
Of intellect, and generous feeling high,  
Blazed on the cheek and lightened in the eye,  
And genius flashed from every feature bright.  
I looked on Beauty, when a wild delight  
Laughed from beneath her silken lashes fair,  
And mirth, awaking from his rosy lair,  
Led forth his dimples like the waves of night,  
When the full heaven of stars is shining there.  
But not the flash of genius may compare,  
Nor the gay summer of the radiant cheek,  
With the soft smile of twilight sweetness rare  
On Beauty's brow, which thoughts of kindness  
wear,  
When the eye looks more than the tongue may  
speak.

## V.

## TO E. D. G.

Dear wandering Ellee, five long nights and days  
Have dragged their slow and tedious length along,  
Since last I heard the music of thy tongue,  
Or met thy smile, or felt the gentle rays  
Of those dear eyes, whose softest glance allays  
Sad thoughts of fear, and makes my spirit strong.  
Like the old bard and blind, who sent his song  
Complaining to the glorious orb of day,  
E'en in this gloom of loneliness, a lay  
I wake to thee, my light! unseen too long,  
And claim thy swift return, and blame the throng  
Of circumstance, that keeps thee thus away.  
Dear as the light to orbs long blind, shall be  
The first bright ray thine eyes shall send to me!

1844.

## VI.

## TO E. D. G.

Ellee! the sky is dark; and cold and drear  
The night-wind groans through many a frozen  
bough;  
Pity the wretch who homeless wanders now,  
No light to guide him, and no friend to cheer.  
While the full world holds on its deaf career,  
And thoughtless wassail thinks the hours too fast,  
He lonely struggles with the stormy blast,  
Or stumbling, makes the icy ground his bier.  
Such, Ellee, I, if thou should'st leave my side,  
A wanderer lonely in a frozen night,  
The life of life henceforth to me denied,  
My path were darkness, 'mid the noonday light.  
Earth were too poor to yield a spot so blest,  
Where, rest of thee, this heart might be at rest.

1845.

## VII.

## WORDSWORTH.

## 1.

Poet of the thoughtful brow! far-sighted seer!  
Whose gifted eye, on mountain, peak, and plain,  
The eternal heavens and never sleeping main,  
Mysterious writings saw, and read with fear.  
In the deep silence of the night, thine ear  
Heard from the earth a still sad music rise,  
Nor less the anthem caught, that midnight skies  
Pour through the soul from each rejoicing sphere.  
But most thou lov'st, with solemn steps, to take  
Down through the awful chambers of the soul  
Thy dreadful way, and hear the billows roll  
Of that deep ocean, whose far thunders break  
Upon the everlasting shores, and wake  
Echoes that wiser make whom they control.

1845.

18\*

## VIII.

## WORDSWORTH.

## 2.

Thy song sublime the tinkling charms disdains  
And painted trappings of the gaudy muse,  
And in such dress as truth and nature use,  
Majestic mounts in high Miltonic strains,  
And pours its strength along the ethereal plains  
Solemn and grand, as when the hills reply  
To the full chorus of a stormy sky,  
Or ocean round his rock-bound shores complains.  
Yet not the highest heaven, amid the “choir  
Of shouting angels and the empyreal thrones,”  
Nor louder Erebus, nor chaos old,  
Thy chiefest haunt; but with sublimer tones,  
Through the dark caverns of the mind are rolled  
The mighty thunders of thy master lyre.

1845.

## AN INFANT'S EPISTLE.

Wee Ellee G. thanks auntie A.  
For the nice present left to-day,  
And hopes, ere long, to call and tell  
How snug it fits, how warm and well.

Her little head, while round and on it,  
Rest the soft folds of auntie's bonnet,  
Warm thoughts shall hold, for many a day,  
Of the kind gift of auntie A.

*Die viteæ 22.*

*Anno Domini, 1844.*

## TO MY WIFE.

DEC. 25, 1844.

Presents enough to suit my mind  
For all the rest I see,  
But gift to please my taste I find  
None, dearest, fit for thee.

Not earthly gift could e'er repay  
The joy thou art to me,  
Nor gem of purest flame betray  
The love I bear to thee.

Where golden gifts too poor would shine,  
Their want expressive be:  
No gift I need, while thou art mine,  
Myself, I give to thee.

## IMPROPTU.

TO S. M. G.

Scarce arrived at bright sixteen,  
Unsubdued by sorrows grim,  
Susie slips along between  
Youngster wild and maiden prim.  
Mingled with her follies gay,  
Graver notes begin to rise ;  
In her brightness shadows play,  
Like the hues of summer skies.  
Busy Time begins to blight  
Early dreams and prospects clear ;  
Restless Time brings on the night—  
Trials, woman's lot, are near.

1845.

## TO MRS. BOSE.

## A REMONSTRANCE.

## I.

Fair Mrs. Bose  
She keepeth close,  
Yet wide her kindness reaches ;  
Through wet and cold  
Comes Charley bold,  
Well packed with grapes and peaches.

## II.

When she is nigh,  
Her happy eye  
A beam to the dark cloud lendeth ;  
And when away,  
A blessed ray  
In the blushing peach she sendeth.

## III.

Her words, that flow  
In music low,  
Are drowned when the storm-wind blusters;  
Yet kind words fly  
To friends near by,  
Disguised in juicy clusters.

## IV.

Ah! Mrs. Bose,  
She keeps too close,  
Though far her kindness reaches—  
That joyous smile  
Of the Emerald Isle  
Is better than grapes and peaches.

1847.

## TO A LADY.

## UPON RECEIVING A PAIR OF EMBROIDERED SLIPPERS.

Fair fingers, for a poet's feet,  
Have woven honours rich and rare ;  
Poetic feet, as is most meet,  
Shall celebrate those fingers fair.

Those fingers wrought on a plain illumed  
By the warm light of sunny eyes—  
What wonder if the landscape bloomed,  
Bright as the flowers of Eastern skies !

What wonder, if that landscape stole  
The grace and beauty beaming o'er,  
And the soft splendour of the whole,  
Glowed like a smile I've seen before !

Henceforth, where'er my footsteps stray,  
New charms shall flash a glory round ;  
My path, with blooming honours gay,  
Like summer's foot-prints deck the ground.

Like some great conqueror robed complete,  
I walk in gold and crimson sheen,  
Such wreaths resplendent on my feet,  
As round immortal brows have been.

Were I a Pope—and who may know  
What wonders changeful time shall bear—  
What mortal but would kiss a toe,  
Robed in a dress so wondrous fair !

1847.

## VALEDICTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE EXHIBITION OF HARRISBURG ACADEMY,  
JULY 20, 1847.\*

“Farewell!” what tongue the full meaning can  
tell,

That is hid in that haunted word—Farewell!  
The boy, who hath gone from his father’s side  
To find how cold is the world and wide;  
The lover, whom fate hath forced to fly,  
With a kiss, an embrace, and a long good-bye;  
The bride, who hath lingered, yet chosen to go  
From her mother’s home—for weal and for wo;  
The exile, whose heart hath sighed its “adieu”  
To his native hills o’er the waters blue—  
Ah! these have FELT, what no tongue can tell,  
The wo that is hid in that word—Farewell!

But not always thus as a parting knell;  
A note of joy is that word—Farewell.

\* See Memoir, page 141.

Have ye never seen on what joyful wings,  
From his long shut prison, the free bird springs?  
Have ye never heard, from his heavenward flight,  
How he poured to his prison a glad good-night?  
The captive who weeps in his weary cell,  
Will he sigh, when he says to that dungeon, Farewell?

Or the school-boy, whose cheek has grown pale in  
the toil  
Of his lonely task o'er the midnight oil,  
When vacation has come, with its sports and its  
rest,  
Will he part with his books with a sorrowful breast?

Oh ye from whose bosoms youth's freshness hath  
parted,  
Ye know not the joys of the young and light  
hearted!  
When the blood flows the freest, the world is the  
brightest,  
The laugh rings the loudest, the footstep is lightest;  
When the spirit, untamed by experience of evil,  
Like a bee 'mongst the roses, lives only to revel;  
And the heart is away where the wild birds are  
singing,  
Where the sunfish are glacing, and the flowers are  
springing;

When the soul on its path its own brightness is  
casting,  
Oh! then hath life something too sweet to be  
lasting.

Then, bound a captive to his books,  
The school-boy from his window looks  
On the sunny fields where the zephyrs play,  
And longs to wander, free as they.  
He sees the Old River go merrily by,  
He hears the song of birds in the sky,  
And while life is mounting through his veins,  
He feels like a prisoner loaded with chains.  
His lessons are dull, and the days glide slow,  
And the weeks with a lazy motion go,  
'Till the term runs out, and he shouts with glee—  
"Vacation has come, and I am free!"

Vacation has come; and now, boys, will you sigh  
To say to your books, for a season, good-bye?  
Ye who with Cæsar have made the campaign,  
And fought his hard battles all over again,  
What say you to grant a short truce to his  
slaughters,  
And let him spend August in winter quarters?

And ye who with Virgil so often have sighed,  
Where Troy fed the flames or Creusa died ;  
Can ye spare good *Æneas* a season, to go  
To the shades of his father and Dido below ?

And ye soldiers of Cyrus, who saw his defeat,  
And with Xenophon's Ten Thousand made good  
your retreat,  
Like the army you marched with, when safe from  
its foes,  
You may lay down your arms, and on laurels  
repose.

But the band that is struggling so far in the rear,  
'Tis but a short truce that is granted you here ;  
The foe is before you, and many a fight,  
Long marches by day, and long watches by night.

And ye, who with Livy have stood by the tide,  
That mirrored great Rome in her seven-hilled pride,  
And saw, as the ages went by in their flight,  
How the world was absorbed in her over-grown  
might ;  
Like the earth, you may rest from her triumphs at  
last,  
For your toil, like the reign of her terror, is past.

Ye, knights of the blackboard, accustomed to  
ponder  
The mysteries of Davies and awful Legendre,  
May part with your chalk and your problems pro-  
found,  
And, like Newton, make figures awhile on the  
ground.

Ye Natural Philosophers, full of abstractions,  
Of forces and courses, repulsions, attractions,  
Your fine-jointed theories give over to batter,  
And study a season in contact with matter.  
The breezes will teach you Pneumatics forever,  
And Hydraulics enough you can get in the River !

Ye disciples of Gummere, who carry the chain,  
May rove without Jacob's staffs over the plain ;  
Protractors and compass aside you may lay,  
And freely the beauties of nature survey.

And O ! ye poor wretches, forever who hammer  
At the persons, and moods, and hard cases of  
grammar ;  
Who have sighed over mysteries made only to  
bother,  
And groaned interjections from one end to t'other ;  
Rejoice that your star at last mounts the ascendant,  
And you're in the " nominative case independent ! "

But why need we mention each class in its order ?

Let geographers study their own native border ;  
'Mongst the hills and sweet vales, where they wander so often,

They'll find the best map in the world of old Dauphin.

The historians may put up their books on their shelves,

And enact a small history heroic themselves ;  
And the class in arithmetic close their review,  
And go into PRACTICE and FELLOWSHIP too !

But why do we linger ? no parting sigh  
Disturbs the joy of our glad good-bye !  
Good-bye to the books !—the eternal books,  
That have stood in our paths with threatening looks,  
And haunted our ever-aching sight,  
From dawning day to dusky night !  
Good-bye to the ring of the study-bell,  
Its morning chimes—ah, who can tell  
How oft they have thrilled through the heart of fun,  
And broken up games that were just begun !  
Good-bye to lessons that split the head,  
Good-bye ! to the blackboard dark and dread ;

Good-bye! to Latin, Greek, and French,  
Good-bye! to the recitation bench.  
Big 'G's' the reward of studious zeal,  
Long 'F's' like a whip for the dunce to feel,  
And 'T's' that tardy tales will tell—  
We bid you all at last farewell!

And now, boys, we'll try how a new scheme  
will go,  
Our study gymnastics, our school room below!  
We'll work "Involution" upon a new rule,  
Nor need "Explanations" that come after school.  
Such summersets there we shall know how to turn—  
Politicians themselves may look on and learn.  
And many a winding and intricate feat,  
No lawyer in Harrisburg easy could beat.  
The swing and the ladder, the quoits and the glove;  
The jumping beneath, and the climbing above;  
O! these are the lessons we'll study, nor fear  
But each shall earn 'G's' of the biggest sort here!  
And then when the fervors of noon have gone by,  
Away to the sports of the river we'll hie;  
And where Sol's evening splendours turn golden  
the tide,  
Our boats o'er the surface shall merrily glide;

Or plunging beneath the red billows that glow,  
We'll sport in the depths of their coolness below.  
And oft at the island, with angle and bait,  
While nibbles are plenty, with patience we'll wait ;  
Or at night, with a spear and torch blazing ahead,  
We'll startle the eels in their watery bed !  
And then to the mountains we'll make a campaign,  
And the rabbits and wood-chucks shall mourn o'er  
their slain ;  
The squirrels shall suffer a terrible rout,  
And no woodpecker dare from his hole to look out.  
We'll find where the apples are mellow to eat,  
Where the berties are thickest and earliest sweet,  
Where the peach soonest ripens, where melons are  
fine,  
And the clusters of wild grapes hang thick on the  
vine.  
And over the mountain, and valley, and plain,  
As we rove with the breezes new vigour we'll gain,  
And the health that hard study had stolen before,  
The sports of vacation shall fully restore.  
And stronger, and brighter, and fresher than ever,  
We'll come from the forest, the field, and the river,  
To meet our old books in the desks where they've  
lain,  
And grapple anew with hard study again.

## TRANSLATIONS.

## HORACE.—Book I. ODE XIII.

Oh Lydia, when you thoughtless speak  
The praises of another,  
And praise *his* form and glowing cheek,  
Ah me! this jealous heart is weak,  
Its bursting pain to smother!

Then reason drowned in passion's tide,  
And pale brow clothed in mourning,  
And down these cheeks the tears that glide,  
Betray the grief that fain would hide,  
In this sad bosom burning.

I've wept to see thy gentle form  
In *his* too close embraces;  
To see the track of passion's storm  
On that dear lip, where kisses warm  
Have left their burning traces.

Oh Lydia ! learn from me to dread  
Such love's inconstant fleetness,  
As thus a blighting print could spread  
O'er lips, where Venus' self had shed  
The essence of her sweetness.

Thrice happy they, whose days consume  
In love's divine communion ;  
Whose constant faith secure shall bloom,  
'Till the dread summons of the tomb  
Dissolve the blissful union !

1842.

## HORACE.—BOOK III. ODE X.

## HORACE.

While Lydia's heart was all my own,  
Nor dearer arms might try  
The circle of her graceful zone,  
Not Persia's monarch on his throne  
Was half so blest as I.

## LYDIA.

Ere thy fond heart a warmer flame  
Had caught from Chloe's eye,  
While Lydia was the sweeter name,  
Not Rome's great mother, dear to fame,  
Was half so blest as I.

## HORACE.

Now tuneful Chloe holds my heart  
In chords of harmony,  
Skilled in the power of music's art;  
For whose dear sake with life to part,  
Were joy enough for me!

## LYDIA.

The youthful Calais claims me now  
In love's delightful yoke ;  
Calais, to save whose pearly brow,  
Full oft this head I'd gladly bow  
To death's severest stroke.

## HORACE.

What if the fires of love return  
With all their ancient flame,  
If Chloe's eyes should cease to burn,  
And this sad heart again should learn  
To cherish Lydia's name ?

## LYDIA.

Though *he*, as evening's star, is fair,  
And thou art like the wave,  
Fickle and fierce as stormy air,  
Thy lot in life I'd gladly share—  
Thy slumbers in the grave.

1842.

## HORACE.—BOOK I. ODE XV.

When homeward, o'er the Egean sea,  
The trait'rous Paris bore his bride,  
Nereus, the god who rules the deep,  
Calmed his rude waves to peaceful sleep,  
While thus, the listening waves along,  
He poured sublime his prophet song :

Ill-fated ! homeward thou hast led,  
Whom Greece shall seek across the flood,  
Sworn to immerse thy marriage bed,  
And Priam's ancient throne, in blood !  
Alas ! upon the hard fought plain,  
What hosts must find their resting place !  
Of mortal woes, a heavy train  
Thou lead'st to Troy's unhappy race.  
E'en now dread Pallas takes the field,  
And hastens to yoke her flaming car,  
While flashes round her gorgon shield,  
Tremendous in the coming war.

In vain, in love's protection bold,  
Thy hands shall deck thy flowing hair,  
Or on thy peaceful harp of gold,  
Make music for the listening fair.

In vain within thy halls concealed,  
Thou hop'st to shun the Grecian spear,  
Thou scap'st not thus the stormy field,  
Nor Ajax thundering in thy rear.

Thy rosy cheek and forehead fair,  
In war, no martial prize may gain;  
And those soft locks, adorned with care,  
Must sweep at length in blood the plain.

Lo! where the angry warriors throng,  
Ulysses and the Pylian seer,  
And Teucer pours his hosts along,  
Crowding thy flight in wild career.  
But most, Tydides fierce demands  
Thy blood, through all the ranks of war,  
From whose huge spear and slaughtering hands  
Thy quaking limbs must bear thee far;  
E'en as the stag in lowly vale,  
When howls the wolf, forgets to eat,  
And swift outstrips the mountain gale,  
With breathing soft, on flying feet;

Achilles' wrath awhile must stay  
 The dreadful doom thy crimes require ;  
 But when appears the appointed day,  
 Old Troy shall feed the Grecian fire !

1843.

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### LESSING.

#### THE GLOW-WORM.

All unconscious of the light,  
 That his presence shed,  
 In a grove a glow-worm bright  
 Made his grassy bed.

Slyly crept his neighbour toad  
 From her rotten moss ;  
 And upon him, as he glowed,  
 Venom shot across.

“ Ah ! what crime,” the glow-worm cried,  
 “ Dost thou thus requite ? ”  
 “ Ha ! ” the monster grim replied,  
 “ Why dost shine so bright ? ”

## LESSING.

## LIFE.

Six days she blessed my side,  
Six days I loved and cherished ;  
The seventh, she grew pale and died,  
And my last hope forever perished.  
Still live I on, ordained to wait,  
With life enough to vegetate.  
Oh ! doomed a wretch, to whom by heaven  
A heart, with power to feel, is given !  
Let warmth and blood desert this breast,  
From which the soul hath fled before ;  
Here, where I weep above her rest,  
Let welcome death my peace restore.  
What though my years should roll in gloom,  
'Till Nestor's age should frost my brow,  
Not older then I'd find the tomb,  
My heart and head are hoary now.  
Six days she blessed my side,  
Six days I lived, then died !

1847.

20\*

## GOETHE.

## THE FISHER.

To S. M. G.

This lovely eve, in the lovely May,  
When the air is sweet and the roses gay,  
And beautiful things are all in one's way,

I've made a little translation

Of Goethe's Dutch of "*The Fisherman's Glee*,"  
A proper song for Susie G.,  
Almost as bright and sweet as she—  
And this is my *Dedication*.

W. S. G.

May 18, 1846.

The water sighed, the water swelled,  
A fisher sat thereby;  
Chilled to the heart, his hook he held,  
And gazed with patient eye.  
And as he sat, and as he gazed,  
The trembling waves withdrew;  
And from the deep a maiden raised  
A dripping form to view.

She sang to him—she spake to him ;  
“ Why lure my brood away,  
With human craft and human skill,  
To the deathly glow of day ?  
Ah ! could’st thou guess what pleasures sweet  
The little fishes know,  
Thou too would’st downward turn thy feet,  
And find true bliss below.

“ Loves not the moon and glorious sun  
In the crystal deeps to lave ?  
Hath not his face new glory won,  
Fresh breathing of the wave ?  
And tempt thee not the heavens that sleep  
In wave-transfigured blue ;  
And tempt thee not thine eyes, to leap  
Into the eternal dew ?”

The water swelled, the water sighed,  
The surf swept o’er his feet ;  
A strong wish through his heart replied,  
As when true lovers meet.  
She spake to him, she sang to him,  
His earthly fate was o’er ;  
Half drew she him, half yielded he,  
And ne’er was heard of more !

1846.

## GOETHE.

## THE MAGICIAN'S APPRENTICE.

So the old wizard's gone, for certain,  
And I rule the house to-day ;  
Now I'll step behind the curtain,  
And his goblins shall obey.  
All his magic tricks, observant,  
I have learned right well to do ;  
And with the aid of a spirit servant,  
Can perform high wonders too.  
Scamper ! Scamper !  
Fast and faster,  
For your master,  
Till there goeth  
Such a tide as naught can hamper,  
And the bath-tub overfloweth.

Now, old Broom ! step forth so stately,  
Robe thyself in tatters gay—  
Thou hast served me long, and greatly  
Must I tax thy speed to-day.

Stand on two legs strong and tight, Sir,  
Head and hands are easily got;  
Now thou'rt ready—off like light, Sir,  
Scamper with the water-pot !  
Scamper ! Scamper !  
Fast and faster,  
For thy master,  
Till there goeth  
Such a tide as naught can hamper,  
And the bath-tub overfloweth.

See ! how down the bank he's springing,  
Quickly he has reached the stream ;  
Back, the flashing water bringing,  
Comes he like the lightning's beam !  
Yet a second trip—how steady  
In the bath the water grows !  
How the rising wave already  
Every trough and tub o'erflows !  
Tarry ! Tarry !  
We have got here  
Of cold water  
Half the river !  
Ah, I see it ! Holy Mary !  
I have lost the word forever !

Oh ! the word to make him tarry,  
And his former shape restore !  
How he loves to run and carry !  
Were he but a Broom once more !  
Torrents new and never ceasing  
Still he hastes to bring and pour ;  
Countless billows, still increasing,  
Round and o'er me rush and roar !

No, no longer  
This shall please him,  
I will seize him,  
Stop this gaming !

Oh ! what terrors new and stronger—  
Fiendish face and eyes all flaming !

Oh ! thou offspring of a devil !  
Shall the entire house be drowned ?  
See ! the wave mounts o'er the level  
Of the sills, and sweeps around.  
Broom, forever cursed and hateful,  
Deaf to every just request,  
Stupid stick of wood ungrateful,  
Stand an instant still and rest !

Never, never  
Will he stay him !  
Then I'll lay him.  
Flat and flatter !

And with this sharp axe I'll sever  
His old head, and end the matter !

See ! he comes more full than ever !

'Tis the instant to pursue him—  
Now, oh goblin, down forever ;  
Crashing goes the sharp edge through him.  
Bravely done ! one fairfeat over !

See ! his body's split in twain !  
Now once more my hopes recover,  
And I freely breathe again.

Storm and thunder !  
Fragments parted,  
Both have started  
Slave-like driven,  
Sound and swift, oh hopeless blunder !  
Help me ! all ye powers of heaven !

How they run ! now faster, hotter,  
Through the halls, and down the stairs.  
What an everlasting water !  
Lord and master ! hear my prayers !  
Ah ! he comes to stay the evil—  
Master, awful is the need !  
Easy 'tis to raise the devil,  
But a harder task to lead !

“ Besom ! Besom !  
To thy corner,  
And thy former  
Shape be taken ;  
For a sprite so fierce and gleesome,  
Only Masters should awaken.”

1846.

## SCHILLER.

## HONOUR TO WOMAN.

Honour to woman ! She twineth the flowers  
Of heaven itself, round this dull life of ours,  
And weaveth in beauty love's exquisite band ;  
And veiling her charms, with a deathless devotion,  
She feedeth the flame of each sacred emotion,  
With heart ever faithful, and holiest hand.

Ever from truth's boundaries breaking,  
Man's rude strength delights to sweep ;  
Restless thoughts their dim flight taking  
Into passion's stormy deep.  
Ever at the distant grasping,  
On his heart no Sabbath beams,  
'Mid the starry circles clasping  
The fair image of his dreams.

But with the enchantment of magical glances,  
Woman, the fugitive, homeward entrances,

Charming him back to the present again.  
In the cot of the mother, secluded and lowly,  
Lives the fair child of nature, where nature is holy,  
And contentment and purity reign.

Struggling on, with efforts crushing  
All before him as he goes,  
Wild through life's strong tempest rushing,  
Man nor peace nor respite knows.  
What he builds soon overthrowing,  
Lasting joy he ne'er can gain ;  
Head of Hydra ever growing  
Where a Hydra's head was slain.

But to woman, whose heart in calm pleasure  
reposes,  
'Tis a joy round her pathway to cherish the roses,  
And the bloom of a moment, though dying, is  
dear ;  
In her circle so narrow, more happiness earning,  
And richer than man in the empire of learning,  
Or even in poesy's infinite sphere.

Strong, and proud, and self-relying,  
Man's cold bosom ne'er can prove  
Bliss of hearts together flying,  
In the blessed heaven of love.

Knows he not the exchange of feeling,  
Nor the warm tears bursting o'er;  
Life's rough toil his spirit steeling,  
Harder even than before.

But e'en as the string, that so lightly was shaken,  
From the soft wing of zephyr a sad note hath  
taken,  
So sighs her sweet spirit in tenderness too.  
From the semblance of evil, deep anguish she'll  
borrow,  
And her delicate bosom heave upward in sorrow,  
And her eye beam with pearl-drops of heavenly  
dew.

In the realm where man is lord,  
Might o'er right in terror reigns;  
Here the Scythian draws his sword,  
And the Persian bows in chains.  
Here, involved in horrid fray,  
Rage the passions wild and dread;  
And contention rules the day,  
While the graces long have fled.

But with a sweet power, that nothing withstandeth,  
Fair woman the wide realm of manners com-  
mandeth,

And persuadeth contention to struggle no more.  
To the spirits of discord she teacheth communion,  
And leadeth in loving perpetual union,

Whatever was sundered and hostile before.

1846.

## SCHILLER.

## THE DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

“Take the world and divide it,” cried Jove from  
his heaven  
To man, “for I grant it to you ;  
To you and your heirs in fee simple ‘tis given,  
Only share it as brothers should do.”

With the old and the young, what a scramble  
was there,  
Whilst every one seized what he could ;  
The farmer, he claimed the rich crops for his share,  
And the squire, the game of the wood.

The merchant in haste to his storehouses hied,  
The priest to his ruby red wine ;  
The king every thoroughfare fastened, and cried,  
“The toll and the tariff are mine.”

All late, when the work of division was done,  
From afar came the poet at last;  
But nothing remained for the negligent one,  
Every thing to its owner had passed.

“ Ah me ! and shall I who have loved thee the best,  
Shall I be forgotten alone ? ”  
Thus burst his loud grief in complaint from his  
breast,  
As he fell before Jupiter’s throne.

“ If afar in the regions of dreams thou hast  
strayed,”  
Said the god, “ do not murmur at me ;  
Where wert thou concealed when division was  
made ? ”  
“ I was,” said the poet, “ with thee !  
“ Mine eyes on thy glory were fixed in delight,  
Mine ear drank the music of heaven ;  
Oh, pardon the soul that, entranced by thy light,  
Hath lost what the earth would have given.”

“ What then,” said the god, “ since the world is all  
gone,  
Field or forest belong not to me ;  
Wilt dwell in my heaven ? then only come on,  
Its gates shall be open to thee ! ”

1846.

## KÖRNER.

—  
M Y F A T H E R L A N D.

Where is the Poet's Fatherland ?

Where noble souls on fire are glowing,  
Where flowers for beauty's brow are blowing,  
Where strong hearts with warm zeal o'erflow-  
ing,  
Round every holy altar stand—  
There was my Fatherland !

How fares the Poet's Fatherland ?

Now, o'er her sons, in death low lying,  
She sits in foreign shackles sighing,  
Once with her oaks in glory vieing,  
The land of Germans, Freedom's strand—  
So fares my Fatherland !

Why weeps the Poet's Fatherland ?

That while the tyrant's wrath is waking,  
The princes of her realms are quaking,  
Their holiest words forgetful breaking,  
And none to hear her loud demand—  
Thus sighs my Fatherland !

Whom calls the Poet's Fatherland ?

She calls to gods that answer never,  
While her last hopes the lightnings shiver ;  
She calls for strong arms to deliver,  
For freedom and the avenger's hand—  
Thus calls my Fatherland !

What wants the Poet's Fatherland ?

She wants the chains of slavery riven,  
The blood-hound from her boundaries driven,  
And freedom to her free sons given,  
Or a free bed beneath the sand—  
This wants my Fatherland !

What hopes the Poet's Fatherland ?

By justice yet not all forsaken,  
She hopes her sons shall yet awaken,  
And vengeance on her foes be taken,  
By the eternal God's command—  
So hopes my Fatherland !

1847.

## UHLAND.

## THE BOY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

My home is in the mountain high,  
Beneath my feet your castles lie ;  
We catch the bright sun's earliest light,  
And latest lose his beams at night—

I am the boy of the mountain.

Here in the wild stream's native cave,  
Fresh from the rock I quaff the wave ;  
All gaily bursts the current free,  
I catch it in my arms with glee—

I am the boy of the mountain !

The mountain is my chosen home,  
Round its strong walls the tempests roam,  
Where north and south their thunders pour,  
My song is heard above their rear—

I am the boy of the mountain !

The lightnings 'neath my feet I view,

I stand amid the eternal blue;

I know the spot and love it best,

My father's home in quiet rest—

I am the boy of the mountain !

And when the alarum sounds afar,

Each peak shall blaze the sign of war ;

Then down to join the martial throng,

I'll swing my sword and raise my song—

I am the boy of the mountain !

1846.

## **E S S A Y S.**



## ESSAYS.

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### COLERIDGE.\*

#### PART FIRST.

*“Coleridge and the Moral Tendency of his Writings,”* is the title of an anonymous pamphlet of 118 pages, from the New York press, with an advertisement by Thos. H. Skinner, D. D., and dated July, 1844. After the Preface and Biographical Notice, comes the body of the work, in three parts. Part I. is devoted to a review of the Coleridgean Philosophy, and occupies twenty pages. Part II. is employed with the Philosopher’s Theology, and comprises upwards of fifty pages; and Part III. treats of his “Christian Character,” in fifteen pages.

The name of Coleridge on the title page, and the endorsement of Dr. Skinner, have called to this pamphlet a degree of attention, to which it is entitled, neither as a fair exposition of the Coleridgean system, nor as a forcible assault on his peculiar doctrines.

Having formed a design, some time since, to review some of the peculiar doctrines first prominently set forth in English, by Coleridge, particularly in their opposition to the common dogmas of the Scotch school, and in their theological bearings, I shall use this pamphlet as a stepping-stone, from which to mount to the accomplishment of that design.

\* See Memoir, page 97.

My course shall be, *first*, to examine the character and position of our anonymous reviewer, and then to look directly into the system of the philosopher himself; and if, in carrying out this plan, we may assume that the two great parties in this particular controversy, are here properly represented—if we may assume that the reviewer has set forth, in their just light, the strength of the objections to the system, even as on the other hand, the philosopher must be admitted to be an authoritative expounder and defender of his own doctrines—then it must be allowed, that we have before us at least all the requisite evidence for a full investigation and just decision of the questions in dispute.

In order to form a correct estimate of the accomplishment of any work, we must know the character and extent of the design of which it is the result. Our reviewer leaves us at no loss in respect to the particular end he proposed to himself in the work he undertook. The subject he undertook to discuss, as announced on his title-page, and in his standing caption throughout, is *Coleridge* and the Moral Tendency of his Writings. We are to expect a dissection, not of a hand or foot—not of some disconnected or unimportant members of a system, but a dissection of the *Philosopher himself*—of his vital system—an examination of the essence and soul of *Coleridgeanism*, and of its bearings upon morality. That such is the grand and professed design of our critic, is distinctly stated in his preface. He announces himself as “constrained by a sense of duty” “to exhibit the principles of the great theologian in his own phraseology,” “to gather up and present, in a connected view, his fragmentary writings and their moral tendency,” and “to exhibit in their true character the writings of a man, who had sufficient intellect and imagination to entrance half the sensitive youths between eighteen and twenty-five, and through them to perpetuate his doctrines.” In conformity with this announcement, we have a formal division of the book into *Biography, Philosophy, Theology, and Christian Character*—

a division extensive enough to bring up all, and more than all, that was necessary to fulfil the fair promise of the Preface.

Such is the work as proposed and undertaken—we will now look at it as it has been executed.

*Three* things produce an unfavourable impression at the first glance.

In approaching a theme so high, of such acknowledged and profound difficulty and abstruseness, we are naturally solicitous in regard to the character of the guide, to whom we are to surrender the direction of our thoughts. It is true, the intrinsic value of the pages that follow, and the efficiency they should have in the conformation of our own convictions, are the same, whether they have proceeded from the pen of one unknown to fame, or have been elaborated in the deep thoughts of a Jonathan Edwards. But it is also true, that the name of an author on the back of his production, is both an endorsement of its accuracy, valuable in proportion to the measure of his just fame, and a pledge of his literary character for the honesty of its execution. And especially when an author, as in the present case, assumes the office of a witness testifying to the character of writings, which are supposed to be beyond the reach of the reader, and concerning which controversy is not silent—in such a case especially, do we demand, before we listen to the evidence upon which a judgment is to be rendered, that the witness assume the responsibility of visibility, and put himself in a position to be reached, if his testimony be false. Ingenuity has made even inspiration appear to assert doctrines contradictory and absurd; and the assumption of a mask is no evidence that it is employed in the service of intelligence and truth. When unworthy ends are to be reached by unworthy means; when private malevolence is to be gratified by methods which their author cannot justify; when prejudice and passion prompt to deeds, and conscience refuses to take the responsibility; disguise and concealment are the coward's allies. An open and fearless front is the

characteristic of truth, and the *mens conscientia recti*; and the want of it betokens the weakness of conscious delinquency. At least, it does not look like the free and candid act of an honest inquirer after truth, to ask of the reader the decision of a question, involving the morality of the writings and personal character of a celebrated, and, by many, a revered author, on the evidence of dissevered and diversely culled passages, for the relevancy and fairness of which, he must rely mainly on the presumed honesty of an unknown writer.

The awkwardness and disadvantage of his anonymous position, seem to have been appreciated by the writer of the pamphlet. A certifier to his respectability and intelligence was therefore sought; and Dr. Skinner, accordingly, in an advertisement signed by his name, has formally assured us, that "the author is competent to understand Coleridge as far as he is intelligible—has studied him with care—has analyzed him with clearness and thoroughness, and has given the public the results of his labours in a small and manageable compass."

In the progress of these pages it will, perhaps, be more clear, whether the learned Doctor had sufficiently considered his terms, when he pronounced his friend "*competent to understand Coleridge*;" and in reference to the remainder of the certificate, perhaps we may be allowed to hope that the "*results of his labours*" will be found not to be altogether "*unmanageable*."

Another source of the unfavourable impression of the first glance, is the motto with which our critic has thought proper to adorn the title-page of his production.

Leaving *sub judice* the question of the moral tendency of his writings, Coleridge must be admitted, and I believe is universally admitted by those who have suitably studied his works, to have been a man of great intellectual power, of a sublime and commanding genius, and vast stores of abstruse learning. He has certainly thrown out, in sybilline leaves, the fragments of a philosophical system of such singular

vitality and power, that, even in their dispersion, they have preserved, like the Jews, their existence and integrity unimpaired. His doctrines have stood the Horatian test, and even in their disconnection, have manifested the living power of the *disjecta membra Poetæ*. Though scattered, like seed, from a careless hand, amid the foundations of the overgrown metaphysics and theoretical theology of the day, they have not been lost; but working upwards with an inherent energy, they begin already to pierce asunder the deep seated structures that threatened to oppress them, and promise, ere long, like the conquering forest of Palenqué, to overtop and bury the labours of preceding generations.

As the father of a school of philosophy in the English language, which must be acknowledged to be *one* of the *two* great parties into which the thinkers of our age, the world over, are, for the most part, divided; as a profound original thinker, and thorough master of expression, whose winged words have been recognized, and become germs in great souls, on both sides of the Atlantic, Coleridge has received the respect and admiration of his most powerful opposers. Even our anonymous reviewer, and his learned endorser, have admitted all that is here asserted. "We allow," says the author of the pamphlet, "Mr. Coleridge his full measure of fame as a scholar, a poet, a man of extensive knowledge, of unrivalled powers in conversation, and a master of the sublime and beautiful in style. He seems never at a loss for the most appropriate word in the expression of his thoughts, or the choicest imagery." (Page 101.) Dr. Skinner also remarks in his advertisement, (p. 6,) "There is great power in these writings, notwithstanding the subtle, fragmentary, and self-contradictory character of the philosophy that pervades them. They are the productions of a man of uncommon and splendid genius, and are exceedingly suggestive of thought and reflection. Their costume is unique, and often exceedingly interesting and beautiful. They abound in

truly profound remarks, and in views of truth, admirably expressed and fortified."

Such are the admissions of enemies—hear now the words of a friend. Says the lamented Dr. Marsh, the editor of the first American edition of the "Aids to Reflection," in his preface to that work: "Of his general claims to our regard, whether from exalted personal and moral worth, or from the magnificence of his intellectual powers, and the vast extent and variety of his accumulated stores of knowledge, I shall not venture to speak. If it be true, indeed, that a really great mind can be worthily commended only by those who both appreciate and *comprehend* its greatness, there are few who should undertake to estimate and set forth, in appropriate terms, the intellectual power and moral worth of Samuel Taylor Coleridge."

Such is the man whom our critic proposes to review—such in natural gifts and acquired power—such in his written works and in the influence they have exerted—such in the reverential love of his friends, and the constrained admiration of literary opponents.

In the reviewer of such an author, we look for the respectful bearing due to acknowledged eminence, and for a modest confidence in the power of truth, rather than a boastful show of assumed superiority. It was, therefore, with a feeling allied to disgust, that we saw, on the features of our champion, as he came forward to enter the lists with Coleridge, the smirk of conceit and the contemptuous smile of self-sufficient vanity, and read his motto, more worthy of the mind that suggested it, than of the object at which it was aimed—"Logic is the art of talking unintelligibly on things of which we are ignorant." The writer who introduces a professedly serious review of a great philosopher, with a piece sophomoric impertinence such as that, manifests as little of appreciation or capacity for the work he has undertaken, as of good manners or good taste.

But the unfavourable impression originated by the anony-

mous and conceited dogmatism of the title-page, is completed by an inspection of the table of contents, and the general structure of the work. *The first* and *the last* of the four divisions of the book are concerned with the *Biography* and the *Christian character* of the philosopher.

If it be fair to assume that the spirit which selected the motto, suggested such topics as these as grounds of evidence in reference to the *moral tendency* of a system of philosophy, it is easy to anticipate the result. It would require, perhaps, more logical skill than often falls to the share of a single critic, to show satisfactorily the existence of such an intimate connection between a man's theoretical orthodoxy and his Christian character, as will make the latter a just exponent of the former. The devils believe—in a system metaphysical and theological—as sound, no doubt, as that of our reviewer himself, but it would be very unfair to infer that their moral character would compare as favourably with his. For aught that reason or history can show, Samuel Taylor Coleridge might have been, intellectually, the father of the only true philosophy, and *practically* the denier of every virtue he taught; even as the truth may be seen and admired without being embraced.

But the attempt to introduce personal history and private character, as evidence of theoretical error, betrays something more than mere dullness of logical perception. A course so unprecedented in literary controversy, looks like the effort of an interested judge, to establish, by whatever means, a pre-conceived judgment. "*De mortuis nihil nisi bonum*," is the instinctive language of civilized humanity, applicable and authoritative, wherever high treason against the best interests of the race, has not outlawed its subject and disfranchised him of the dearest rights of his nature. It is only by placing Coleridge on a level with the vilest rebels against human society, or the infidel and blasphemous subverters of the Christian faith, that you may consistently hold up his name as a reproach, and drag from his grave an example of terror for evil doers to come.

But it is not merely that the sanctity of the grave has been violated; the *authority of judging the heart* is here assumed and pushed to a most unwarrantable extent. In regard to the character of Thomas Paine, no Christian writer need hesitate to pronounce a decision; but it would argue no little presumption in the man who should dare to condemn, with equal positiveness, the religion of Samuel Johnson or of Henry Kirke White. No wise man, indeed, would place much value upon a sentence founded on all the evidence such cases afford; and the advocate must be zealously bent upon maintaining a favourite cause, and but poorly supplied with evidence, who would give such a decision a prominent place in his argument.

Such are the impressions we received from the first glance at this pamphlet—at its anonymous title-page—its impertinent motto, and the extraordinary and irrelevant array of its table of contents.

We now proceed to look into the body of the work.

After a careful and candid examination of our reviewer's representation of the Coleridgean Philosophy and its Moral Tendency, he seems to me to have greatly failed in at least six important particulars. *The first* of these I shall mention is the *character of the evidence* on which he suspends his decision.

Although by no means a systematic or productive author, Coleridge has left abundant evidence of the doctrines he held, in works matured and published by himself. In his life time, besides a vast amount of labour wasted on magazines and newspapers, he published his "Poems," his "Aids to Reflection," his "Biographia Literaria," his "Church and State," his "Lay Sermons," "The Friend," and the "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit."\* In these works he

\* This work, although completed, and referred to in the "Aids to Reflection," was not published until after the author's death.—*Ed.*

has developed at length, and as the occasion permitted, the great ideas of his philosophy; and although he has no where attempted the coherence or the completeness of a system, the faithful student of his writings cannot fail to find, reproduced in his own mind, the grand features of a system both coherent and complete.

After the death of the philosopher in 1834, his nephew, Henry Nelson Coleridge, as authorized in his will, published two volumes of "*Literary Remains*," which consisted mainly of uncompleted Poems, skeleton lectures, scraps of criticism, and notes on the English Dramatic Poets. Two years afterwards, the same editor added two volumes more of "*Remains*," which were made up almost entirely from notes written by Coleridge on the margins of works of old English divines.

These four volumes of "*Remains*," together with the works I have enumerated, as published under his own supervision and in his lifetime, make up the entire materials within the reach of the American student, for the formation of an estimate of the philosopher and his system.

Our reviewer having all these works before him, sits down to draw a portrait of the Coleridgean philosophy. In the progress of his work, he honours the "*Aids to Reflection*," a profound and extensive work, embracing the very bones of Coleridgeanism, with—*six* quotations. "*The Friend*," a still larger work, in three volumes, devoted to the "formation of fixed principles in Politics, Morals, and Religion," he has dismissed with *three* quotations. From the "*Biographia Literaria*," which reveals the heart both of the man Coleridge and of his philosophy, our reviewer culls a *single* extract. The "*Lay Sermons*," the treatise on "*Church and State*," and the "*Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*," are not permitted to testify at all. In all we are furnished with *ten distinct* quotations from the various and extensive works of the philosopher, whilst from his "*Literary Remains*," published by an editor after his death, we have *one*

*hundred and four!* In this estimate we have reckoned only the formal extracts printed in a type smaller than the ordinary text, and on which the weight of the conclusions of the book depends: the various references and quotations in the text itself, will probably be found to divide themselves in about the same proportions.

Without stopping to inquire into the propriety of attempting to determine the “moral tendency” of an author’s writings, on evidence not drawn from those writings, but from his private thoughts and private notes, we will proceed to examine the authority of these “notes” as exponents of our philosopher’s faith, and to show how far they are capable of sustaining the cause entrusted to them by the reviewer.

In the Preface to the first volume of the “Literary Remains,” the editor thus characterizes them—

“The materials were fragmentary in the extreme—sibylline leaves—notes of the Lecturer—memoranda of the Investigator—outpourings of the solitary and self-communing student. The fear of the press was not in them. Numerous as they were, too, they came to light, or were communicated at different times, before and after the printing was commenced; and the dates, the occasions, and the references, in most instances, remained to be discovered or conjectured.”

And again, in his Preface to the third volume, the editor adds—

“Although the author, in his will, contemplated the publication of some, at least, of the numerous notes left by him on the margins and blank spaces of books and pamphlets, he most certainly wrote the notes themselves, without any purpose beyond that of delivering his mind of the thoughts and aspirations suggested by the text under perusal. His books, that is, any person’s books, were to him, whilst reading them, as dear friends; he conversed with them as with their authors, praising, or censuring, or qualifying, as the open page seemed to give him cause. Thus employed, he had few reserves; but poured forth, as in a confessional, all his mind upon every subject, not keeping back any doubt or conjecture, which, at the time and for the purpose, seemed worthy

of consideration. In probing another's heart, he laid his hand upon his own. He thought pious frauds the worst of all frauds, and the system of economizing truth, too near akin to the corruption of it, to be generally compatible with the Job-like integrity of a true Christian's conscience. Further, he distinguished so strongly, between that internal *faith*, which lies at the base of, and supports, the whole moral and religious being of man, and the *belief*, as historically true, of the several incidents and relations, found, or supposed to be found, in the text of the Scripture, that he habitually exercised a liberty of criticism with respect to the latter, which will probably seem objectionable to many of his readers in this country."

On another page the editor adds—

"The reader is requested to observe the dates, which, in some instances, the editor has been able to affix to the notes with certainty. Most of those on Jeremy Taylor belong to the year 1810, and were especially designed for the perusal of Charles Lamb. Those on Field were written about 1814; on Hacket in 1818; on Donne in 1812 and 1829; on the Pilgrim's Progress in 1813; on Hooker and the Book of Common Prayer between 1820 and 1830."

In the notes themselves there is evidence of some of them being written as early as 1803, (vol. IV. 296.)

We have, then, here four volumes of notes, written on the "margins and blank spaces" of the books he read during a space of at least twenty-seven years, by a "solitary, self-communing student," without any purpose beyond that of "delivering his own mind of the thoughts and aspirations suggested by the text under perusal," and not keeping back any "doubt or conjecture, which for the time seemed worthy of consideration." These notes, thus unsuspectingly revealing the inmost movements of the temporary mind of the philosopher, and which may be considered of scarce the authority of so much of his conversation, during the long period through which they were penned—inasmuch as when he poured his divine rhapsodies into the ear of even a single auditor, he may be supposed to have been more on his guard, than when

alone, conversing with the great souls of the dead—these notes, thus expressive of “doubts” and “conjectures,” and temporary impressions, and scarcely ever, confessedly, of settled conviction, by a dexterous *μεταβασις εις αντο γενος*, are substituted for his *deliberate* and *permanent* doctrines, as unfolded in his own formal, complete, and published works; and from *their* examination a verdict is made up in regard to the moral tendency of Coleridge’s writings!

But an inspection of the notes themselves will make more evident the unfairness of such a procedure.

In general, they are short, of such length as might be looked for on the margin of a printed book, and were written, for the most part, with entire reference to the sentiment of the text under perusal, and without any regard to their general bearing. In fact, their necessary brevity precluded the possibility of their being so guarded and qualified as to be incapable of perversion or misapplication; and the intention that produced them, reaching only to the present relief of the overflowing mind of the reader, or, at farthest, to the amusement of a friend, did not suggest the necessity of caution in the language selected.

Moreover, thirty years in the history of a mind like that of Coleridge, delineated in its most secret movements throughout its long and toilsome progress, might be expected to present frequent temporary phases inconsistent with all the permanent convictions it ever had.

“Coleridge’s mind,” says the editor in this connection, (vol. IV. p. 15,) “was a growing and accumulating mind to the last; his whole life one of inquiry and progressive insight, and the *dates of his opinions* are *therefore, in some cases, important*, and in all, interesting.” It is well known that, in his early years, he was a dreamer of a Utopian scheme of political reformation, as well as *Unitarian* in his theology. His important works, however, were not published until he became settled in the faith which he held and defended to the last day of his life. It would be a matter of interest to

show exactly what proportion of the evidence, upon which the Coleridgean philosophy is condemned in this pamphlet, was penned when the author advocated doctrines directly subversive of the faith which all his important works were written to uphold; but such an investigation would lead too far for our present purpose. It will be sufficient for our present design, to demonstrate, from the internal evidence of the notes themselves, that they are not a worthy expression of the writer's settled opinions.

In several instances, Coleridge himself refers to the notes in such a way, as implies something of his own estimate of their value. In the "Aids," (p. 258,) he says—

"From such of my readers as give a thoughtful perusal to these works of Taylor, I dare anticipate a concurrence in the judgment which I here transcribe from the blank spaces at the end of my own copy; and which, *though twenty years* have elapsed since it was written, *I have never seen reason to recant or modify.*"

Again, on page 212 of vol. III. of the "Literary Remains," at the end of a note on Jeremy Taylor, he adds, in 1824—

"For 'miraculous nature,' read 'supernatural character,' and I can subscribe this pencil note, *written so many years ago, even at the present time.*"

Again, in the same volume, (p. 367,) to a note written in 1812, he adds in 1826—

"I still agree with the preceding note."

These and other similar formal certificates of his retaining an opinion expressed in a note so long previously penned, seem to imply that Coleridge neither himself admitted that *all* the notes he had written for so many years, were such as still expressed the convictions of his matured reflection; nor supposed that they would be so received by others without his express endorsement.

But, what is still more to the purpose, he not unfrequently modifies, and even recants, his own notes.

Thus, in commenting on a text in Job, (vol. III. p. 131,) he says—

“Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall behold for myself, and mine eyes shall see, and not another. Job xix. 26.

“*Though after my skin*, must be rendered, ‘according to,’ or ‘as far as my skin is concerned.’ ‘*Though the flies and maggots in my ulcers have destroyed my skin, yet still in my flesh I shall see God as my Redeemer.*’

“Now, St. Paul says that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven, that is, the spiritual world. Besides, how is the passage, as commonly interpreted, consistent with the numerous expressions of doubt, and even of despondency, in Job’s speeches?”

Again, in the same volume (p. 182) he repeats the same opinion—

“The text, rightly rendered, is, perhaps, nothing to the purpose; but may refer to the dire cutaneous disease with which Job was afflicted. It may be merely an expression of Job’s confidence, of his being justified in the eyes of men, even in this life.”

Such is the doctrine of the *notes* twice expressed, and so far as I can discover, *throughout the “Remains,”* never modified by Coleridge. And yet, in his “Table Talk,” (second edition, p. 80,) he afterwards says—

“I now think, after many doubts, that the passage, ‘*I know that my Redeemer liveth*,’ &c., may fairly be taken as a burst of determination—a quasi prophecy. I know not how this can be, but, in spite of all my difficulties, this I know, that I shall be recompensed.”

Again, (page 358, vol. III.) after a long and argumentative note on Taylor, dated 1810, he added in 1824—

"In the preceding note I think I took Taylor's words in too literal a sense."

In a note on Luther, he had said, (vol. IV. p. 23)—

"Both in Paul and Luther there is one fearful blank, the wisdom or necessity of which I do not doubt, yet cannot help groping and staring after, like one that stares in the dark; and this is *death*. The law makes us afraid of death: what is death? An unhappy life? Who does not feel the insufficiency of this answer? What analogy does immortal suffering bear to the only death that is known to us?"

To this, in an appendix, was afterwards added—

"Since I wrote the above, God has, I humbly trust, given me a clearer light as to the true nature of the *death* so often mentioned in the Scriptures."

Again, (vol. III. p. 33,) to a previous comment on Luther, he adds in July, 1829—

"I should not have written the above note in my present state of light; not that I find it false, but that it may have the effect of falsehood by not going deep enough."

In the same manner, (vol. IV. p. 296,) after a criticism on John v. 16-19, dated 1803, he afterwards added—

"The above was written many years ago; I still think the remark plausible, though I should not now express myself so positively."

One more instance to the same purpose. On the margin of Baxter's account of his trials, and the supports he received in answer to the prayers of his friends, Coleridge had written, (vol. IV. p. 91)—

"Strange that the common manuals of school logic should not have secured Baxter from the repeated blunder of '*cum hoc—ergo—propter hoc*'; but still more strange that his piety

should not have revolted against degrading prayer into medical quackery."

On the 7th page following, he adds—

"Alas, in how many respects does my lot resemble Baxter's; but how much less have my bodily evils been, and yet how very much greater an impediment have I suffered them to be! But, verily, Baxter's labours seem miracles of supporting grace. Ought I not, then, to retract the note p. 80?—I waver."

Such is a specimen of the manner in which Coleridge himself treats his own notes, freely confirming, modifying, or entirely rejecting their sentiments, and never appearing to feel himself bound to defend and maintain, or even to apologize for recanting them. Not being written for publication, or designed to express the settled opinions of the writer, but merely to secure the suggestions of the moment for future use, or for the amusement of a friend; they have never been presented, either by their author or editor, as authoritative exponents of the philosopher's doctrines, as maturely held and published by himself. Moreover, the length of the period during which they were written, reaching back into the Unitarian and skeptical portion of his life, in connection with the fact, that the greater part of them being thrown away on the margins of other people's books, could never have been reviewed by their author; renders the great mass of these "notes," whose dates are uncertain, but doubtful representations of his fixed and final opinions.

## R H Y T H M.

WHY is it that acknowledged masters in the Poetic Art, to the common ear, produce a melody inferior to that of second rate performers?

### INSTANCES.

“Ominous conjecture on the whole success.”  
“Celestial spirits in bondage: nor the abyss.”  
“No inconvenient diet nor too light fare.”  
“Things not revealed, which the invisible King.”  
“So he with difficulty and labour hard  
Moved on; with difficulty and labour he.”

MILTON.

Or,

“All strength, all terror, single or in bands,  
That ever was put forth in personal form.”  
“Which craft of delicate spirits hath composed.”  
“How exquisitely the individual mind.”  
“The divine Milton! lore of different kind.”

WORDSWORTH.

Or,

“A doctor of physic rode with us along,  
There was none like him in this wide world’s throng.”  
“And yet he was but moderate in expense,  
He hoarded what he gained in the pestilence.”  
“He hollow looked and sober, and ill fed,  
His uppermost short cloak was a bare thread.”

CHAUCER, *modernized*.

In contrast with—

“ So pleased in youth, the towering Alps we try,  
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky ;  
 The eternal snows appear already past,  
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last.  
 But these attained, we tremble to survey  
 The growing labours of the lengthened way ;  
 The increasing prospect tires our weary eyes,  
 Hills peep o'er hills and Alps on Alps arise.”

POPE.

Or,

“ Like the gale that sighs along  
 Beds of oriental flowers,  
 Is the grateful breath of song  
 That once was heard in happier hours ;  
 Filled with balm the gale sighs on,  
 Though the flowers have sunk in death ;  
 So, when the Bard of Love is gone,  
 His memory lives in music's breath.”

MOORE.

It may be objected, with some force, to the above contrast, that the examples selected are from *different kinds* of poetry, some of which *require* more of the sweetness of music in their rhythm, than others; and that the first specimens are deprived, by their *fragmentary* character, of the projected momentum of a full current of rhythm, which so sweetly rolls and overflows through the latter; nevertheless, the general fact is true, as exemplified, and the difficulty is not diminished by the following facts.

1. High authority in criticism has pronounced this apparent roughness in the masters of poetry, to be real, and con-

demned it as faulty. Johnson says of Milton, "Some of his lines are remarkably defective." "The variety of pauses so much boasted by the lovers of blank verse, changes the measures of an English poet to the periods of a disclaimer: and there are only a few skilful and happy readers of Milton, who enable their audience to perceive where the lines end or begin." He also thinks that Milton, absorbed in the majesty of his theme, paid little attention to the music of his verse. Pope, also, the great master of "smooth" rhythm, taught the same doctrine.

"But most by numbers judge a poet's song,  
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong;  
In the bright muse, though thousand charms conspire,  
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire."

"Tis plain, the poet agrees with the "tuneful fools," in considering "smoothness" the essential quality of the muse's voice.

2. In opposition to all this, not a poet of a high order but has left indisputable evidence of his ability to produce as mellifluous strains as ever intoxicated mortal ears. Listen to this of Milton, after "the impetuous recoil and jarring sound" of his lines already quoted—

"And ever against eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs;  
Married to immortal verse,  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 • Untwisting all the chords that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony!"

And Coleridge, who betrayed the length of his ears by pronouncing "Milton not a picturesque, but a *musical* poet," and who has even perpetrated musical rudenesses equal to some of Milton's, whilom sang on this wise—

"The night is chill, the forest bare:  
 Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?  
 There is not wind enough in the air  
 To move away the ringlet curl  
 From the lovely lady's cheek.  
 There is not wind enough to twirl  
 The one red leaf—the last of its clan,  
 That dances as often as dance it can,  
 Hanging so light, and hanging so high,  
 On the topmost twig that looks up to the sky."

A school-boy can correct Milton's roughnesses, and replace them with Pope-ish uniformity: why did not the "soul of harmony," that poured out the linked sweetness of such stanzas as those just quoted, develope itself always as "smoothly?"

Is it not probable that there are "dark inwoven symphonies" "hard to hear" in those rough lines, which Milton enjoyed, but which do not meet the common ear? (the said "ear" being no better judge of rhythm, than is uneducated, uncultivated taste, of the high efforts of any art.)

\* Milton says "all the *chains*," why did'nt he say "chords?"

To come somewhat nearer the subject proposed, we present for solution Question No. 2.

Why is it that poetry (generally supposed to be the language of wayward, unreasoning, disobedient passion,) has, in all ages and nations, encumbered itself with the formalities and fixities of metre, while staid, cool, reasoning prose remains comparatively untrammeled?

*Ans.* Metre is the shell of a *living thing*, having, to be sure, something of form and regularity externally, which form, however, is the growth of *inward energy*, and a sign *not of imprisonment*, but of free power, determining its own development; while "cool prose" has not enough of vitality or freedom to produce much form of its own. An *animal grows* its form by the energy of an inward law; a *stone* receives *its* from the external and accidental necessity of its existence in space. Prose is, indeed, a semi-animal; and has general laws and corresponding form, inasmuch as it also is the outgrowth of humanity; but poetry, besides all the attributes of prose, contains other and higher human elements, and other and *more*, and more peculiar corresponding features, that is to say, *more form*.

It is not true, moreover, that prose has all the freedom, while the language of poetry works under the trammels of arbitrary laws. On the contrary, it is but the struggle of enslaved language to acquire freedom of rhythm, and to move with her elasticity, that produces the new sense of restraint. The supposed stiffness of poetry is but the awkwardness of uncultivated, ungraceful, *prosaic* language, attempting to dance to the *free* music of rhythm.

Man's image and superscription is on all his works:

but no where has he been left so free, by the pliability of his materials, and the absence of pre-established fixities, as in the realm of *animated* (i. e. significant) sound.

*Here*, if anywhere, he has propagated his own likeness, and projected the laws of his own being.

An Idea is the spirit's most secret and peculiar property. While it remains in its native eternity, it owes no allegiance to nature. Its origin, its power, and its entire being, are from another and a deeper source. It is only when it works outward towards a formal existence, and enters an earthly and misty atmosphere in the understanding, that it is refracted into visibility, and becomes, by virtue of its birth into time, in some measure subject to external law. Its subsequent incarnation and investment in language, is not so much an addition to its bondage, as a mere transfer of its relations from the internal to the external sense. The world of animated sound encircles the soul in close contact with, and *only* exterior to, the shadowy sphere of the understanding—even as the latter enspheres the central reason—and is in fact but the shadow of the spirit's activity, prolonged into the regions of the bodily senses, just as the conceptions of the understanding are shadows of the same activity in the region of the inner sense. Language is but conceptions crystallized and tangible; something of the very essence and life of the soul, thrown out like the lightning, to become visible in the non-conducting darkness of sense, and perhaps to be *bottled* for permanent keeping. It is the *nearest* and most homogeneous development of humanity—as is humanity itself a development of a spiritual essence. The artist, in words,

therefore, goes not for his materials out of his own shell, but, like the pearl oyster, or the silkworm, works out his beautiful productions from his own substance. Like the good man, in the inner depths of his spirit, the poet on the outer surface of the soul, "builds *himself* up a spiritual temple." Both produce the very materials of their work, and are therefore "creators," in a higher sense than the painter, or the sculptor, or any other artist in materials not his own.

And herein is the advantage possessed by the poet; that the sphere of his development is not the stubborn stone of the statuary or architect, nor the chemical and mechanical obstinacies of the painter, nor any thing else outside of himself, demanding the transmission of his idea through flesh and blood, to be at the mercy of nerves and chemical laws; but in a more plastic and nearer material; the very outgrowth and humanity of the spiritual element he would express.

If, therefore, humanity hath any where fore-shadowed itself, and projected its image and constitution beyond itself, it hath done so in language: and if in language, then most especially in its most perfect and spiritual form of Poetry.

The object of this Essay is to detect, if possible, in the very humanity of the poet, the law which determines his development, with especial reference to its operations in the production of *rhythm*.

As we do not profess any special regard to logical method in this discourse, we shall endeavour to approach "the height of our *small* argument," as the old Mexicans climbed their pyramidal temple, by going round it.

Nature is God's *Art*, and man is God's fairest image on earth; and human art is not "an imitation" or blind copying of the works of the Great Master, but the free, original workmanship of the Image of the Invisible.

The true pupil never servilely copies the *works* of his master, but strives to catch his *spirit*, and rejoices to recognize, in his own attempts, something that reminds him of the excellence he has loved, not as the evidence of successful *theft*, but as the proof of his own progress towards that excellence.

Nature is divine art, and, as such, must be the study and admiration of him who can appreciate the perfect expression of infinite intelligence and beauty, and would thence learn fitly to embody the idea that waits for development within him.

What are the attributes of Nature that constitute it *Art*? or, in other words, wherein consists its fitness to develope and express the idea of the beautiful?

1. *Boundless variety*.—Nature abhors uniformity, as she does a vacuum, and for the same reason. Sameness is every where repudiated. Look at a *world*, with its oceans, continents, islands, mountains, valleys, plains, forests, streams—sunshine and clouds, winter and summer, night and day, morning and evening. Look at a little piece of a world—a *flower garden*, no two species alike, no two flowers of the same species, no two leaves of the same flower, no two sides of the same leaf, no two tints of the same side! Look at the variety of *life*, animal and vegetable, both diverging into infinite ramifications of diversity. Look at a *single species*—a congregation of men: no two alike, no two faces,

no two noses!—no two *potatos* alike, no two sides of the same potato—no two birds, no two feathers. You can't change your *position*, moreover, but the universe is changed to you—new aspects, new groups present themselves. The diamond won't keep its identity. The world is a kaleidoscope—a very chameleon. Infinite power seems every where ceaselessly at work—every possibility taking its turn to enter into reality. The universe casts off its skin every moment, and comes forth a new thing—a new emission of moonshine every instant.

In the midst of such a universe, the mind is not wearied, but *delighted*; not even satisfied, it goes in advance of the real into the *possible*, and the impossible too, to the farthest range of the conceivable; and even then labours inarticulately after what eye hath not seen nor heart conceived.

2. A second element of the beautiful in the Art of the Creator, is *unity*. His universe, with its immeasurable variety, is a unit—as *He* sees it, and as genius struggles to grasp it. Each *atom* that floats in its own little atmosphere, is a whole world of its own. Each congregation of atoms in every organized thing, is a system. And so you may mount up till you reach a world as big as the earth, and behold it too is a unit, an atom, in a solar system; which, in *its* turn, is one, in a wider starry system; and where the magnificent and ever growing conception ends, is known only to him who can look down through the inverted pyramid of the universe, and see the harmonious play of the whole. What, though no two roses be alike, who does not see that all roses *are* alike? Though no two noses agree—

yet who does not see in all noses, and all men, and all flesh, the embodiment of one animal life?

"Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit, and there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God that worketh all in all."

3. These two elements of *unity and variety*, so far from being incompatible conceptions, are, on the contrary, mutually necessary the one to the other.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END.











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